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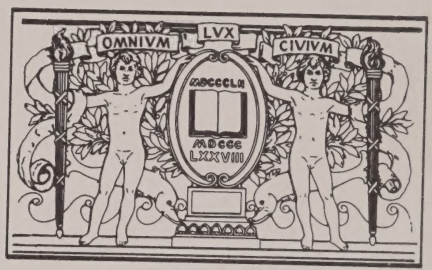

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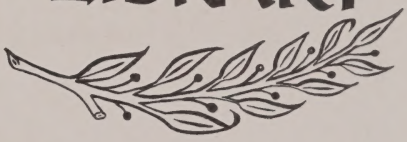

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. CVII.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXX.

JULY, 1868.

ART. I. — 1. *The Works of* LAURENCE STERNE; *containing the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent., a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, Sermons, Letters, &c. With a Life of the Author, written by himself.* London: Henry G. Bohn. 1853.

2. *Biographical and Critical Notices of Eminent Novelists.* By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Edinburgh. 1827.

3. *The Life of Laurence Sterne.* By PERCY FITZGERALD. London: Chapman and Hall. 2 vols. 1864.

4. *Illustrations of Sterne.* By JOHN FERRIAR, M. D. London. 1812.

5. *Miscellanies of Literature.* By ISAAC D'ISRAELI. Vol. I.

"ON the wall" (of a bookstore in Boston, England), writes Hawthorne, "hung a crayon portrait of Sterne, never engraved, representing him as a rather young man, blooming, and not uncomely. It was the worldly face of a man fond of pleasure, but without the ugly, keen, sarcastic, odd expression that we see in his only engraved portrait. The picture is an original, and must needs be very valuable; and we wish it might be prefixed to some new and worthier biography of a writer whose character the world has always treated with singular harshness, considering how much it owes him. There was likewise a portrait of Sterne's wife, looking so haughty and unamiable, that the wonder is, not that he ultimately left her, but how he ever contrived to live a week with such an awful woman."

Since the publication of "Our Old Home," a new biography of Sterne has appeared from the pen of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a diffuse and tiresome writer, who confuses suppositions with known facts, and frequently wanders from his line of march,— faults not unusual with recent English writers of literary history, — but who is diligent and kindly disposed. He has published a few additional letters, and has proved anew that Sterne's life and character are to be sought in his writings. But Mr. Fitzgerald does not give us engravings of the portraits which Hawthorne found; nor of the pen-and-ink etching of Mrs. Sterne in profile, which its possessor* calls "the most unprepossessing piece of femininity" he ever saw; nor of Sterne's portrait taken in France; nor of the bust made at a later period of his life by Roubiliac, in which, says a recent writer,† "the coarseness of the mouth is diminished, and a thoughtful tenderness expressed in the upper part of the face gives value to the humor and vivacity playing about the lips." The face of Mrs. Sterne is still left to the reader's imagination. The familiar engraving from the Reynolds portrait of Mr. Sterne, a mezzotint of which adorned the first edition of Yorick's sermons, is reproduced. Yet all who know what prominence has been given to Sterne's domestic relations would like to see that "awful woman's" portrait; and all who can appreciate the best parts of Tristram Shandy and of the Sentimental Journey must, with Hawthorne, be at a loss to reconcile the expression of that "Voltairean mouth" with the spirit of those admirable writings, and must desire to correct by the other likenesses the unpleasant impression produced by this one.

Of the three pages covered by the sketch of his life which Sterne drew up for his daughter, a few months before his death, two concern his boyhood. His father, a grandson of Archbishop Sterne of York, was a lieutenant in one of Marlborough's regiments. His mother, Mrs. Agnes Hebert, was Irish, was the widow of a captain of good family, and the stepdaughter of "a noted sutler in Flanders." A parenthesis

* P. S. C. Notes and Queries.

† Gossip about Portraits, by Walter F. Tiffin. London, 1867.

"(N. B. he [Lieutenant Sterne] was indebted to him [Mr. Sutler Nuttle])" suggests that the marriage was a business transaction, the officer consenting to take the widow off her step-father's hands, in consideration of a receipt from him in full of all demands. Laurence, their second child, was born in barracks at Clonmel, Ireland, November 28, 1713, the year of the Peace of Utrecht. In consequence of the cessation of hostilities, Lieutenant Sterne's regiment was disbanded, but was soon re-formed, and Laurence with his mother followed its fortunes for ten years from post to post, by land and by water. Child after child was born in camp or upon the march; but Sterne's "father's babes, being of a fine delicate frame not made to last long," were all "left behind in the weary journey," except Mary, the eldest, who married a bankrupt, was deserted, and died broken-hearted, Catherine, the youngest, who was "most unhappily estranged from me," says Sterne, "by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly," and Laurence. Through the simplicity of Sterne's narrative break tender remembrances of each "pretty blossom that fell by the way," and a strong affection for his father, who "was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose." Lieutenant Sterne was run through the body at Gibraltar, in a duel caused by a quarrel "about a goose." He survived, but with an impaired constitution, and died in Jamaica, March, 1731.

Nowhere in his autobiography does Sterne speak tenderly of his mother. No portrait of her hangs in the Shandy gallery. The only allusion to her, in her son's letters, occurs in one of those addressed, in 1758, to Mr. Blake, a fellow-prebendary of York Cathedral, extracts from which Mr. Fitzgerald publishes for the first time. Sterne speaks of going to York to see his mother, "having much to say to her." And he adds: "I trust my poor mother's affair is by this time ended, to *our* comfort, and, I trust, to hers." It is possible,

but only possible, that the "affair" referred to may have been that which formed the basis of a story for which the editor of Walpoliana is responsible. Here is what Mr. Walpole is reported to have said: "What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart; yet I know from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in a jail if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her own son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother." The rest of the paragraph is forgotten, but the last sentence still lives in the more epigrammatic and more cruel form which Byron gave it, — "Sterne preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving the necessities of a living mother," — and is adopted even by Henri Taine. Wit preserves a slander, as alcohol preserves other reptiles. Bacon's reputation is still scarred by the epithet which gives the sting to Pope's famous couplet. Goldsmith's devoted biographers have vainly striven to blot out of men's memories Walpole's description of him as an "inspired idiot." And Keats still suffers from Byron's sneer: —

> "Strange that the soul, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

The Byron-Walpole antithesis implies an opinion which has no support in facts. If Walpole used the language imputed to him, — which is uncertain, — it must be borne in mind that he affected to despise Sterne, pronouncing the first part of Tristram Shandy "a very insipid and tedious performance," and the second part "the dregs of nonsense"; that, like Rogers and other gossips, he was ready to sacrifice truth to point; that "indubitable authority" might with him mean common report; and that the story is without particulars. If true, what does it amount to? That Mrs. Sterne, having been plunged in debt by an extravagant daughter, — the same from whom her son was "most unhappily estranged," — was relieved through a subscription from the parents of her scholars. Was it Sterne's duty or was he able to bear the whole burden?

Did he decline to assist his mother? Did he even know of the straits to which she was reduced? It is necessary to answer these questions unfavorably to him, before convicting of filial ingratitude a man who spent money only too freely, who had only too soft a heart, who supplied all his wife's necessities, and was solicitous for her physical comfort long after he had ceased to love her, and who by the mouth of Corporal Trim thus defined the Fifth Commandment: "'Prithee, Trim,' quoth my father, turning round to him, 'what dost thou mean by "honoring thy father and thy mother"?' 'Allowing them, an' please your Honor, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.' 'And didst thou do that, Trim?' said Yorick. 'He did, indeed,' replied my Uncle Toby. 'Then, Trim,' said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, 'thou art the best commentator on this part of the decalogue; and I honor thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.'"

Sterne's apparent indifference to his mother should raise no presumption in support of this accusation against him; for it is one thing to resist a mother's just claims upon the purse, and a very different thing to be devoid of a strong natural affection for her. Sacred as the associations with the word "mother" generally are, they are not always so. Goldsmith — whose mother had encouraged his poetical aspirations, but had refused to receive the young prodigal on his return from Dublin — never manifested an attachment to her comparable with that he felt for his father, his brothers, his uncle Contarine, or his friend Bob Bryanton, the supposed original of Tony Lumpkin. Irving says — but gives no authority for the statement — that, "in the latter years of Goldsmith's life, when his mother had become blind, he contributed from his precarious resources to prevent her from feeling want"; but, however this may be, it is certain that he never made any effort after leaving Ireland to visit her, and never yearned towards her as he did towards other members of the family. In his writings, full as they are of the persons and places he liked to recall, she has not been found. But "the gentle spirit of his father," says Irving, "walked with him through life, a pure and virtuous monitor." It is he (or his son Henry, who closely resembled him) who is com-

memorated in Dr. Primrose, in the benevolent father of the Man in Black, and in the preacher of the Deserted Village. Not inferior in excellence to these amiable characters is "my Uncle Toby," in whom the world loves Sterne's father. Many books celebrate mothers, — some with real, and some, alas! with affected feeling. It is well to learn, on such good authority, that the head of the family does sometimes inspire his children with sentiments of regard as strong and tender as those frequently felt, and more frequently expressed, for the mother.

The most picturesque and pathetic scenes in Tristram Shandy come from Sterne's recollections of ten years' marching with his father's regiment, as some of Goldsmith's most charming passages embody his reminiscences of the humble parsonage where he was brought up at his father's knees. "Trim's montero-cap and Le Fevre's sword and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure," writes Mr. Thackeray, "are doubtless reminiscences of the boy, who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel." That montero-cap, with the story of the sufferings of Corporal Trim's brother in the Portuguese Inquisition, may have been brought home by Lieutenant Sterne from the Vigo expedition, which his wife and child did not accompany. That touching narrative of Le Fevre's death may have been told in the boy's hearing. Uncle Toby's famous apostrophe to the fly, to the accidental impression from which, at ten years of age, Tristram Shandy attributes one half of his philanthropy, may have been uttered by Lieutenant Sterne at his dinner-table, just before his son passed from beneath the influence of that "kindly, sweet disposition." Laurence must often have sat upon his father's knee while old soldiers fought their battles over again, and cursed the treaty which had robbed them of glory and promotion. He must often, too, in that coarse age, have heard stories of a character not to be named to-day; for not even the best of Queen Anne's officers were likely to display so much consideration for a boy's innocence as Colonel Newcome manifested when Captain Costigan sang an obscene song

in Clive's hearing. Whatever his father did when not upon duty, wherever he went, Laurey would be by his side.

Sterne was indebted for his education to a cousin upon the father's side, who paid most of his bills at a school in Halifax, England, and who sent him to Jesus College, Cambridge. Of his life during this period but a single authentic anecdote is preserved. The usher had whipped him for whitewashing LAU. STERNE upon the ceiling, in gigantic characters. "My master," says he, "was very much hurt at this, and said that name should not be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received." *

It was a matter of course that Sterne should enter the ministry, whatever his qualifications. His great-grandfather had been an archbishop, and one of his father's brothers was a canon of York Cathedral. *Famille oblige.* The canon got him the living of Sutton, and a prebend in the cathedral, and he was subsequently presented to two other small livings in the vicinity of York. Goldsmith, also, might have been a clergyman but for the love of gay clothes, which sent him in scarlet breeches to the examining bishop. People will regret that Sterne was ordained, or that Goldsmith was not ordained, according as they prefer that a man of genius should suffer from poverty and neglect, or that he should get his living by a profession whose duties he discharges well enough, but whose proprieties he sometimes violates. This was a period of transition. The days of patronage were over, and those of large sales and quick profits to successful authors had not yet begun. Booksellers prospered; but it required the physical health as well as the robust mind of Dr. Johnson to endure the hardships of a literary life. If we judge Sterne the more severely

* Mr. Thackeray's sketch in one of the "Roundabout Papers" is purely fanciful. "Yonder lean, shambling, cadaverous lad, who is always borrowing money, telling lies, and leering at the housemaids, is Master Laurence Sterne, a bishop's grandson, and himself intended for the Church. For shame, you little reprobate! But what a genius the boy has!" Dr. Hill's memoir of Sterne in the "Royal Female Magazine" for 1760, which is incorrect in many particulars, says that "at school he would learn only when he pleased, and not oftener than once a fortnight"; and that at Cambridge "he read a great deal, laughed more, and left the reputation of an odd man who had no harm in him, and had parts if he would only use them."

because he was a clergyman, we should remember that, but for the means of support afforded by his profession, Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey might never have been written. He had inherited "a fine and delicate frame" from his father. He had a "pale face," "spider legs," and "a cadaverous bale of goods" for a body. He suffered from asthmatic and consumptive tendencies, broke a vessel in his lungs while in college, was sick with fevers and racked by a cough afterwards, and in the latter years of his life complained of being hotly pursued by Death, that "long-striding scoundrel of a scare-sinner," who knocks at every door. His health was tolerably good while he led a quiet life in the country, but it gave way under excitement. He could not have fought the world like Johnson, nor have lived from hand to mouth like Goldsmith.

Not that such considerations influenced his choice of a profession. His course had probably been marked out for him before he was sent to Cambridge: his uncle opened the church door, and he walked in. At this time he was, as he tells us in Tristram Shandy, "as mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclite à creature in all his declensions, with as much life and whim and *gaieté de cœur* about him as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast. He was utterly unpractised in the world, and at the age of twenty-six knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen. So that, upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits run him foul ten times a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way, 't was with such he had generally the ill-luck to be most entangled. . . . . And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humor of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humor, his gibes and his jests, about him. They were not lost for want of gathering."

"I remained near twenty years at Sutton," is Sterne's brief account of his stewardship, "doing duty at both places [Sutton and Stillington]. I had then very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements." "Doing duty at both places"; but how well or ill Sterne does not tell us, and there is no other testimony on the subject. The sole means of judging him as a clergyman, apart from our general knowledge of his character, is by his published sermons. Here, again, he has been injured by an epigram. Gray, in a letter written shortly after the publication of the first two volumes, says of them: "They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination, and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience." The last clause of this opinion, expressed by a man who had never heard Sterne preach, is remembered while the rest has been forgotten. Yet the last clause conveys a wrong idea. There are few passages in Sterne's sermons calculated to offend a stickler for the proprieties of the pulpit, and in these cases the stumbling-block is almost invariably found in the turn given to a phrase, or to a line of reasoning, serious in purpose, but unusual in form. The discourse entitled "The House of Feasting and the House of Mourning," for example, opens with a flat denial of the text, and proceeds to state the worldling's arguments against it; by which device the preacher insures closer attention to his refutation of them. Sterne does not totter on the verge of laughter more frequently than do many old-fashioned preachers in excellent standing. Writers conversant with pulpit literature affirm that his discourses compare favorably with those published by other clergymen of the Church of England during the last half of the eighteenth century (of which Goldsmith complains that they were "dry, methodical, and unaffecting," and were "delivered with the most insipid calmness"); the reviewers who abused as well as those who praised Tristram Shandy made copious quotations from the sermons, and found nothing in them to criticise, except their publication in Yorick's name. Lady Cowper wrote to a friend in Ireland: "I like them exceedingly, and I think the writer must be a very

good man"; and Gray declares that they are "written in the style most proper for the pulpit," "show a warm imagination and a sensible heart," and contain "good writing and good sense." *

It cannot be gainsaid that some of Sterne's sermons contain shrewd observations on life and manners, such as would be looked for in "The Spectator" or "The Citizen of the World," as others are little more than the graceful amplification of a parable, or the skilful analysis of a scriptural character. They often deserve Mr. Shandy's judgment upon that one which Corporal Trim read aloud: "I like the sermon well," said my father; "'t is dramatic; and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, that catches the attention"; — and they contain picturesque as well as dramatic passages, the author's taste for painting helping him to bring a scene before the eye. But the sermons of what divine, in what generation, are all sermon? Who preaches nothing but Christ and Him crucified? Not Jeremy Taylor, nor Tillotson, nor South, nor Barrow, nor he whose discourses are still wet from the press.

Sterne has been called a pagan, upon the ground, as it would appear, that he does not sufficiently dwell upon the rewards and punishments of a future life; that his God is not a jealous God, and that his world is not a gloomy world; but if Christianity be the gospel of love, if the parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son epitomize the religion of the New Testament, his sermons are as fully entitled to benefit of clergy and to Christian burial as are most of those which sleep in the odor of sanctity. He has himself in Tristram Shandy acquainted the world with the general aim of his discourses. "To preach to show the extent of our reading or the subtility of our wit; to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over

* "His principal merit consisted in his pathetic powers," says Gray elsewhere, "in which he never failed." In another letter Gray writes: "I have long thought of reading Jeremy Taylor, for I am persuaded that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have done ever since the Revolution, is not the thing; but that imagination and warmth of expression are in their place there as much as on the stage, moderated, however, and chastised a little by the purity and severity of religion."

with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth; — is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour in a week which is put into our hands: 't is not preaching the Gospel, but ourselves. For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart." Six years later, when presenting a friend with his works, Sterne said: "The sermons came hot from the heart." He believed, with Goldsmith, that the Christian preacher "ought to arm one passion against another," and he endeavored to do so. His praises are given to the benevolent, in whom "the impulse to pity is so sudden that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitted to excite such emotions work so instantaneously that you would scarce think the will was concerned"; the humble, "who provoke no man by contempt, thrust themselves forward as the mark of no man's envy," who are "even in contentions mild and placid," and are consequently "fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship, and good wishes of all mankind"; the "chaste and spotless within, conscious of no dirty thought or dishonest action"; the truthful; the impulsive, who carry the heart in the hand, and "at whom discretion shakes her head." He inveighs against pride, hypocrisy, evil-speaking, time-serving, ostentatious generosity, all whose works are worth less than "one honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate." He has no mercy for "the poor, sordid, selfish wretch, whose little, contracted heart melts at no man's afflictions." He declares that riches are "given to glad the heart, to open it, and to make it more kind"; and that "the single hint of the camel and the narrow passage he has to go through has more coercion in it than all the seesaws of philosophy." He esteems the example of Job "of more universal use, and speaking more to the heart, than all the heroic precepts" of the Stoics, which were "good sayings rather than good remedies." He exhorts his hearers to "be open, be honest, give themselves for what they are"; and "to think worthily of our nature as one step towards acting well." According to Sterne, "the great end of religion, is to purify our hearts and conquer our passions, — make us wiser and better men, better neighbors, better servants to God." "Christianity, when

rightly understood and practised, is all meekness and candor and love and courtesy"; and "the chief enjoyment of Heaven is in the pure exercise of love." He appeals to religious and moral sentiments rather than principles, seeks to strengthen the affections rather than to improve the judgment or to harden the will, dwells on the amiable virtues almost exclusively.

This "religion of the heart" Sterne preached to small country congregations for twenty years. Had his life been flagrantly at variance with his teachings, it seems incredible that the world should not have known it. He "was not upon a very friendly footing" with the Squire of the parish; he had made other enemies by his plentiful lack of "that understrapping virtue called discretion"; complaints could easily have been lodged with the Archbishop, his ecclesiastical superior, who lived within six miles of his church; and his subsequent reputation made him a shining mark for attack. But there is no testimony from Sutton or Stillington to control the evidence of Bishop Warburton, who in 1760 wrote to Garrick: "I am glad there is no reason to change my opinion of so agreeable and original a writer as Mr. Sterne,—I mean of his moral character, of which I have received from several of my acquaintances so very advantageous an account."

Sterne's uncle, the canon, a violent anti-Jacobite partisan, sought to avail himself of his pen, but "he quarrelled with me," says his nephew, "because I would not write paragraphs for the newspapers: though he was a party-man I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me." It is said, however, that Sterne did for a time write in support of the Whig interest; and it is certain that he has given one of his uncle's Jacobite enemies, Dr. Burton, an *accoucheur* of York, an unpleasant extension of existence in the person of Dr. Slop,—that "squat uncourtly figure, ... waddling through the dirt on the *vertebræ* of a little, diminutive pony,"—whose encounter with Obadiah on the powerful coach-horse every school-boy remembers. Though Sterne names shooting among his amusements, he rarely uses sportsmen's language, whilst his works abound with illustrations from music and painting. For society he could re-

sort to York, within an hour's ride, where the leading families of Northern England used to pass the winter. Nearer to the parsonage lived the Croft family, — of whom Sterne speaks with affection in his autobiography, — and John Hall Stevenson, a college friend, who, like Dr. Johnson's crony, Topham Beauclerc, combined a loose life and conversation with elegant manners and scholarly tastes, and who filled Crazy Castle, where he kept bachelor's hall, with boon companions. At Hall's not over-decorous board Sterne frequently sat, contributing with his wit and his bass-viol to the entertainment. Possessing few books himself, until the success of Tristram Shandy enabled him to make some purchases, he read in Hall's library. There he found, not only Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Swift, Bacon, and Locke, — of his familiarity with whom his writings afford ample evidence, — but also rare authors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, whose quaint theories and broad humor fascinated him. His imagination clothed the dry bones of these forgotten writers with flesh and blood, breathed into them the breath of life, christened the creature thus called into being Mr. Shandy of Shandy Hall, and set him down in the England of the eighteenth century, marrying him to the incarnation of commonplace, — in whom he is believed to have represented his own wife, — engaging him in discussions with her and with excellent Uncle Toby of the problem of life *ab ovo*, and in endeavors to solve it in practice as the books solved it in theory. Those who weary of these parts of Tristram Shandy should observe how much the humor is assisted by the contrast between the syllogizing philosopher and the straightforward soldier, and how the blind wall of Mrs. Shandy's nature brings into relief the living figures. Add to the effect upon Sterne's impressible mind of these occupations of his leisure hours his experience as a clergyman, which must have increased his acquaintance with mankind and his mastery over the chords of feeling, and we see how middle life, like boyhood, was preparing him for the composition of a book as "heteroclite in all its declensions" as Yorick himself.

With the publication of the first two volumes of Tristram

Shandy, toward the close of 1759, commences the shortest and the last period of Sterne's life, with which, perhaps unfortunately for him, we are best acquainted, his letters henceforward being preserved and his actions known. Never was the transition from obscurity to celebrity more sudden. The little village of Sutton was not, even in those days of slow travelling, more remote from London than was the life of its pastor hitherto from that upon which he now entered. "I have turned author," he writes to a friend, "because I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage. 'T is a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person." "I have written," he says in another letter, "not to be fed, but to be famous." Fame came at a bound, and with it good feeding. Though the first edition of Tristram Shandy was printed at York at Sterne's risk, Dodsley having refused him £50 for it, — though the first parcel that went up to London was a small one, — though only one or two modest advertisements heralded its arrival, — though the author had no credit with the world, no influential friends to help him, except Garrick, whom he did not yet know, but whose attention was called to the work by a letter written by Sterne, but copied and signed by a lady friend of both gentlemen, — yet few literary ventures have had greater success. "At present," writes Walpole, "nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but a kind of novel called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.' . . . . The man's head, indeed, was a little turned before, and is now topsy-turvy with his success and fame. Dodsley has given him six hundred and fifty pounds * for the second edition and two more volumes; Lord Falconberg, a donative of one hundred and sixty pounds a year; † and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold ‡ and this compliment (which happened to be a contradiction), 'that it was quite an original composition, and in the true Cervantic vein'; and, not content with this, recommended the book to

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* £480, says Mr. Fitzgerald, upon the authority of the written agreement.

† That is, the living of Coxwold.

‡ This statement has been called in question; but in one of Sterne's letters to Kitty he says: "I had a purse of guineas given me yesterday by a bishop."

the bench of bishops,* and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer."† "Tristram Shandy," writes Gray, "is an object of still greater admiration [than Frederick the Great's poetry], the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner where he dines, a fortnight beforehand." "The man Sterne, I have been told," said Dr. Johnson in 1773, "had engagements [in London] for three months." "East and West were moved alike," it was said. "All novel-readers," says the Critical Review, "from the stale maiden of quality to the snuff-taking chambermaid, devoured the first part of Tristram Shandy with a most voracious swallow." Two hundred copies were sold in two days at York, where it had for some time been rumored that ParsonYorick — by which name Sterne appears to have been already known — was about to publish an extraordinary book. Salads, race-horses, a game of cards, in which the knave of hearts when trumps carried all before him, were named from Tristram Shandy, — signs of popularity more decisive in the last century than in this. Numerous attacks upon the book appeared in verse and in prose, and imitations, some of them so cleverly done as to deceive professional reviewers, and to render it necessary for Dodsley to assure the public, in his advertisement of the third and fourth volumes, that they were by the author of the first and second.

During the eight remaining years of Sterne's life there were occasional lulls in the gale of popular favor, but it soon freshened again or blew from a new quarter. Yorick's sermons were advertised in Tristram Shandy, and bishops, as well as ladies and dukes, subscribed for both. "Almost all the nobility in England," writes Sterne in 1765, "honor me with their names; and 'tis thought it will be the largest and most splendid list which ever pranced before a book, since subscriptions came into fashion." Even Walpole could

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* Sterne writes to Kitty: "Even all the bishops have sent their compliments to me."

† Warburton afterwards quarrelled with Sterne, and called him an "irrevocable scoundrel," as he called Smollett "a vagabond Scot who wrote nonsense"; Voltaire, "a scoundrel and a liar"; Akenside, a "wretch," and Priestley, "a wretched fellow"; as he said that he "never knew a wickeder heart than Hume's, or one more disposed to do mischief"; as he told the House of Lords that "all the devils in hell were ready to welcome Wilkes."

not resist the fascination of the Sentimental Journey. It is "very pleasing," says he, "though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to his tiresome Tristram Shandy, of which I could never get through three volumes. In these there is great good-nature and strokes of delicacy." The reviews, taking opposite sides, kept the shuttlecock of fame high in air, to borrow the figure with which Dr. Johnson used to console Goldsmith. "One half of the town," writes Sterne in 1761, "abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies; the best is, they abuse it and buy it, and at such a rate that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible." Amongst those who could see no merit in Sterne was Goldsmith, who had broken loose, two years previously, from the traces of bookseller Griffiths and wife, but was still sore from the harness, still "in a garret writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score," and not yet supported by Johnson's stalwart arm. It seems incredible that he, who was soon to create the Vicarage of Wakefield, should have found nothing in Shandy Hall to love or to laugh at; but it is to be feared that Goldsmith's point of view of the fashionable author was "obscured by his own unlucky fortunes." Thus Mr. Forster accounts for his "unjust strictures" upon Garrick, in the "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," published in the same year with his attack upon Sterne. Goldsmith changed his opinion of Garrick after his own fortunes brightened, and he became friends with the great actor; but he never changed his opinion of Tristram Shandy, concerning whose merits he had, according to Mr. Forster, a dispute over a dinner-table at Blackwall, which ended in a fight. He never made the personal acquaintance of Sterne, and called him a "very dull fellow" several years after his death, to which Johnson* responded with his emphatic "Why, no, sir."

The author was criticised as well as his book; but the most serious charges that found their way into print or into an

* Johnson, according to "The European Magazine," told a friend of Sterne that it required all his powers to neutralize the effect of Sterne's fascinating conversation upon Garrick and Reynolds.

anonymous letter, which was sent (in 1767) to the Archbishop of York, accused him of frequenting unclerical haunts, — Arthur's Ranelagh Gardens, and the theatre, — charges such as are often made against country clergymen when off duty. Sterne was certainly fond of the flesh-pots of the city. "He degenerated in London," said Garrick, a friendly witness, "like an ill-transplanted shrub. The incense of the great spoiled his head, as their ragôuts had done his stomach." "I rejoice," writes Sterne to Stevenson (August, 1761), "you are in London. Rest you there in peace. Here, 't is the Devil. You was a good prophet. I wish myself back again, as you told me I should. . . . . O Lord! now you are going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting sorrowful as the prophet was when the voice cried out to him, and said, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' 'T is well the spirit does not make the same at Coxwould; for, unless for the few sheep left me to take care of in this wilderness, I might as well, nay, better, be at Mecca." Excellent shepherd as the pastor of Sutton might have been before his crook had been straightened into a sceptre, and his government extended over the English-reading world, he could no longer content himself with the care of a few sheep in the wilderness. He had ceased to relish the simple fare which, flavored by the society of York and Crazy Castle, had sufficed for twenty years. His heart was no longer in parochial work, but was given to the new volumes which were announced for Christmas, when the author would again go up to London to superintend their publication, to reap another harvest of fame, and be again "engaged fourteen dinners deep." "Hard writing in the summer," writes he (February, 1762), "together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is fatal to me; but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up." The struggle to serve two masters proved too much for his delicate constitution. A vessel broke in his lungs, and he went abroad for his health, spending a winter in Paris, and nearly two years in the South of France.

The doors of French society flew open for him, as for Garrick, Hume, Wilkes, and Walpole. Those were days of Anglomania. "They have adopted," writes Walpole, "our two dullest things, — whisk and Richardson." Those were the days,

too, of the *salons*, of real social intercourse amongst men and women, who agreed to differ, where they differed, with courtesy and mutual respect, and who looked in one another, not for an echo, but for a living spirit, serious or gay, as faculty and mood should determine. "Heureux temps!" exclaims Sainte-Beuve; "toute la vie alors était tournée à la sociabilité; tout était disposé pour le plus doux commerce de l'esprit et pour la meilleure conversation. Pas un jour de vacant, pas une heure. Si vous étiez homme de lettres et tant soit peu philosophe, voici l'emploi regulier que vous aviez à faire de votre semaine: dimanche et jeudi dîner chez le baron d'Holbach; lundi et mercredi dîner chez Madame Geoffrin; mardi chez M. Helvétius; vendredi dîner chez Mme. Neckar." Some English critics have taken the Rev. Mr. Sterne to task for consenting to associate with "French infidels." But argument is not needed to convince anybody but John Bull, with a pen in his hand, and with Mrs. Grundy looking over his shoulder, of the absurdity of refusing an invitation to dinner because some of the guests are unbelievers. Sterne's journey through life resembled his journey through the South of France. "By stop ping and talking to every soul I met, who was not in a full trot, joining all parties before me, waiting for every soul behind, hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads, arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars, not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff; in short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey, I turned my *plain* into a *city*. I was always in company, and in great variety, too; and as my mule loved society as well as I did, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met, I am confident we could have passed through Pall-Mall or St. James's Street for a month together with fewer adventures, and seen less of human nature."

Tired of living in France, and somewhat improved in health, Sterne returned to England in the spring of 1764. With the exception of some months spent in Italy, his remaining summers were passed in Yorkshire and his winters in London, where he died in lodgings, March 18, 1768. A hired attend-

ant chafed his limbs "with one hand, and stole his sleeve-buttons with the other"; a footman, sent by a friend to inquire after his health, found him breathing his last, and announced the fact at a dinner-party where Garrick and Hume were guests; his body was followed to the grave by a single mourning-coach containing two persons whose names are unknown; was exhumed — as if to complete the resemblance to Hamlet's Yorick — by body-snatchers, and dissected by a professor at Cambridge, the features not being recognized until the knife had done its work. Garrick lamented in verse that no monument marked the place

"Where genius, wit, and humor sleep with Sterne";

and two Freemasons, years afterwards, put up a slab "near" the spot where his remains were supposed to lie, inscribing thereupon an incorrect date and singularly inappropriate words of eulogy.

A collection at the York races more than enabled Mrs. Sterne to pay her husband's debts, and the sale of "the sweepings of his study" added a little to her scanty means. She died in France, where her daughter, who had married a Frenchman named Medalle or Medaille, was guillotined (if an unauthenticated rumor may be credited) during the Revolution. In 1775 the "Letters of Yorick to Eliza" were published by the vain woman to whom they were addressed, and shortly afterwards appeared those of Sterne's letters, which were in Mrs. Medalle's possession, her mother having directed her to print them in case others from the same hand should be printed. These last were "wretchedly put together," complains Mr. Fitzgerald, "and with a shameful carelessness, which has fatally injured Sterne's fame and memory. . . . . No writer has ever been so cruelly dealt with, and there are but few writers who could stand the test of having every line in their letters printed without alteration."

Whether this last statement be well founded or not, the practice of suppressing or altering a dead man's letters before their publication is a pernicious one. Lydia Sterne should be thanked for printing those of her father as she found them, Shandyism and all. Had she "cut and trimmed at all points in the style of your female epistolizers," letters which had

been written "with the careless irregularity of an easy heart," they would have been worthless. All the world would have known that the Rev. Mr. Sterne, decorous and dignified, moderate in language, careful not to offend, was not "the man Sterne" who wrote Tristram Shandy; nor Parson Yorick, who said "what came uppermost." Had they been tampered with, however slightly, no trustworthy conclusions regarding the writer's character could have been drawn from them. It is the fact that they are printed as written which gives them a biographical value. They would be still more useful had dates been supplied, and full names given instead of initials.

In these letters the character of Sterne as husband and as father is to be sought. All that he writes to his daughter, or about her, is admirable. "In his last letter," says Thackeray, who has judged him with extreme severity, "there is one sign of grace, — the real affection with which he entreats a friend to be a guardian to his daughter Lydia. All his letters to her are artless, kind, affectionate, and *not* sentimental; as a hundred pages in his writings are beautiful and full, not of surprising humor merely, but of genuine love and kindness." His conjugal relations require closer scrutiny.

"At York," says Sterne's Autobiography, "I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years. She owned she liked me; but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sister's in S——, and I wrote to her often. I believe that she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption; and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, 'My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune!' Upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741." He "wrote to her often"; but only four of the letters to Miss L—— (Miss Elizabeth Lumley, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Lumley, Rector of Bedal) are preserved. They are what one would expect from the pen of an intelligent young man of uncommon sensibility. The writer proposes

to "let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance"; to shelter her whom he calls "my L——, like a polyanthus under a friendly wall, from the biting winds"; to "banish the gloomy family of care and distrust"; to sing in duet with "my L——" "choral songs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage." He "languishes," and takes to his bed, "worn out with fevers of all kinds, but most by that fever of the heart" with which he has been "wasting these two years." He is "rent to pieces" whenever he sees "the good Miss S——," a "mutual friend"; "bursts into tears a dozen different times in an hour, and in such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathize in her dressing-room." He has hired the lodgings just vacated by "my L——"; but can eat nothing. "One solitary plate," he cries, "one knife, one fork, one glass! I gave a thousand pensive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hast so often graced in those quiet and sentimental repasts, then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief and wept like a child. I do so this very moment, my L——; for as I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L——." He who finds in these rhapsodies, which are subdued by more quiet passages, evidence that Sterne was an insincere sentimentalist should glance at his own youthful effusions.

No one now living knows how long the honeymoon shone upon the young couple, nor under what planetary influences they passed after its setting. None of their letters during the first eighteen years of their married life are preserved; no visitor at the Sutton parsonage has spoken; and no parish gossip about the husband or the wife survives.

But in December, 1767, twenty-six years after the wedding, Sterne writes to his Excellency Sir G. M.: "The deuce take all sentiments! I wish there was not one in the world! My wife is come to pay me a sentimental visit as far as from Avignon; and the *politesse* arising from such a proof of her urbanity has robbed me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now." And in the same month he writes from a York coffee-house an epistle in dog-Latin, of which this is an ex-

tract: "Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus & ægrotus de mea uxore plus quam unquam, — sum possessus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem." *Fatigatus & ægrotus*, sick and tired of that polyanthus which Laurey and "the good Miss S——," — "sympathizing in her dressing-room," — had watered with so many tears! "Listen, I pray you," writes Sterne in a sermon, "to the stories of the disappointed in marriage; collect all their complaints; hear their mutual reproaches! Upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn? 'They were mistaken in the person.' Some disguise, either of body or mind, is seen through in the first domestic scuffle; some fair ornament — perhaps the very one that won the heart, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit — falls off. It is not the Rachel for whom I have served; why hast thou then beguiled me?" Did Mr. Sterne, when penning this paragraph, have the Rachel in mind for whom he served more than two years? Had she proved a Leah? Seen through the medium of her husband's letters, — not to insist upon her supposed resemblance to Mrs. Shandy, nor upon the disagreeable expression of her portraits, — she appears an uninteresting woman, devoid of sympathy with a man who lived by sympathy, incapable of appreciating his best qualities, incapable of influencing a heart peculiarly susceptible to feminine influence, curious, jealous, suspicious, narrow, prosaic, provincial, without tact, without enterprise, without decision. Her coquetry during the courtship was business-like; before she could leave Yorkshire to rejoin her husband in Paris, she required suggestions from him on all subjects, including her own dresses, coffee-pots, cookery-books, and Scotch snuff, in which she, like Mrs. Shandy, indulged; in the South of France she pursued Mr. Sterne everywhere, according to M. Tollot, a French friend; wished to have a hand in everything that he did, and insisted on knowing the contents of all his letters from England. After his return to Yorkshire, she remained on the Continent in order to save money, but spent more than the amount she had fixed for herself. Her reception of her husband at Avignon, two years later, he calls "cordial, &c."; but she declined his invitation to return to England, although "melancholy" on account of his ill-health. She kept Lydia by her

side, regardless of the idolizing father's claims, and remained with her in the house he had taken for them in York while he was dying in London. Seven years before Sterne wrote that he was "more sick and tired of her than ever," he had written that she declared herself, "in pure, sober good sense, built on sound experience," happier without him. She manifested at no time impatience to see him, or anxiety on his account, but voluntarily made the rash experiment of leaving him for three consecutive years.

That such a woman should bore Mr. Sterne was natural; that he should mention the fact to an old friend was natural; and that he should seek elsewhere the sympathy denied him at his own fireside was natural also. The "quiet and sentimental repasts" at "my L——'s" lodgings were succeeded — how long after the marriage is unknown, but certainly within less than a score of years — by other repasts; the "friendly wall" sheltered other flowers as sweet as the Lumley polyanthus. Sterne's letters to Kitty, Miss Catherine Fourmantelle of York; to Lady P., wife of that Earl of Percy who led a British column to Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775; to "my dearest Eliza," Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., chief of the factory at Surat, — leave no doubt on this point. Mr. Sterne's relations with these ladies were neither paternal nor clerical; his professions of attachment to them are inexcusably ardent; his allusion, whether in jest or in earnest, to the possible removal of the "one obstacle" to his happiness with Kitty,* and his plain proposal to Eliza eight years subsequently — and when she was at death's door herself — to marry her after the decease of her husband, whom she was about to rejoin in India, and of his own wife, who "cannot live long," — but who, however, outlived him, — deserve severe censure. But did he pass from censurable words to criminal actions? Was he unfaithful to the letter, as he was to the spirit of his marriage vows? The warmth of his epistles usually increases or decreases in the ratio of the distance between him and his correspondent.

* In another letter, published by Mr. Fitzgerald, Sterne says: "These separations, my dear Kitty, however grievous to us both, must be for the present. God will open a Dore when we shall some time be more together."

He can hardly find time to see Kitty in London, although a few days before her arrival he had written to her at York: "I am so miserable to be separated from my dear, dear Kitty." "Would to God I was at your elbow, and would give a guinea for a squeeze of your hand; I send my soul perpetually out to see what you are doing, — wish I could send my body with it." Eliza, as Jules Janin has remarked, occupies his mind much more when absent than when by his side. "Il était un peu dans les goûts de cet amant, qui quittait sa maitresse pour lui écrire et pour penser plus librement à elle." He did not even go down from London to Deal to see Eliza off, though the ship lay in the roads several days. Amongst his expressions of attachment to her, and his minute suggestions for her comfort during the voyage, occurs the expression, repeated in different forms, "REVERENCE THYSELF." The confidants of this "friendship," through whose hands several of his letters passed, were Mr. and Mrs. James, the excellent persons to whose kindness his daughter was bequeathed.

Sterne's weakness for women increased with his years. "God bless them all!" says he in the Sentimental Journey, "there is not a man on the earth who loves them so much as I do. After all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought." "I must always have a Dulcinea in my head," he writes to a friend; "it harmonizes the soul." The Dulcinea most successful in harmonizing this susceptible soul was a woman in distress. His attachment to Eliza was largely attributable to her ill-health and her low spirits. It was sweet sorrow for him to be "rent to pieces" at the house of "the good Miss S——"; to fancy himself sitting with the lady of the Calais *remise*, handkerchief in hand, all night in tears; and to stand with Maria, like the "poor hairy fool" whom Jaques saw,

> "On the extremest verge of the swift brook,
> Augmenting it with tears."

"At six I awoke," says he to Eliza, "with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears." "Praised be God," he writes to a gentleman friend, "for my sensibility! Though it has

often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt." In his letters — unless we except that strange one to Lady Percy,* who "had made a dish-clout of a soul" of him — Sterne never leaves the heights of sentiment. He certainly resisted some invitations to descend, but perhaps not all. "In transports of this kind," says he, "the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much," and, it may be added, will sometimes lead too far; for, as he elsewhere observes, "a man's body and his mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining, — rumple the one, you rumple the other."

The sensibility in which Sterne rejoiced is the primary quality of his character. It is also the peculiarity of his genius, the source of its strength and of its weakness. Rendering him accessible to unworthy influences, unmanly and enervating in some of its manifestations, assumed, if you will, on two or three occasions as a matter of business, it was, nevertheless, the best part of Sterne's nature and the inspiration of his best writing; for it enabled him to find everywhere something to love and to make others love. Out of the heart, a good though a soft one, were the issues of his life. Whatever engaged his affections absorbed him for the moment, and he rashly proclaimed the temporary emotion eternal; outliving this, he experienced a new emotion, equally absorbing and equally short-lived, for the duration of a feeling is no measure of its sincerity. The butterfly is as true to his nature as the barnacle to his.

Sterne was as deeply moved by the scenes which he created as by those that passed before his bodily eye. "I have," says he in a private letter, "torn my whole frame to pieces with my feelings" during the composition of the Sentimental Journey, so real were his characters to him. Hawthorne suffered in a similar way. One is surprised to find Thackeray — whose burst of tears while he was dictating the account of Colonel Newcome's death has done as much as the chapter itself to prove his kindness of heart — disparaging this "artistical sen-

* Thackeray's assertion that this letter was written before Eliza's ship was out of sight of land can neither be proved nor disproved. Among the letters, as printed, it follows the last one to Eliza, but it is without a date. Mr. Fitzgerald places it several years earlier.

sibility," as he calls it. Yet all will agree with Thackeray in saying, that "it is a perilous trade, that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings, to market, to write them on paper and sell them for money," and that "a lucrative gift of weeping" is peculiarly dangerous. Only he is safe who possesses the good sense of genius; and this even unfriendly critics allow to Sterne when in his best mood. The story of Le Fevre's death, for example, is told with simple pathos. The *dramatis personæ* of inferior writers too often lose their individuality when they begin to cry; but the individuality of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim is as distinct in the chamber of death as in the premises of the Widow Wadman, and the curtain drops the instant the action is over. It would be too much to say that Sterne is altogether free from affectation, — who is? — but he is rarely rhetorical or sickly, and never opens the windows of heaven like Lamartine. . "To accuse him of cant and sentimentality," says Leigh Hunt, "is itself a cant or an ignorance; or, at least, if neither of these, it is to misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The matter always contains the solidest substance of truth and duty."

Sterne was, indeed, a realist in the domain of sentiment, rather than a sentimentalist in the domain of realism. His statements of fact are true. The official records confirm his detailed account of the movements of his father's regiment. "I have no doubt," writes an English traveller (London Review, 1825), "that every adventure in the Sentimental Journey is founded on fact, and that every initial alludes to a real personage. In some instances the initials may be applied with certainty; and in all cases where I have been able to trace Sterne to a *particular spot*, I have found his descriptions of it minutely exact. . . . . His account of travelling in France is so fresh in tone, so strikingly accurate in all points, that it might have been written yesterday." A Frenchman who followed the footsteps of the Sentimental Journey through the streets of Paris has borne similar testimony. The local allusions in Tristram Shandy, though modified at the instance of the publisher, were still so unmistakable as to raise a storm

about the writer's ears such as Hawthorne and Dickens have experienced. Dr. Burton was too proud, or had too many other quarrels upon his hands, to resent Sterne's treatment of him; but a number of quacks saw themselves in Dr. Slop. A memorandum of Sterne's interview with one of these gentlemen is preserved. "Are you a man-midwife?" asked the novelist. "No." "Or a Catholic?" "No." "Were you ever thrown from your horse into the mud?" "Yes," eagerly. "Sir, I have not hurt you. But take care; I am not born yet, and you can't know what I may say in the next two volumes."

With no less minuteness Sterne observed, and with no less accuracy represented, the combinations of his imagination and the essential facts of human nature. We know exactly how his personages stood, what gestures they used, and what were their feelings. A character or a scene is presented with a few touches, the outlines being sometimes filled up and sometimes left to the reader to fill up for himself; for this consummate artist knew when to employ *le superflu*, — *chose si nécessaire*, — and when a hint would suffice. He was as true to himself as to his characters. Not being fond of his mother, he did not pretend to be. Having warmer sympathies with Eliza than with his wife, he said so. Believing that the professional fools of Vanity Fair are wiser than many who laugh at them, he called himself Yorick and clothed his thoughts in motley. Regarding life from an unusual stand-point, he valued what most men undervalue, and undervalued what most men value. "What was congruous with his nature alone affected him, and he had the courage to be in his works what he was in his life." *

Among the admirable chapters in Sterne's writings which have been unjustly condemned is that upon the dead ass, which Walpole threw into one scale of his antithesis, and which Thackeray has attacked in a well-turned paragraph: "It is agreeably and skilfully done, — that dead jackass; like M. de Soubise's cook on the campaign, Sterne dresses it and serves it up quite tender and with a very *piquante* sauce. But tears and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and

* Literature and its Professors, by Thomas Purnell. London, 1867. A little book which contains suggestive chapters upon Montaigne, Steele, Swift, and Sterne. The last is termed "the greatest and most genuine of our humorists."

a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Pshaw! Mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, dead donkey and all."

Forgetting this amusing invective, and bearing in mind that the scene is laid in a Catholic country, where the fact that Christ entered Jerusalem riding upon an ass has a significance unknown to Protestants (in consequence of which the ass has been exempted from taxation), and among a class of people whose relations with these animals resemble those between an Arab and his horse, let us read this much-maligned chapter, entitled

"NAMPONT.

"THE DEAD ASS.

"And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet, — and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. — I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 't was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

"The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh.

"The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

"He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

"It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a

vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago in Spain.

"When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly.

"He said Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey, — that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and been unto him as a friend.

"Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money, — the mourner said he did not want it; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him; and upon this told them a long story of mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and they had scarce either eat or drunk till they met.

"Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast, — I 'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him. Alas, said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive; but now that he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. Shame on the world! said I to myself. Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 't would be something."

Note that the mourner is thinking, not only of the death of his travelling companion, but of all the misfortunes of which this loss is the last, — of the two sons he has buried, of the third in gratitude for whose recovery he has been making a long pilgrimage, of the family, in short, with whose griefs and joys the dead beast is associated. Compare with his lamentation that of Sancho Panza, with which a comparison is invited. "Aurora issued forth, giving joy to the earth but grief to Sancho Panza, who, when he missed his Dapple, began to utter the most doleful lamentations, insomuch that Don Quixote awakened at his cries, and heard him say, 'O child of my bowels, born in my house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbors, the relief of my burdens, lastly the half of my maintenance, — for with the six-and-twenty maravedis which I have earned every day by thy means, have I half supported my family.'" *

* Don Quixote, Chap. XXIII. (Jarvis's translation).

The heart which sympathized with the simple grief of a poor old peasant beats in all that Sterne wrote. His letters, whatever their faults, are never cold or ill-humored. Once he complains of his Paris banker's failure to make a remittance, but an apology follows fast upon words hardly peevish enough to demand one. A vein of friendly regard for Stevenson runs through the most Shandean communications to him. The letters to Mr. and Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. J., the Garricks, and other friends, — friends for life, — are as kind as they are soberly expressed; those to his daughter show a fond and anxious father; and those to his wife, a considerate husband, studious of her wants, desirous to spare her feelings, humor her weaknesses, and conform to her wishes, even where they involve his separation from a dearly loved daughter. However little in sympathy with Mrs. Sterne, however unfaithful to her, he never lets fall a harsh word. It is easy to believe the assertion of M. Tollot, that he endured the watchful conjugal eye with *la patience d'un ange*.

The Sentimental Journey preaches the same gospel as the sermons. "My design in it," writes the author to a friend, "was to teach us to love our fellow-creatures better than we do; so it turns most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it." Travelling in this mood, Sterne, though the son of an officer whose life was spent in fighting the French, though his boyhood had been passed among soldiers full of anti-Gallican prejudices, and his later years among Yorkshire Whigs, though at a time of life when the mind is usually insensible to new impressions, yet was able to see the best side of France, and to appreciate the best qualities of her people. Sensitive to the ridiculous, alive to national peculiarities as he was, his book is, nevertheless, almost equally relished upon both sides of the Channel,—the excellence of his portraits, particularly those of Frenchwomen, being acknowledged by all competent critics. With a feeble constitution and a nervous temperament, with languid circulation and a consumptive's cough, Sterne must have keenly suffered from the inconveniences and discomforts of travel, — serious enough in his day, — but he bore them with imperturbable good-humor. Goldsmith wrote from Paris to Reynolds: "One

of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home." ("The true English travelling amusement," remarks Irving.) But Sterne says: "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'T is all barren. And so it is, and so is all the world, to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. . . . . The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on; but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he pass'd by was discolored or distorted. He wrote an account of them; but 't was nothing but an account of his miserable feelings. I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon; he was just coming out of it. *'T is nothing but a huge cockpit*, said he. I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell. He had been flay'd alive and bedevilled, and used worse than Saint Bartholomew at every stage he had come at. I 'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, said I, to your physician." Smelfungus is Smollett, not the last of his tribe. A paragraph from the laudatory notice of his Travels, published in his own review, forms a suitable pendant to Sterne's pleasant satire upon them. "A man of sense," says the "Critical Review," "divested of partiality, reasoning with freedom and candor upon every occurrence, and without the smallest temptation to be biassed, exhibits a naked view of objects and characters, and such a view as must endear England to Englishmen. In short, we hazard nothing in saying that a work of this kind does more service to Great Britain than fifty acts of Parliament for prohibiting French fripperies and foreign commodities, or even forbidding the exportation of fools, fops, and coxcombs."

Tristram Shandy is as amiable a book as the Sentimental Journey. Uncle Toby, "who with his faithful squire are the most delightful characters," says Scott, "in this book, or perhaps in any other," is goodness itself. His humanity, his love of all God's creatures, knows no exceptions.

"'A negro has a soul, an' please your Honor,' said the Corporal, doubtingly.

"'I am not much versed,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than you or me.'"

"'I declare,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'my heart would not let me curse the Devil himself with such bitterness.' 'He is the father of curses,' replied Dr. Slop. 'So am not I,' replied my uncle. 'But he is cursed and damned to all eternity,' replied Dr. Slop. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth my Uncle Toby."

"'I think rather,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'that 't is we who sink an inch lower. If I meet but a woman with child, I do it.' ''T is a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy,' said my Uncle Toby. ''T is a piteous burden upon 'em,' continued he, shaking his head. 'Yes, yes, 't is a painful thing,' said my father, shaking his head, too; but, certainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together in concert from two such different springs.

"'God bless } 'em all,' said my Uncle Toby and my father, each to himself."
"'Deuce take }

"'I believe, said I, for I was piqued,' quoth the Corporal, 'for the reputation of the army; I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.' 'Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby; 'for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who of us have done their duty in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.' 'I hope we shall,' said Trim. 'It is in the Scripture,' said my Uncle Toby, 'and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,' said my Uncle Toby, 'that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one!'"

Like master, like man. Corporal Trim's character is mod-

elled upon that of Uncle Toby, with a heart as brave and kind, though, as was natural in one in his station in life, with less refinement in his feelings, and less breadth to his humanity. He has a soldier's precision of movement, and an Irish servant's love of hearing his own voice. The chapters embracing his discourse to the kitchen upon Master Bobby's death show at once his garrulity, his sympathizing nature, and his love for Uncle Toby. This kitchen scene also displays Sterne's knowledge of mankind, his dramatic faculty, and the impartiality with which all his characters, from Parson Yorick to "the foolish, fat scullion," are presented, or rather present themselves; for they are not exhibited with critical comments, nor is our sympathy marred by a feeling of our own or of the author's superiority to them. The laugh which Dr. Slop excites is without bitterness. The Widow Wadman's manœuvres are watched with a smile; and if contempt be felt for her toward the close, it is due to our attachment to Uncle Toby, her victim. The elder Shandy's errors "come from the head, not the heart," as Sterne was fond of saying about himself. "The essence of his character," said Coleridge, "is a craving for sympathy in exact proportion to the oddity and unsympathizability of what he proposes; this coupled with an instinctive desire to be at least disputed with, or, rather, both in one, to dispute and yet to agree, and holding as worst of all to acquiesce without either resistance or sympathy." Yet his irritation at the undeviating acquiescence in hypotheses which she makes no effort to understand of "a wife with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within side of it," is gone in a moment, and his treatment of her is uniformly considerate. "How good all Sterne's characters are!" exclaims Mr. Masson. "What heart as well as oddity there is in them! One feels that one could have lived cheerfully and freely in the vicinity of Shandy Hall, whereas it is only now and then, among the characters of Fielding and Smollett, that this attraction is felt." "The moral of Tristram Shandy," says Mr. Purnell, "is that we are as foolish as our neighbors, and have therefore no right to laugh at them."

A similar disposition to think well of human nature characterizes those parts of Tristram Shandy where Sterne, writ-

ing in the first person, records with pleasant egotism the whims and humors of the moment, as well as his less evanescent opinions and sentiments. His nonsense is not a refuge from unpleasant thoughts, but a burst of merriment; his keen observations upon life and manners are not cynical, his humor is as kindly as it is exquisite, and even his irony is of that species which has been called the salt of urbanity. He moves as with wings from topic to topic, always gracious and joyous. "Every object," writes M. Tollot, "is *couleur de rose* for this happy mortal, and things which would appear to the rest of the world under a sorrowful and gloomy aspect assume in his eyes a gay and smiling face." The Frenchman adds that his sole pursuit was pleasure, but to those who look a little deeper a more serious purpose discloses itself. "Let me go on," says Sterne in Tristram Shandy, "and tell my story my own way; or if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road, or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it for a moment or two as we pass along, don't fly off, but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside; and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or, in short, do anything, — only keep your temper."

Here is the sufficient answer to criticisms upon the artistic form of Sterne's great work. It was to have the freedom of familiar conversation, and the personages, of whom the author was one, interest us less by what they said or did than by what they were. "The digressive spirit of Rabelais and Sterne," observes Coleridge, "is not mere wantonness, but in fact the very form and vehicle of their genius."

Most of Sterne's redundances are explained by his excessive fondness for the old authors, from whom he took what suited him. His learning about noses, for instance, is relevant to nothing but the masks which still make the Carnival hideous in Italy or Spain. Mr. Shandy's remark, "Learned men, Brother Toby, don't write treatises upon long noses for nothing," and Uncle Toby's solution, "There is no cause but one why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so," are worth more than all the rest of the discussion, or than the long tale about Slawkenbergius and the Promontory

of Noses which follows. Two generations ago one Dr. Ferriar made a little reputation for himself by pointing out appropriated passages; but an examination of his book shows that Sterne is no more amenable to the charge of plagiarism than are most eminent writers; that he has himself suffered far more than he gained by theft; that the little he has borrowed is inferior to the strictly original portions of his work; that in several places, as in a passage from Baconiana and in the Languedoc proverb, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," he has disclaimed the authorship, by italicizing the quoted words; and that in all the cases of general parallelism which have been pointed out, the resemblance is so slight as to raise a doubt whether Sterne had ever seen that which he is accused of stealing, or his improvements are so decided as to entitle him to the credit of originality. His most valuable appropriations consist of quotations found in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, which he did not take the pains to verify. The sayings of ancient philosophers which garnish Mr. Shandy's remarks upon Master Bobby's death come from Burton, but the picture of an English father thus consoling himself, with Uncle Toby by his side, and Mrs. Shandy, who had not yet heard the news, at the keyhole, is Sterne's own.

"'I have friends, — I have relations, — I have three desolate children,' says Socrates.

"'Then,' cried my mother, opening the door, 'you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.'

"'By Heaven! I have one less,' said my father, walking out of the room.

"'They are Socrates's children,' said my Uncle Toby. 'He has been dead a hundred years ago,' replied my mother.

"My Uncle Toby was no chronologer; so, not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word either good or bad to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the *éclaircissement* himself."

Sterne's offences against the good manners of literature, though less numerous than may be supposed by strangers to

his writings, are still so grave in the eyes of this generation as to close Tristram Shandy to many readers. They may be attributed, in part, to his familiarity with the writers of the Middle Ages; in part to his intimacy with John Hall Stevenson, whose "Crazy Tales" are pronounced "infamous" by those who have had the opportunity and the courage to read them; in part to the conversation he must have heard in boyhood, the foulness of which can only be imagined by those acquainted with the talk at English mess-tables to-day, and acquainted, too, with the foul deeds which Marlborough's soldiers did not blush to perform; and in part to the manners and taste of the century which Sterne reflected, without being moved to reform it. His first two volumes had received the unqualified indorsement of the bench of bishops, who had followed up their commendation by subscribing for Parson Yorick's sermons. The passages condemned by more squeamish critics were those most admired by the wits into whose society Sterne was thrown in London. The very journals which censured him on this score quoted the most objectionable passages, and complained that the books were read by young ladies openly. The Rev. Dr. Dodd, one of his most violent assailants, was a Tartuffe, who ended his days upon the scaffold; and even Goldsmith said things in "The Citizen of the World" similar to some of those he could not pardon in Sterne, and included in his "Beauties of English Poetry," published for the use of schools in 1767, Prior's coarse translation of one of the coarsest stories in the Italian jest-books. The generation which could read the Crazy Tales,* devoured "Tristram Shandy" the more greedily because of its license. "The men of genius are to a man on my side," writes Sterne a month before his death to Dr. Eustace of America, adding that all who found fault with the book on this score were "either hypocrites or Tartuffes." "It cannot be said," says Scott, "that the licentious humor of Tristram Shandy is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if harmless as to morals."

* Gray to Dr. Wharton: "Yet I remember you all read Crazy Tales without pasting down a leaf."

This "sin against taste" is fatal to some readers' enjoyment of Sterne's writings, while to others it is a condiment, disagreeable in itself, but not impairing their relish of the dish it seasons. Thackeray says that "the foul eyes of the satyr leer out of the leaves constantly;" but Paley regarded the perusal of Tristram Shandy as the *summum bonum* of life; and Mendelssohn, to whom Goethe had said of the Sentimental Journey that it was "impossible for any one better to paint what a froward and perverse thing is the human heart," found it "very subtile and beautifully conceived and expressed." Some of Sterne's highest compliments are from those who could not appreciate him. Voltaire coupled his name with that of Shakespeare in the prediction that the works of neither would be found worthy of a translation into French. "Il y a chez Sterne les éclairs d'une raison supérieure, comme on en voit dans Shakespeare." Walpole, who read with satisfaction the Crazy Tales and the Sofa of Crebillon *fils*, saw as little merit in Don Quixote as in Tristram Shandy. Dr. Johnson spoke with hardly more contempt of Sterne than of Fielding and Smollett, and thought sixty pounds "no mean price" for the Vicar of Wakefield. Sterne's merits as a writer cannot be better summed up than they are in the opening sentence of Mr. Walcknaer's notice of him in the first edition of the *Biographie Universelle:* "Moraliste d'autant plus persuasif qu'il raconte et n'enseigne pas; satirique d'autant plus malin que c'est en agitant les grelots de la folie qu'il décoche les traits les plus acérés; narrateur d'autant plus pathétique qu'il met plus de simplicité dans les paroles et semble contenir davantage sa pénétrante sensibilité, qui se trahit par des reticences; bouffon d'autant plus divertissant qu'il l'est sans le vouloir et qu'il ne fait que céder à l'humeur joviale dont il est animé; enfin auteur d'autant plus aimable qu'il cause toujours et ne compose jamais."

Adams Sherman Hill.

ART. II. — 1. *Observations and Discussions on the November Meteors of* 1867. United States Naval Observatory, Washington. 8vo pamphlet.

2. *Meteoric Astronomy.* By DANIEL KIRKWOOD, LL. D. Philadelphia. 1867. 12mo.

3. *A Treatise on Meteorology. With a Collection of Meteorological Tables.* By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D. New York. 1868. 8vo.

IF we watch the heavens on a cloudless night, we shall frequently see an appearance as of a star suddenly coming into view, moving rapidly for a second or so, and as suddenly disappearing. These appearances may be seen three or four times an hour in the evening, and they gradually increase in frequency throughout the night. They have been seen from time immemorial, and are familiarly known as shooting-stars. In general they are so minute as hardly to attract attention. But they sometimes have fallen in such numbers as to fill the beholders with terror, and alarm them with the notion of the end of the world. We have in the annals of India and China records of such showers of meteors extending back to a very remote period. The researches of Edward Biot, Quetelet, Professor H. A. Newton, and others, have brought to light many of these old accounts, some specimens of which we shall present to the reader.

An Arab historian says: "In the year 599, on the last day of Muharram, stars shot hither and thither, and flew against one another like a swarm of locusts; this phenomenon lasted until daybreak; people were thrown into consternation and made supplication to the Most High; there was never the like seen except on the coming of the messenger of God, on whom be benediction and peace."

Another record says, that in the year 763 "the stars were suddenly seen to fall from the heavens in such numbers that people were frightened, thinking the end of the world had come."

On the 21st of October, 855, "a great fall of stars occurred

during the night, lasting from evening till daylight. At the same time there were earthquakes throughout the world."

The years 1094, 1095, and 1096 are remarkable for the recurrence of meteoric showers on the same dates in each. On the 10th of April, 1094, "stars were seen to fall from the heavens in such numbers that they could not be counted." In the following year they "fell like hail" from midnight until daylight on the 10th and 11th of the same month. The council of Clermont was then engaged in planning a crusade, and when the shower was found to spare the earth, it was concluded to betoken some great revolution in Christendom. Again, in the year 1096, on the same date, the stars "flew like dust in the wind, from cock-crowing till daylight."

"October 19, 1202. — The stars flew like grasshoppers from east to west. This lasted until daylight. The people were in distress."

In one of the old annals of Portugal there is an account which is remarkable for its accordance in certain respects with the modern theory of the November showers.

"In the year 1366, on the 22d of October, three months before the death of the king Don Pedro, there was in the heavens a movement of stars such as men never before saw or heard of. From midnight onward, all the stars moved from east to west; and afterward they fell from the sky in such numbers, that, as they descended low in the air, they seemed large and fiery, and the sky and the air seemed to be in flames, and even the earth seemed ready to take fire. Those who saw this sight were filled with great fear and dismay, thinking they were all dead men, and that the end of the world had come."

That part of the heavens toward which the earth is moving rises at midnight, and crosses the meridian at six in the morning. This is also the point from which the meteors appear to come. Hence soon after midnight the meteors appear to move from east to west, while about daylight they fall from near the zenith like rain, in exact accordance with the above description.

Coming down to the times of more accurate observation and description, we find certain periods of the year to be remarkable for the frequency of meteors. The August meteors have been

inferior only to those of November in numbers and brilliancy. In the year 268, in 859, and in 1451, star showers are recorded by the Chinese historians as occurring in August. About the 9th of August, 1798, Dr. Noah Webster observed great numbers of meteors in Hartford during several nights. They moved from northeast to southwest, and succeeded each other so rapidly as to keep the eyes of the spectator constantly engaged. And, in almost every year since, about the same date, a similar phenomenon has been seen on a small scale, so that the August meteors are now as well known as those of November. The shower in August is not on a great scale, but several hundred meteors may usually be counted on the night of the 10th and 11th.

The November showers have lately been the object of special study, not only on account of their peculiar brilliancy, but because of the interest attaching to the recurrence of their period. The shower seen by Humboldt and Bonpland from the Andes, on November 12, 1799, and described in the narrative of Humboldt's travels, is well known. On the night of November 13, 1833, a display which, from all accounts, must have been one of the greatest on record, was seen in this country. Throughout the South the negroes, like the Europeans of a previous century, thought the end of the world had come at last. It was carefully observed at New Haven by Professor Olmsted. He was the first to elaborate a theory of the cause of the phenomenon; and though his ideas are now known to be fundamentally erroneous, they contained some elements of truth.

The recurrence of the shooting-stars thirty-four years after they had been seen by Humboldt on almost the same date, suggested to Olbers the idea of a thirty-four year period, and led him to predict their return in 1867. The idea was elaborated, and its correctness proved by Professor H. A. Newton of Yale College. The thoroughness with which this gentleman has investigated the subject of shooting-stars, particularly those of November, has rendered him pre-eminent in this department of astronomy. Collating the accounts, he found a long series of recorded apparitions at intervals of one third of a century, extending, with many breaks, from A. D. 931 to 1833.

The exact date of appearance, however, instead of being uniform, changed with considerable regularity. The shower of 931 was described as occurring on the last day of Muharram, in the year 599, according to the Arab chronology, which corresponded to the 19th of October. The successive showers appeared at a later and later date until the present time, when they occur on November 13. This change indicated a secular variation in the orbits of the group of bodies causing the showers, and was the means of fixing the position of the orbit.

Before the observations and researches of Professor Olmsted, absolutely nothing was known of the origin and causes of these phenomena. It was not even decided whether they were of cosmical or terrestrial origin, whether they came from the planetary spaces or were caused by electricity or other agents in the atmosphere. It is a little singular that so great an explorer and lover of nature as Humboldt should have failed to decide this question by his own observations, since we now know that the data for that decision must have been plainly presented to his eyes. Careful observation would have shown him that the lines of motion of the meteors, when produced backward, all passed near the star γ Leonis, and that the point of intersection seemed to follow this star as it approached the zenith, thus showing that the direction of the meteor-fall did not follow the diurnal rotation of the earth, as it would if the meteors originated in the atmosphere. But he did not appear to suspect that the phenomenon was anything more than a local one, and it was left to observers thirty-four years later to show that it was not a meteorological, but an astronomical one.

The great shower of 1833 was accounted for by Professor Olmsted on the hypothesis of a light nebulous body moving in an orbit within that of the earth, and sometimes coming into contact with the latter. He conceived it to consist of light combustible matter, which, when it entered the atmosphere, powerfully condensed the air before it, and thus elicited the heat which set it on fire. The fate of this hypothesis may serve as a warning to philosophers in forming suppositions relating to causation, to assign no cause which is not a real phenomenon, and susceptible in its own nature of being proved by other

evidence. The "nebulous body" of Professor Olmsted was as hard to account for as the meteors themselves, and he had no other evidence of its existence than that it explained the phenomena of meteoric showers. With the progress of science it has vanished entirely, and a cause has been discovered, which accounts not only for shooting-stars, but for fireballs, aerolites, and telescopic comets. It is only within the last year that the new theory has been perfected and elaborated, and until the recent publication of the works named at the head of this article, no complete and intelligible statement of it was accessible to the general reader. Such an explanation we shall now endeavor to give.

The fundamental idea of the theory is this: The planetary spaces are crowded with immense numbers of bodies, which move around the sun in all kinds of erratic orbits, and which are too minute to be seen with the most powerful telescopes.

If one of these bodies is so large and firm that it passes through the atmosphere and reaches the earth without being dissipated, we have an aerolite.

If the body is so small or so fusible as to be dissipated in the upper regions of the atmosphere, we have a shooting-star.

A crowd of such bodies sufficiently dense to be seen in the sunlight constitutes a comet.

A group less dense will be entirely invisible unless the earth happens to pass through it, when we shall have a meteoric shower.

In accordance with a proposal of Professor Newton, we shall call these bodies by the general name of "meteoroids."

Thus one simple hypothesis accounts for at least three seemingly diverse phenomena. To show this clearly, the mechanical theory of heat, with some of its attendant physical facts, must be brought to our aid. It is now established that heat is a certain form of motion, that hot air differs from cold air only in a more rapid vibration of its molecules, and that it communicates its heat to solid bodies simply by striking them with its molecules. If, then, a body moves rapidly through the air, the mere impact of the aerial molecules ought to warm it just as

hot air would. This result of theory has been proved correct by the researches of Professor William Thomson and others. A thermometer being placed in front of a rapidly moving body rose one degree when the body moved through the air at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five feet per second, and with higher velocities the rise was as the square of the velocity, so that a velocity of 250 feet produced a rise of 4°; of 375 feet, 9°; of 500 feet, 16°; and so on.

The earth moves in its orbit at the rate of 98,000 feet per second, which is the velocity with which the air would strike a body at rest in the planetary spaces. This velocity would produce a rise of temperature of 600,000 degrees. Such a body would therefore be suddenly exposed to a temperature far above any the chemist can produce by the most powerful agents. If, as will commonly be the case, the meteoroid is moving to meet the earth, the relative velocity, and therefore the temperature, will be yet higher. The November meteors, for instance, strike the atmosphere with a relative velocity of forty-four miles per second, which corresponds to a temperature of three million degrees Fahrenheit! Exposed to such a temperature, neither great size nor combustibility are necessary to account for both the brilliancy and brevity of their course. In fact, Professor Harkness, of the United States Naval Observatory, calculates that, if we suppose the ratio of light to heat to be the same as in the Drummond light, a meteoroid weighing but a single grain would give light enough to shine like a star of the first magnitude at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

We have alluded to the fact, that in a meteoric shower, if the paths of the individual meteors are produced backward, they are all found to pass through the same point of the heavens. This is called the "radiant point." The radiant point of the November meteors is in the constellation Leo, that of the August ones in Perseus. It appears in the same position wherever the observer is situated, and it does not partake of the diurnal motion of the earth. These two facts prove the theory that meteoric showers are caused by the earth encountering a group of particles moving independently in the planetary spaces. The meteors really move in parallel straight lines,

like drops of rain in a shower, and the radiant point is simply an effect of perspective, which makes these lines appear to converge toward a vanishing point, like the streets of a city in a perspective view. The best visible illustration of this appearance will perhaps be afforded by watching light flakes of snow fall during a calm. The flakes which are falling directly toward the observer do not seem to move at all. The surrounding flakes seem gradually to separate from these on all sides; those which are going to fall to the left seeming to move toward the left, and so with those which will fall toward the right, the front, or the rear. So with the meteoric showers. A meteor coming directly toward the observer does not seem to move at all, and the only point in which such a meteor can be seen is itself the radiant point. The surrounding meteors, though all falling in the same absolute direction, seem to diverge on all sides like the snow-flakes. If two other observers are situated at a considerable distance on either side of the first, a meteor falling directly toward the latter will to the left-hand observer seem to move off to the right, and to the right-hand observer off to the left, so that the two observers see the same meteor moving in apparently opposite directions.

The radiant point being that of the direction of the meteor-fall, it appears from actual observation that, when the earth arrives at a certain point of its orbit, we see an unusual number of meteors, falling in a direction which has never sensibly varied for at least a third of a century. This general fact proves our general proposition respecting the cause of meteoric showers in a manner both direct and indisputable.

The evidence that the sporadic shooting-stars, visible during every clear night, are caused by small bodies encountering the earth in its orbital motion is not of the same direct character, because these shooting-stars exhibit no definite radiant point. Still, the fact admits of no rational doubt. The appearance of sporadic meteors, and of those which fall in showers, are so exactly similar, that we cannot avoid attributing them to the same cause. Moreover, the existence of immense swarms of minute bodies moving in definite orbits through space being proved, it is highly probable *a priori* that many such bodies would be scattered at random.

We now approach one of the most curious and suggestive discoveries of recent astronomy, — a discovery resulting from such a series of independent and apparently disconnected observations, that no single individual can claim the credit of making it. We shall ask leave to tell the story from the beginning.

In December, 1865, M. Tempel, an astronomer of Marseilles, discovered a faint telescopic comet. It was afterward discovered independently by Mr. H. P. Tuttle, at the Naval Observatory, Washington. It passed its perihelion in January, and, receding from the sun, vanished from sight in March. It was soon found to move in an elliptic orbit with a period of something like thirty years. The process of reducing and publishing astronomical observations is, however, so slow and laborious that generally at least a year has to elapse before the material for the definitive determination of a cometary orbit can be collected. So it was not until January, 1867, that Dr. Oppalzer of Vienna was able to compute an accurate orbit of this comet. The number of the *Astronomische Nachrichten* which contains the details of his computation is dated on the 28th of that month.

Let us now return to our meteors. It is well known that a considerable meteoric shower was seen in Europe on the night of November 13 – 14, 1866. It being settled that this shower, like that of 1833, was caused by the earth encountering a group of small bodies, moving in a different orbit, astronomers were naturally anxious to determine this orbit. But the data for this determination were insufficient until the periodic time was known. This important element the researches of Professor Newton had left in doubt. The shower recurring at intervals of thirty-three years, it might, at first sight, seem that the time of revolution must be thirty-three years. But this conclusion would be hasty, because the group might have returned several times in the course of the thirty-three years, crossing the orbit of the earth at times when the latter was not near the point of intersection. Professor Newton was led to consider a period of $1\frac{1}{3^2}$ years rather more probable than the longer. At the same time he pointed out a fact which might lead to a definite solution of the problem. We have seen that as centuries elapsed the shower occurred on a later

and later day of the year, the date being October 19 in 902 and November 13 in 1866. This indicates a progressive motion of the node amounting to fifty-four seconds in a century. Now, what must be the periodic time in order that this change may be produced by the action of the planets? Professor John C. Adams solved this question, and gave thirty-three years for the answer.

The periodic time and the radiant point being known, the data for determining the orbit were completely given, — a fact which seems to have first occurred to Le Verrier. His solution was read to the French Academy of Sciences on January 21, 1867. The following are the elements of the orbit to which he was led: —

Period of revolution	33.25 years.
Semi-major axis	10.34
Eccentricity	0.9044
Perihelion distance	0.9890
Inclination of the orbit	14° 41′
Longitude of the node	51° 18′

Perihelion unknown, but near the node.

Dr. Oppalzer's elements of Tempel's comet, as published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* of January 28, 1867, are: —

Period of revolution	33.18 years.
Semi-major axis	10.32
Eccentricity	0.9054
Perihelion distance	0.9765
Inclination of the orbit	17° 18′
Longitude of the node	51° 26′
Longitude of the perihelion	42° 24′

The similarity of these two sets of numbers is too striking to be the result of chance. The "inclination" is the only element which differs sensibly, and this difference was afterward found by Le Verrier himself to proceed from his having adopted an erroneous position of the radiant point in his calculations. In estimating the similarity of the orbits, it must always be remembered that the two calculators were entirely ignorant of each other's results until they saw them in print, and that the coincidence was first detected by a third person, C. W. F. Peters of Altona, who compared the printed results in the two publications.

The inference to be drawn from these facts of observation is, that the November meteors are caused by a long stream of minute bodies following Tempel's comet in its orbit. Whenever the earth passes through this stream, all the atoms that it encounters are swept away as shooting-stars. Thus, millions of the particles of the stream are destroyed, or rather added to the earth every year. But so vast is the number of these bodies that ages will be required to make any appreciable diminution of their number. By rough estimates, the details of which we need not enter upon, it is supposed that the individual meteoroids of the November stream pass a given point at the rate of millions a second. Yet several years even are required for the passage of the thicker part of the stream, its entire length at perihelion not being less than a thousand million miles.

It is a curious fact that the orbit of the stream of meteoroids not only intersects the orbit of the earth, but passes in close proximity to that of Uranus. This fact led Le Verrier to the conclusion that the stream did not originally form part of our system, but was a wanderer through the stellar spaces, until, accidentally passing in close proximity to Uranus, the attraction of that planet threw it into an elliptic orbit round the sun. He even attempted, by calculating back the revolutions of the meteoric group and of Uranus, to fix the date of this event, and gave the year 126 of the Christian era as the most probable epoch of its occurrence.

While this date is somewhat problematical, the grouping of the meteoroids renders it almost certain that they have not been revolving in their present orbit during many centuries. For if we suppose a group of bodies, ever so close, to move round and round in a re-entering orbit, the slightly different velocities of the individuals will cause them gradually to spread out into a long stream, and this spreading will continue until the stream extends around the entire orbit. This may be illustrated by a race-course. If a number of horses start together and continue to run round and round the course, the fastest horse will leave the slowest behind until he is on the opposite side of the course. Then he will approach him from behind until he overtakes him. The horses will then be scat-

tered around the entire course. In the same way, when the swiftest meteoroid overtakes the slowest one the stream will be spread over the entire orbit. As this must happen in the course of centuries, and as the great body of the November meteoroids are included in one tenth the length of the orbit, it seems pretty certain that they have not had many centuries to scatter themselves.

Soon after the discovery of the connection of the November meteoroids with Tempel's comet was made known, an Italian astronomer, M. Schiaperelli, was fortunate enough to identify the orbit of the August meteoroids with that of a telescopic comet discovered in 1862. The orbits approach as closely as that of the November meteoroids to Tempel's comet. But the August meteoroids now seem to be spread around the entire orbit, the meteors of that month being about equally numerous every year.

It thus being rendered tolerably certain that the best known streams of meteoroids are composed of particles left behind by comets, the question naturally arises, What is the relation between these comets and the meteoroids? The answer which most readily suggests itself is, That the comets are themselves composed of meteoroids, which, it will be remembered, are simply detached particles of solid matter, moving through the celestial spaces singly or in groups. It must also be remembered that the comets of which we speak have no tail, but seem like nebulous patches so thin and airy that any attempt to shake pestilence and war from their hair would simply result in their shaking themselves to pieces. They do indeed appear to the observer to form a continuous mass of matter of extreme tenuity. But we know that clouds, steam, smoke, and other forms of matter presenting this appearance at the surface of the earth are really formed of detached particles, and the presumption is strong that the comet is formed in the same way. It is true that an elastic gas would present the same appearance. But it is difficult to conceive how a body of such a gas could escape being instantly dissipated by its own elasticity; so that, among known forms of matter, that of detached particles seems best to explain the appearance of telescopic comets.

This view is sustained by the interesting fact, observed in numerous instances, of the gradual decay of known periodic comets. The two most notable cases are those of the comets of Halley and Biela. The former returns to the sun every seventy-six years. At its apparition in 1456 it was described as a terrible object, having a tail sixty degrees in length. It inspired Pope Calixtus III. with such terror that he ordered prayers throughout Christendom against its malign influence, thus giving rise to the wide-spread fiction of "the bull against the comet." But, at its last two returns in 1759, and again in 1835, its appearance was in no way remarkable.

Biela's comet has been known for nearly a century, being first seen in 1772. But its periodicity was not recognized until 1826, when it was found to return to its perihelion every six years and a half. In 1846 it became celebrated for an appearance altogether new in the history of astronomy, being separated into two parts. In the autumn of 1852 both parts were observed for the last time, and were very faint. The next return took place when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun, so that the comet could not be seen. In 1865, when its return in close proximity to the earth was to have been expected, not a trace of it could be seen, though looked for under the most favorable circumstances by the best observers, and with good telescopes. After showing itself for eighty years, it vanished from sight like a shadow. No doubt the individual particles of the comet are still revolving in their accustomed orbit; but in the course of successive revolutions they have become so widely dispersed as to be no longer visible.

Professor Newton describes the meteoroids as being apparently the material out of which worlds are forming. Although we cannot see how a world can be formed out of these materials, we do catch glimpses of a possible process by which they are being increased. Great clouds of diffused and finely divided matter are moving in all directions in the stellar spaces. Accidentally entering our system, some of them are thrown into elliptic orbits by the attraction of a planet. Such of these as come within range of our telescopes appear as comets of long period, and become permanent members of our system. In

the lapse of ages the great perturbations to which they are exposed prove too strong for the feeble bond of central attraction, and the component particles are gradually drawn off to move in varying orbits. At length they strike the atmosphere of some planet, when their career of millions of ages brilliantly terminates in a shooting-star.

Professor Newton estimates the number of shooting-stars which enter the earth's atmosphere daily at seven millions. Their average mass appears to be a fraction of a grain, — say one third. We may therefore roughly estimate the amount of matter daily added to the earth in the way we have described at three hundred pounds, or one cubic foot. At this rate it would require seven millions of millions of years to increase the diameter of the earth by a single foot. It is easy to recognize the mythical character of the supposed "meteoric dust" which has been collected on dinner-plates after meteoric showers. All such *débris* as would fall on a plate an acre in extent could hardly be weighed in a balance.

It does not seem extravagant to hope that shooting-stars may yet throw some light on the grandest problem now presented to the human mind, — the origin of the universe. Is the present arrangement of the stellar and planetary systems fitted to exist from eternity to eternity? Did it spring ready made from the hand of the Creator? Or did it condense from a nebulous gas in periods of time compared with which the ages of geology are but moments? The modern discoveries and theories in physics and astronomy all seem to tend toward the solution of these questions, and we may believe that their answer will be found within the power of the human intellect.

S. Newcomb.

ART. III. — 1. *Letters from Florence on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy.* By WILLIAM TALMADGE. London. 1866. 12mo.

2. *L' Esaminatore. Foglio Periodico Settimanale.* Firenze. 1867, 1868.

3. *L' Emancipatore Cattolico. Giornale della Società Nazionale Emancipatrice e di Mutuo Soccorso del Sacerdozio Italiano.* Napoli. 1867, 1868.

4. *Programma e Statuto Fondamentale della Società Nazionale Emancipatrice del Sacerdozio Italiano.* Napoli. 1864.

5. *Il Matrimonio Civile e il Celibato del Clero Cattolico.* Pel P. LUIGI PROTA, con le Appendici Storiche del PROF. TOMMASO SEMMOLA. Napoli. 1864. 12mo.

6. *Pubblica Confessione di un Prigioniero dell' Inquisizione Romana ed Origine dei Mali della Chiesa Cattolica.* (Per PAOLO PANZINI, Capuccino.) Torino. 1865. 8vo.

7. *Recueil des Allocutions Consistoriales, Encycliques, et autres Lettres Apostoliques des Souverains Pontifes Clément XII., Benoit XIV., Pie VI., Pie VII., Léon XII., Grégoire XVI., et Pie IX., citées dans l'Encyclique et le Syllabus du 8 Décembre*, 1864. Deuxième Édition. Paris. 1865. 8vo.

WHEN M. Rouher pronounced in the *Corps Législatif* his emphatic "Jamais, jamais, jamais!" it is probable that he sealed the doom of that temporal power to which he was pledging the unqualified support of thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen. The promise which he then made, that under no circumstances would France permit the absorption of the Papal territory by United Italy, — a promise extorted from the Imperial cabinet by the sudden and unforeseen exigencies of debate, — shows how difficult it is for the coolest and shrewdest despot to control his own policy under even the forms of constitutional government, and how all the cunning experience of diplomacy may come to naught when subjected to the pressure of popular clamor or fanaticism. Nothing could have been much more unwise, whether as regards the future of the Second Empire or of the Papacy, than such a pledge given at such a time.

Italy can hardly as yet be considered a nation. The Tuscan and the Piedmontese, the Neapolitan and the Lombard, still look upon one another as strangers, and much is yet needed of common sufferings and dangers, of common humiliations and aspirations, to weld them into a compact and homogeneous nationality. The lines which have been drawn by segregation, under a thousand years of foreign domination, are too deep to be effaced in a single decade; nor is ruinous taxation, repaid only by the disasters of Custoza and Lissa, calculated to foster loyalty to the house of Savoy. Whatever, therefore, tends to excite community of feeling and to break down reverence for the past, whatever kindles the passions and hopes of the whole people, from Messina to Turin, making them throb in unison to hot desire or passionate revenge, is the surest means of destroying their separate provincialism, and of moulding them into a people one and indivisible. It would be difficult to say which has been the more successful in accomplishing this, Garibaldi at Mentana or Rouher in the Palais Bourbon.

In another aspect of the question, however, Rouher may be said to have been even more potential than Garibaldi. Difficult as it may be to fuse into one the dozen principalities into which Italy has been divided of old, impossible as may be the creation of an Italian nation so long as its natural capital is withheld from its grasp, yet the chief obstacle to success in the new order of things arises from the inevitable and implacable antagonism between Italian Catholicism and Italian nationality. Not that the pure dogmas of Latin Christianity have in them anything of itself incompatible with social or national development, but that the ecclesiastical structure reared upon them is necessarily involved in internecine strife with the Italy of the present and of the future, and one of the antagonists must inevitably succumb. Compromise is impossible, and it will eventually rest with the people to determine which shall be the victor, progress or reaction. The useless slaughter inflicted by the Chassepot rifle at Monte Rotondo was well fitted to lend strength to the party of progress, and their numbers must be swelled incalculably by the bitter humiliation felt at the insolent attitude now so gratuitously assumed by France.

The political future of Italy must be decided by its religion. If a majority of its people retain a blind and unreasoning reverence for the sacerdotalism under which they have been reared, all that has been accomplished will be undone. If, however, the shackles which they have been trained to wear can be thrown off, the rest will be comparatively easy, for the complications of European politics will sooner or later afford them the opportunity of occupying Rome. To attempt this before they are prepared for the inevitable changes which would alone render such occupation permanent and fruitful, would only be to risk what has already been gained. Any speculations, therefore, which omit the religious complications under which Italy is laboring leave out of the problem its controlling element.

To comprehend the religious reformatory movement now in progress throughout the peninsula, it is necessary first to understand the guiding principles of the hierarchy against which that movement is directed. To do this it is not requisite to enter upon questions of religious belief, for the reformers profess entire devotion in all points of faith inculcated by the Church. Schism they may perhaps not shrink from, but heresy forms, as yet, no part of their recognized programme, and they seem to have no intention of voluntarily withdrawing from communion with the visible head of the faith. It is the structure and policy of the Church which are the objects of their assaults, and while they reverence the Pope as the legitimate successor of St. Peter, they desire him to be venerable in apostolic simplicity and holiness, and not a sovereign whose indefinite powers and undefinable pretensions render impossible any progress, moral or political, to which he does not lend his assent.

In this country we see the Catholic clergy adapting themselves without complaint to republican institutions, subjected to the laws of the land, enjoying no special immunities or privileges, busily devoted to the duties of the pastorate, propagating their faith by persuasiveness, earnestly engaged in the religious instruction and moral training of their flocks, and active in the charitable work of feeding the hungry and curing the sick. More than any other denomination through-

out the populous North, their labors lie among the poor and humble, and their ceaseless ministrations accomplish results which could be reached by no other instrumentality. It is difficult to imagine these ardent and self-denying men as members of the same brotherhood, believers in the same faith, part of the same organization, as that which from the Vatican has armed the Antibes legion, and which proclaims eternal war against equality, freedom of conscience, liberal education, self-government, and, in short, all the forces which constitute progress and modern civilization.

While the ministers of the Church, under the pressure of circumstances, can adapt themselves to the necessities of their position in a free community like ours, it is the misfortune of the Papacy that it is the exponent of an infallible church, and that, acting under the immediate inspiration of St. Peter, the Popes have always been and must always be infallible.* Infallibility is a heavy burden for poor humanity. It can confess no errors, it can rectify no blunders, it can offer no expiation for wrongs. To be consistent with itself, it must remain in one age what it was in another, under totally different conditions. The world moves on, while it is forced to lag behind, and it thus becomes an anachronism which has lost its usefulness, and can only exert its powers for evil rather than for good. Thus Mastai Ferretti, kind and benevolent as a man, finds himself as Pius IX. charged with the tremendous task of perpetuating in the nineteenth century the theocratic autocracy which Hildebrand aimed to establish, and which Innocent III. wielded with awful effect.

Pius has not left us to gather this from his actions alone. In December, 1864, he issued to all the prelates of the Church his famous Encyclical epistle, accompanied by a Syllabus of prevalent errors for condemnation by the faithful; and in this formal proclamation he condensed an emphatic declaration of the pretensions, the designs, and the policy of the Church. No claim of supremacy over princes and peoples, which made the mediæval Church the unquestioned master of Europe, is abandoned; and power unjustly withheld alone is wanting to restore the halcyon times when the successor of St. Peter regulated the conscience

* Pii PP. IX. Encyc. *Qui pluribus*, 9 Novemb. 1846.

of Christendom, dethroned kings, commanded war and peace, and insured the purity of faith by an occasional *auto-da-fé*.

On one point, indeed, Pius advances a step beyond his predecessors. While the Church has always assumed infallibility in matters of faith, it has hitherto been held that on points of discipline she may err; but Pius, in the Encyclical, claims that Papal decrees, whether they affect dogma or discipline, are equally binding on the consciences of the faithful, and that no dissidence in either case is admissible on the part of any one pretending to belong to the communion of Rome.

Thus all the old extensions of ecclesiastical despotism, founded on the False Decretals and enforced throughout the darkness of the Middle Ages, are to be found condensed in the Encyclical and Syllabus, with a cynical contempt for modern intelligence. In claiming peremptorily that the Church should have unrestricted liberty to enforce her laws without limitation or hindrance,* it is not the free exercise of her religion that is demanded, but the power of persecution. That every man should be allowed to choose his religion according to the dictates of his own conscience is repeatedly denounced as a fatal error, a madness, and a liberty only of damnation.† Catholicism is declared to be the only religion which should be suffered to exist by the state, ‡ and those nations which tolerate, even in strangers, the exercise of other forms of worship are specially condemned. § It is declared to be the duty of the state to punish all who wander from the true faith, and the Church itself is asserted to have the power of enforcing its decrees by temporal as well as by spiritual punishments. ‖ That Protestantism should be considered as a form of Christianity is declared to be a pernicious error, ¶ and the efforts of Bible societies to diffuse among the people a knowledge of the Scriptures are condemned as tending to lead the flock astray.**

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* Syllab. Prop. 19. Alloc. *Multis gravibusque*, 17 Decemb. 1860. Alloc. *Maxima quidem*, 9 Junii, 1862.

† Encyc. Decemb. 1864. Gregor. XVI. Encyc. *Mirari*, 1832. Syllab. Prop. 15, 16.

‡ Gregor. XVI. Encyc. *Mirari*, 1832. Syllab. Prop. 77.

§ Syllab. Prop. 78.

‖ Syllab. Prop. 24.

¶ Syllab. Prop. 18.

** Syllab. § IV. Encyc. *Qui pluribus*, 9 Novemb. 1846.

What is especially shocking in all this is not merely its bigotry and intolerance, which are shared, unfortunately, by too many of the followers of Christ. When these are passive, they injure only the individual who indulges in them; but Pius proclaims the principles of active persecution for conscience' sake, which have repeatedly desolated Europe from end to end, and have done more to retard human progress than the wildest ambition of kings. How sedulously the people are trained to this unchristian duty is visible in the Roman breviary, which, in the office of May 5th, is careful to recite that Pius V. was enrolled among the saints of Heaven to reward the inflexibility with which, as Inquisitor, he had pursued the enemies of the Church; and the lesson was emphatically repeated when, in June, 1867, at the celebration of the centenary of St. Peter, Pedro Arbues, one of the bloodiest of the Inquisitors of Spain, was solemnly canonized. It is easy thus to understand why the Inquisition has been maintained in Rome after its expulsion from every other land, and how culpable are the Catholic sovereigns in not reinstating it with full power to repeat the exploits of Torquemada.

If freedom of conscience is thus to be sternly repressed, it is not surprising that freedom of education is also to be destroyed as a dangerous error of modern times. That the state should provide schools for its youth, independently of the Church, is denounced as an evil to be suppressed. It is formally declared that all public schools should be under the supervision and control of the ecclesiastical authorities; and as it is a mistake, according to the Syllabus, to consider the methods of the mediæval theologians as unsuited to modern progress in knowledge, we can readily fancy the application of these principles restoring to us the ages of faith, when the populations were steeped in ignorance dense enough for unquestioning credulity, and when subtle schoolmen ranged themselves under the banners of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas.* We are not, indeed, left entirely to conjecture as to the effect of thus placing the control of education in the hands of men trained in the principles of the Roman curia. This was done by the Concordat with Austria, the re-

* Syllab. Prop. 13, 45, 47.

sult of which is described with homely vigor in the petition for its abolition lately presented by the Transylvanians to the Reichsrath: "At the annual examinations, the best children are able to give an account of how things look in heaven; they know the names of the principal angels, the number of the saints, and they know something about hell and purgatory. But how things look in their own land, what it produces, what might be produced better and cheaper, what is exported and imported, &c., of all this they know nothing. If the children are able to repeat, like parrots, their catechism and Bible history, they get presents, the ceremony is over, and the old story is repeated in the old way. The municipality has nothing to do with the school beyond furnishing the building, fuel, and all other necessary or unnecessary expenses. It is no wonder that the greater part of the inhabitants of the Austrian monarchy believe that religion, faith, and Concordat form one indivisible trinity." *

In the Middle Ages, one of the most fruitful sources of oppression to the people, and of demoralization to the clergy, was the immunity enjoyed by every ecclesiastic from subjection to the law. The jurisdiction of the spiritual courts was not confined to spiritual cases, but extended its shield over all members of the Church, and the practical immunity thence afforded to clerical offences is evidenced by the "benefit of clergy" in the common law of England, which was virtually a free pardon for crime. The common sense of modern times has put an end to this absurdity, and the law, even in Catholic

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* To this plain-speaking the Austrian bishops, in their address to the Kaiser, retort that "it is not better instruction that is wanted. What is desired is to attack religion and morality. It is wished to make the school serve to propagate unbelief; that is the chief thing." It would be difficult to estimate how much religion has suffered in all ages from the arrogant defenders who identify their own interests with those of Christ. The zealous churchman on the battle-field of Mentana could see the smile of Heaven on the placid features of the Papal Zouave who had fallen in defence of St. Peter, while those of the Garibaldino near him were distorted with the scowl of hell; and the same spirit leads the *Unità Cattolica*, the organ of the Papal court, to declare that God, foreseeing the weakness of Francis Joseph, would not permit the beneficent Concordat to render him fortunate, and that the disasters of Solferino and Sadowa were the punishments in advance (for to God the future is as the past) of his letter of October 15, 1867, to the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna.

countries, recognizes in the ecclesiastic no superiority elevating him beyond its reach. But the Church has once claimed and enjoyed this privilege for its members, and its infallibility requires that the claim should not be abandoned. Accordingly, Pius demands that the cases of the clergy should not be tried by the secular tribunals, and for this claim he asserts a Divine sanction.* The value of such a privilege, where religion and politics are so inextricably intermingled, can be estimated from the fact that, in 1862, the government of Italy was obliged to prosecute the bishops of Bologna and Fano for issuing circulars to their priests, instructing them to make use of the confessional for the purpose of stimulating desertion in the Italian army. The bishops assembled in Rome in June, 1862, for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, denounced this act of self-preservation as a violation of the imprescriptible rights of the Church, and bemoaned the hard fate of these worthy prelates thus persecuted for the discharge of their duty. †

With regard to the relations between the Papacy and temporal sovereigns, the Encyclical and Syllabus are similarly indisposed to abandon one jot of the old assumptions of supremacy. When we see it formally asserted that the popes have never transcended the limits of their just authority, ‡ we are driven to conclude that the opportunity, and not the will, is wanting for Pius to repeat the exhibitions of papal autocracy which in the Middle Ages rendered the successors of the humble fisherman of Galilee the arbiters of the destinies of Christendom. Indeed, the Roman breviary teaches us the same lesson in still reciting, on the festival of Gregory VII., May 27th, that he was canonized for his courageous resistance to the Emperor Henry IV., in depriving him of his crown, and releasing his subjects from their allegiance. As the old traditions of ecclesiastical supremacy are thus carefully treasured, it need not surprise us to see that kings and princes are positively asserted to be subject to the jurisdiction of the

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* Syllab. Prop. 30, 31.

† "Venerabiles Antistites ac Dei Sacerdotes exauctorantur, exulare coguntur, aut in carceres detruduntur; quinimo ante tribunalia civilia, pro constantia in sacro ministerio obeundo, contumeliose pertrahuntur." — Declarat. Episc. 8 Junii, 1862.

‡ Syllab. Prop. 23.

Church, and that even the internal municipal laws of states are declared to be involved in the same subjection.* Separation between Church and State is denounced as a dangerous error, but this union is not to be a partnership, for, as the civil power is asserted not to be competent to define the limits of its own authority, the privileges claimed for the Church must necessarily render it paramount.†

Thus we find in this authoritative exposition of the Papal pretensions and policy every principle requisite to the restoration of the Middle Ages in all their glory of credulous faith and spiritual despotism. Indeed, we are not left merely to guess at the aspirations of the Roman curia; for the Syllabus ends by boldly declaring the incompatibility of its system with the present order of things. Its 80th Proposition positively condemns as a pernicious error the idea that the supreme head of the Church either can or ought to reconcile himself with progress and modern civilization, — that "Romanus Pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalismo, et cum recenti civilitate sese reconciliare et componere."

It is melancholy to see an organization so powerful for good as the Catholic Church thus deliberately nullify its usefulness, and array itself against human liberty and intelligence. Yet at the same time we cannot but admire so striking an exhibition of moral intrepidity on the part of an old man on the verge of the grave, already shorn of half his domains, and indebted solely to foreign bayonets for the support of his tottering throne and the unwilling submission of his few remaining subjects, while boldly proclaiming war upon all the principles of progress and of modern ideas, asserting all the prerogatives which enabled his predecessors to tread upon the necks of kings, and desperately but resolutely battling to hand down to his successors unimpaired the heritage which he has received; his sturdy faith never questioning whether that heritage was honestly acquired and worthily used, nor whether the good of mankind may not demand that he and all his machinery of obstruction and wrong should be incontinently hurried out of sight and buried forever beyond the possibility of resurrection.

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* Syllab. Prop. 54, 57.

† Syllab. Prop. 55, 19.

The Italian reformers, however, to whom these claims are not mere theoretical opinions, but solid and most uncomfortable facts, have no admiration to waste on a fortitude which persists in endeavoring to treat them as Arnold of Brescia was treated by Adrian IV. or Savonarola by Alexander VI. The Papal supremacy and policy are to them the source of daily tribulation, and consequently have become the object of their strenuous and unremitting assaults. Beginning with a keen sense of the injuries inflicted on Church and people by the abuses of overpowering sacerdotalism, they have been gradually led to examine the foundation on which rests the structure that so long overshadowed Christendom; and as their minds have become freed from the incubus of established authority, they have seen that tradition and custom had no weight when opposed to Scripture and the authentic records of the primitive Church. Their object, therefore, has become the restoration of the Church to its condition in the earlier days, before wealth and power had subordinated its spiritual to its temporal interests. Devoutly believing all the points of faith inculcated by the Council of Trent, and willing to accord to the Bishop of Rome a primacy of honor, they strive to dissociate spiritual from temporal affairs, to throw off the autocratic and all-pervading authority which renders every man's conscience and actions subject to the supervision and direction of the Roman curia, to restore to the local churches the independence which they originally enjoyed, to relax various points of discipline which separate the priesthood into a class distinct from the laity, and generally so to liberalize the Church as to bring it within the influence of modern ideas, and to place it in accord with the progress of modern civilization.

As the active movers in this effort at reform are ecclesiastics, and as its success is to be assured by influencing the ecclesiastical body, the boldness of the task can be appreciated only by understanding how completely all members of the Church in Italy are at the mercy of the hierarchy, and how utterly the hierarchy are dependent upon the Pope and the curia. In Italy the priesthood are drawn almost exclusively from the humbler classes. Educated in seminaries where seclusion from the world is rigidly enforced and passive obe-

dience is taught as one of the first of duties, any native spirit of independence which may perchance exist is thoroughly eradicated. When admitted to holy orders, as their daily bread is dependent upon their daily ministrations, and as these may at any moment be suspended by their superiors, nature, training, and necessity conspire to hold the clergy in the most abject subordination. Their personal importance, moreover, is derived from the superstitious veneration of the people, who regard them as part of a splendid establishment, endowed with mysterious and undefinable power, so that every motive is brought to bear to render them the zealous champions of a system which holds them in perpetual slavery.

If the plebeian clergy are thus the passive instruments of their superiors, those superiors are equally held in subjection by the Pope. The appointment to the episcopate is virtually in the hands of the Roman court, and zeal in its service is the surest avenue to promotion. The episcopal oath, which beyond the Alps has been modified to suit the exigencies of jealous monarchs, in Italy still binds the prelate as a vassal to the Pope, without even an exception of the allegiance due to his sovereign, and forces him to oppose and persecute all heretics and rebels against the Papal power.

The Church militant being thus composed of such materials, and thus organized like an army on a war footing, the position of mutineers who seek to throw off the bonds of discipline can readily be imagined. The troubles of such men as Scipione dei Ricci, Rosmini, and Gioberti are well known, and with the increasing troubles of the Church its ruling spirits grow more vindictive. For urging some moderate reforms, Father Gioacchino Ventura was forced to fly from Italy. When Father Passaglia, in 1862, endeavored to array the priesthood against that temporal power which compromises all the higher interests of religion, adhesion to even the very temperate protest to which he procured thousands of priestly signatures was visited with exemplary chastisement. The signataries were promptly suspended from their functions, and deprived of subsistence until they humbly signed a recantation; and Passaglia, notwithstanding his eminent reputation, was excommunicated, and is still under deprivation. Cardinal D'Andrea, a prelate justly

revered for his distinguished virtues, was suspended from all his functions, his offence being his known liberality of sentiment and his resignation of his office of Prefect of the Congregation of the Index, to avoid being made the instrument of oppression. Submitting without a murmur, he left Rome for his health, and resided privately at Naples, but the jealous fears of his colleagues were still unsatisfied. In December, 1867, after the reactionists had been strengthened by the victory of Monte Rotondo, he was ordered back to Rome, where he has been forced, by means which can only be guessed at, to sign a most humiliating retractation, and to withdraw the countenance which he had extended to the *Esaminatore*, the organ of the reforming Catholics at Florence. In 1854, Panzini, a learned Capuchin friar, conceived the idea that the evils under which the Church was laboring were principally the result of the enforced celibacy of its members. He privately addressed an anonymous memorial to Pius, praying for an investigation of the subject, and its submission to the prelates then assembled in Rome. This and several similar applications being disregarded, he finally, in 1859, prepared a voluminous essay on the subject, addressed to the Catholic bishops at large, and committed it to the press. The printer made haste to submit the manuscript to the ecclesiastical authorities ; Panzini was at once imprisoned and handed over to the Inquisition, which, after six months spent in investigation, condemned him to twelve years' incarceration and perpetual degradation, notwithstanding his earnest protestations of belief in all the points of faith inculcated by the Church, and of his readiness to be convinced of any error into which he might have fallen as to the expediency of the rule in question. At the instance of the Italian ambassador, however, in 1862, he was released from prison, but not restored to his priestly functions, and in 1865, in the safe refuge of Turin, he published the essay, rewritten from memory, under the title of *Pubblica Confessione di un Prigioniero dell' Inquisizione Romana.* The work is well worthy the attention of the student of contemporary history and of human nature. The thesis is argued exclusively from a Catholic stand-point ; the profoundest veneration is manifested for all the dogmas of the Church, outside of whose pale salvation is

impossible; while the bitterest spirit of revolt is displayed against the grinding tyranny of the hierarchy, and the condition of ecclesiastical morality throughout Italy is described as terrible. We have it on good authority that a distinguished prelate exclaimed, on reading the volume, that, if it had been cast in a more popular form, it alone would have been sufficient to provoke a revolution in the bosom of the Church.

Of late the trials of the reformers have been sharpened. The Italian government at first protected them; but, under the reactionary tendency of the recent cabinets of Florence, they have had much to suffer. Still clinging to the Church, and claiming a place among its ministers, they are exposed to many evils which they might escape if their consciences would allow them to renounce all allegiance to the power against whose abuses they gallantly struggle. In a letter now before us from the Rev. Dr. Prota, the energetic leader of the movement in Naples, he touchingly alludes to the trials endured by him and his brethren for the cause which they have espoused: "Up to the present time we have suffered everything, — the desertion of friends, the calumny of enemies, the curses of our brethren of the priesthood, the enmity of the prejudiced and fanatical masses, and even the want of the necessaries of life. Yet have we borne all with resignation, and the mercy of our Lord and Saviour has never failed to comfort us in our trials, and to raise in the hearts of strangers sentiments of kindness and charity towards us."

The position of the Neapolitan reformers, in fact, has been of late one of peculiar hardship. The reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Riario Sporza, was one of the prelates exiled for his opposition to the new *régime*. In his absence much was accomplished. Dr. Prota founded the "Società Emancipatrice e di mutuo Soccorso del Sacerdozio Italiano," which soon enrolled in its membership three hundred priests. The royal chapels were placed in their charge, and money was appropriated by the government for their support. A year ago, however, the policy of Baron Ricasoli underwent a mysterious change. With the other reactionary bishops, Sporza was reinstated, and lost no time in visiting the reformers with his vengeance. They were forthwith suspended from their func-

tions, and as at the same time the public subvention was withdrawn, all sources of support were cut off. Under this pressure the major part "reconciled" themselves to the Church by taking an oath dictated by Sporza, "which amounted not merely to a renunciation of the society and a recantation of every reforming principle, but even to an abjuration of their civil allegiance as Italian citizens." * A remnant of the band, however, stood firm, and have continued to maintain a gallant though unequal contest. One of their efforts has been the founding of an "Asilo di lavoro," under the guidance of Padre Ragghianti Salvadore, where a certain number of these persecuted ones unite their slender efforts at self-support by teaching and ministering the Gospel to the scanty flock which they have succeeded in collecting around them. Every Sunday they address a congregation of eighty or one hundred of the faithful, and through the week they hold day-schools for children and night-schools for adults, in each of which they number about thirty scholars.

The isolation of these men is indeed well fitted to test their thorough conscientiousness in the task which they have undertaken. Still Catholics in faith, they can neither ask nor expect active aid from the flourishing Protestantism of other countries. The laity which surrounds them is either superstitiously subjected to the Church, or else, with rare exceptions, perfectly indifferent to religion and impervious to religious influences. Their fellow-churchmen naturally regard them with horror as heretics in all but name, and as traitors and rebels of the worst sort. The prelates in general lose no opportunity of persecuting them with all the ingenuity of enemies armed with irresponsible powers of oppression. The very numbers of the ecclesiastical army, — in the Pontifical States, before the an-

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* Report of Rev. W. C. Langdon, Secretary of Italian Committee, Am. Episcopal Church. In an address to his brethren, under date of January 2, 1868, Dr. Prota bitterly alludes to these cruel trials, brought upon them by the short-sighted weakness of the government: "Nè valsero a scuotere la nostra fede politica le crudeli ed efferate persecuzione di certi uomini, che assunti al potere adoperarono ogni mezzo per aggiogare al carro della prepotenza straniera la patria loro. . . . . E quanto più vile ed abietta fu la loro vendetta contro di noi sino a privarci di quei pochi mezzi di sussitenza che lo stesso governo nazionale a noi avea concesso in omaggio ai principî che abbiam propugnati."

nexations of 1862, there was one churchman to every fifty-five inhabitants, and in Northern Italy the proportion is as one to one hundred and forty, — by subdividing the sources of revenue into the minutest portions, render them all dependent for their daily bread upon the daily stipend derived from their ministry, which is at the mercy of the irresponsible caprice of their superiors.

The training of the seminary not only carefully unfits the priest for the active duties of life, thus rendering him wholly dependent upon his profession, but it further makes him incapable of forming a correct estimate of the movements taking place around him, and precludes all sympathy between him and the people whose religious guidance is committed to his hands. With some, perhaps, a sense of patriotism may neutralize this to a certain extent; but, with the majority, class influences and early education destroy the sentiment of nationality, by rendering the Church the sole object of aspirations, and by making obedience to its behests paramount to all other duties. The priesthood is thus a nation within a nation, and the antagonism which is daily growing between the clergy and the people threatens results more disastrous to the pretensions of the Church, and perhaps in the end to religion itself, than all other causes combined. Under the Austrian rule in Lombardy, for instance, the Church establishment was moulded and controlled in the interest of the secular tyranny; the priesthood came to be regarded as an efficient branch of the police system, and its spiritual influence over the laity was reduced almost to a nullity. Since then the conflict between the Papacy and the new *régime* has not tended to harmonize matters, and the breach grows daily wider. What sympathy, indeed, can exist between a people eager to deprive the Pope-king of his sovereignty, and a clergy which can exhibit, as was lately done in a Venetian sacristy, a picture representing on one side the symbolic triangle of the Father, the rays of which surrounded the legend *Ineffabilis Deus*, while on the other side, to balance this, was the holy Dove with rays embracing the word *Syllabus?* When that essence of spiritual and temporal tyranny can thus be deified by the priesthood, it is no wonder that Garibaldi, in a letter written on the last day of 1867 in

answer to a friend pleading for the toleration of intolerance, is led to exclaim: "I know you say, 'Liberty of worship, liberty of conscience, liberty for all opinion,' and I repeat the cry; only it must be in the mouths of honest men. Does anybody believe in liberty for vipers, for crocodiles, for thieves and assassins? And what is the priest but the assassin of the free soul, — far more mischievous than the assassin of the body?" The result of this antagonism, as stated by an ecclesiastic in the *Esaminatore* of Florence, August, 1867, is that the laity and clergy are separated into two camps, *umanamente irreconciliabili;* and by another, in the same journal of December 1st, that a priest cannot appear in public in his sacerdotal habit without being exposed to insult, — that the name of priest has become to the popular ear the synonym of rogue and impostor, and that the virtuous are enveloped indistinguishably in the evil reputation of the bad, to the destruction of the highest interests of religion, and to the neutralizing of all the good influences of the ecclesiastical body at large.

Unfortunately, the character and morals of the clergy in general are not such as to redeem them from odium, or to preserve for them the influence which they risk by their reactionary tendencies. The reformers unanimously attribute the notorious clerical licentiousness to the operation of the rule of compulsory celibacy, and look to its abrogation as the only efficient remedial measure; while the position occupied by the priesthood in public estimation is confessed by a writer who, in defending them from the assaults of the liberal press (*Esaminatore*, 15th November, 1867), is reduced to the argument that they are not in reality worse than the laity, but that, owing to their position, their evil courses are more scandalous and attract more attention.

Such being the condition and relations of the Italian Church, it is evident that the attempt now making by the ecclesiastics who are endeavoring to rescue it from the demoralizing preponderance of its hierarchy, and also to defend it from the assaults of free-thinking liberalism, may have results of the gravest importance. At the same time the position of the leaders is by no means a bed of roses. For the last five years

they have fought their desperate battle with a gallantry which does them the highest honor. Adopting as their motto Cavour's celebrated aphorism, "*Libera chiesa in libero stato*," they have on the one side to ward off the attacks of their infuriated brethren, and on the other to stay the sacrilegious hands which their only allies seek to lay on the holy of holies.

For a long while they flattered themselves that the panacea for all ecclesiastical woes was to be found in a General Council, and for this they lustily called. At length Pius IX. listened to their cry, and, with the bishops of Christendom assembled around him on the centenary of St. Peter, he had the opportunity of ascertaining whether such a dangerous expedient could be safely dared. Constance and Bâle were full of significant warning of the antagonisms which might arise between the Church universal and its visible head, when the one, acting under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, might seek to exert its supremacy at the expense of the other. If the Council of Trent — where the Holy Ghost was profanely said to be carried backwards and forwards in a despatch-box between the council-room and the Vatican — was more reassuring, yet on the other hand there was the example of the Assembly of Notables and the Three Estates, whose convocation ushered in the revolution of '89. Apparently, however, the temper manifested by the episcopal pilgrims, who laid their tribute reverently at the foot of the papal throne, was satisfactory, and the great council, the first which the Church has held for three centuries, is appointed for November of the present year.

The reformers had so often demanded such an ecclesiastical parliament as the cure for the evils of which they complained, that at first they could only express their satisfaction at the prospect of its assembling. Reflection, however, speedily caused a change of tone. It was in the highest degree improbable that a court so entirely reactionary as that of Rome would voluntarily call together in deliberation the representatives of the whole Church, if thereby there should be any chance of imperilling either its privileges or its policy; and the rumor soon spread that the real object of the projected council was to render, by an organic law, the autocracy of the Holy See as

perfect in theory as it already is in fact, — to sanctify, by an article of faith, the supreme infallibility of the Pope, which is as yet only a matter of assumption. That the reformers should forthwith direct their bitterest attacks against the council is therefore scarcely a matter of surprise.

It would be difficult, indeed, to see what hopes they could reasonably entertain from the deliberations of such a body. In earlier times, when bishops were freely elected by their flocks and enjoyed local autonomy, their assembling to counsel together on the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church was not a mere form, and the result of their deliberations might well be looked for with hopeful solicitude by Christendom. The bishop of to-day is, however, a very different personage. Selected with a view to his probable usefulness to his superiors, at his consecration he takes an oath of feudal allegiance to the Pope, which, with careful superfluity of verbiage, binds him to regard the temporal interests, privileges, and power of the Papacy as superior to all other worldly considerations; to defend and advance those interests with all his power; to hold as rebels and enemies all who oppose them, and specially to take part in no councils where any attempt is made to diminish them; and, moreover, to use every effort to enforce the decrees and statutes of the Church.* Thus bound to absolute vassalage by the terms on which he has accepted his office, and subjected to the absolute and irre-

* "Ego N. electus ecclesiæ N. ab hac hora in antea fidelis et obediens ero beato Petro Apostolo sanctæque Romanæ Ecclesiæ et Domino N. Papa N. suisque successoribus canonice intrantibus. . . . . Papatum Romanum et regalia sancti Petri adjutor eis ero ad retinendum et defendendum, salvo meo ordine, contra omnem hominem. . . . . Jura, honores, privilegia et auctoritatem sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ, Domini nostri Papæ, et successorum prædictorum conservare, defendere, augere, promovere curabo. Neque ero in consilio, vel facto, seu tractatu, in quibus contra ipsum Dominum nostrum, vel eandem Romanam Ecclesiam aliqua sinistra vel præjudicialia personarum, juris, honoris, status et potestatis eorum machinentur. Et si talia a quibuscunque tractari vel procurari novero, impediam hoc pro posse; et quanto citius potero, significabo eidem Domino nostro. . . . . Rebelles eidem Domino nostro . . . . pro posse persequar et impugnabo." As stated above, beyond the Alps Catholic sovereigns no longer allow their subjects to renounce their allegiance by this form of oath, and it has been modified accordingly. The Italian government has taken the same stand, but Rome has refused to yield, and some fifteen of the Italian sees are consequently vacant; as incumbents have died, no successors could be consecrated. In America the most obnoxious portions of the oath have likewise been omitted.

sponsible authority of the curia, there is little danger of uncourtly opposition to the wishes of the Supreme Pontiff. To what depths of degradation and self-abasement, indeed, the assiduous enforcement of the teachings of the Council of Trent have reduced the once independent representatives of the apostles, may be gathered from the man-worship offered to Pius IX. by the two hundred and seventy-five bishops assembled in June, 1862, for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs. Not one of them refused his signature to the Declaration in which the Pope is addressed: "Thou art for us the master of sound doctrine, the centre of unity, the unfailing light prepared for the people by the wisdom of God. Thou art the stone and the foundation of the Church, and against Thee the gates of hell shall not prevail. When Thou speakest, we hear Peter; when Thou commandest, we obey Christ." When men who proclaim such sentiments are called together by the object of their adoration, it can only be for the purpose of registering decrees drawn up in advance.

It is true that all these reverend prelates may not be personally in favor of arbitrary centralization. The Gallican Church has its traditions of self-government, and the free atmosphere of Great Britain and America cannot but have its effect on those who are trained under its bracing influence. Yet there is little to be dreaded from such possibilities. The Archbishop of Cincinnati, who is regarded as one of the most enlightened and liberal prelates in America, when he received the Encyclical of December, 1864, with its accompanying Syllabus, published a pastoral to his flock, in which he declared: "We receive it implicitly, we bow to it reverently, we embrace it cordially, we hail it gratefully. To us it is as the voice of God on Sinai, on the Jordan, on Thebor." Of the Gallican Church, which still affects to reverence the memory of Bossuet, there were fifty-four prelates present at the assembly of June, 1862, who abjured all independence in signing the Declaration just alluded to, and every bishop in France subsequently followed their example. Even if these men who thus proclaimed their helpless and hopeless degradation could be aroused to assert their manhood, yet a glance at the statistics of the Church will show how little they could effect by such an effort.

There are in all about six hundred and seventy-five Catholic sees, of which, including one in Algeria, nearly five hundred and seventy are European, and a little more than one hundred are American, from Quebec to Valparaiso. Now, of the European sees, three hundred, or more than half, are Italian; and though some of these, in consequence of the rupture between the courts of Florence and Rome, are vacant, still the latter can count upon no less than two hundred and eighty Italian prelates bound to implicit obedience by the oath of vassalage and by every motive of self-interest. Even if this were not sufficient, there are moreover to be summed up the bishops *in partibus infidelium*, — men who are consecrated to ancient sees, now in possession of the infidel. Nearly all of these are hangers on or *attachés* of the Roman Court, and, having no individual or conflicting interests, they are to be relied on as a corps devoted at all hazards to its master. Their number is not readily to be ascertained, but we have met with a partial list amounting to one hundred and forty-six. Adding these to the existing prelates of Italy, and we have four hundred and twenty-six within the Alps, or more than half of all the Catholic hierarchy. Holding thus an overwhelming majority close at hand and easily controlled, there would seem to be little risk incurred from any possibly independent spirits who may wearily journey to Rome from distant regions.

If the material to be collected together is thus plastic, the arrangements for moulding it are none the less carefully contrived. Every precaution has been taken to prevent any voice from being raised in opposition to the preconceived designs of the curia. The Pope has nominated a *Congregazione Centrale*, which is to decide without appeal as to the matters to be submitted for discussion; and this body is exclusively composed of cardinals who hold positions in the Inquisition. Under it are five sub-committees, termed *consulte*, to regulate the details of their respective departments, and each of these is presided over by one of the cardinals of the Central Congregation. The results which are to be expected from their labors may be anticipated from the character of the men selected to manage them. The less important ones are committed to prelates comparatively unknown: that on Oriental

affairs is given in charge to Cardinal Barnabo, that on ecclesiastical diplomacy to Reisach, and that on the religious orders to Bozzari; while everything relating to dogma is directed by Cardinal Bilio, who is notorious as the compiler of the Syllabus; and the momentous questions involved in the canons and discipline are under the guiding hand of Caterini, whose whole career has been passed in the Inquisition, and who has already distinguished his new office by issuing to all the bishops of the Church a circular propounding seventeen questions for discussion. These questions carefully avoid all the subjects on which reform is vital, and confine themselves either to points of minor importance or to the endeavor to give practical effect to the principles of the Syllabus. As the reformers indignantly declare, Rome is busy in tithing the mint and cumin and anise, while the law and the faith are left to shift for themselves, and the laity is every day cherishing a sentiment of deeper contempt and hostility for the Church.

It is no wonder, then, that protests are being issued in advance. Instead of being a general assembly of the Church to devise remedies for the evils which pervade the whole body, it is declared to be an ingenious device to consolidate the power which is crushing out all self-sustaining vitality in the establishment, and the reformers naturally see their condemnation already drawn up and only awaiting a formal indorsement. They therefore declare that they recognize in no body of men convened under such conditions the authority to speak in the name of the Church at large; and the bolder spirits are already demanding that all sects of Christians shall be received as belonging to the same brotherhood in Christ; and that only by assembling delegates from all communions can a truly œcumenic council be held, whose decrees shall be binding as the emanation of the Holy Ghost.

In the existing condition of humanity, such a convocation is of course impracticable, and the call for it is interesting only as showing how rapidly Rome, as is her wont, is driving her disaffected children into open revolt. They are still struggling hard to persuade themselves that this is not inevitable, and that in a church which claims implicit obedience in everything, they can still retain their place while striving to alter its

whole internal structure. Thus Dr. Prota, in his address of January 2, 1868, declares that he and his associates have not failed to advocate the ancient and wise institution of the Papacy, and he repudiates with indignation the assertion that their opposition to the temporal power and to the usurped authority over the hierarchy is drawn from heterodox and Protestant sources. So Panzini, while attacking with ferocious energy the whole system of arbitrary regulations which render the ecclesiastical body the slaves of its visible head, is careful to declare in advance his belief that the Church is infallible and without taint in its faith and morals; and one of his strongest arguments for reform is, that the abuses which he condemns have insured the perdition of so many million souls by driving them into heresy.

Illogical as this may seem to us, it is the necessary pathway to freedom of conscience. Savonarola was a good Catholic, and his works have always been pronounced strictly orthodox, yet his hopeless contest with the Papacy was rapidly ripening him into a heretic, when his career was cut short by the stake. Luther held to the faith for fully three years after he had committed himself to exposing the evils of the ecclesiastical system, and it was only his excommunication by Leo X. that forced him to the conviction that disobedience was possible to him.

Yet the end is plain. An infallible church is of necessity immovable. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, — the way once entered must be pursued, and to all demands for the abolition of evil the only answer is *non possumus*. Men bred in the atmosphere of the Roman curia cannot but regard their privileges and authority as of Divine origin and as part and parcel of religion itself. The dividing line between faith and discipline — between that which is immutable by its essence and that which, being the work of man, can be changed by man — is difficult to draw, when infallibility has prescribed and still enforces the rules of discipline. All which those in power desire to retain can thus be so inextricably entangled with points of faith, that no very ingenious casuistry is required to prove all efforts at reform heretical. Thus fortified, it is vain to expect that the Roman Court will listen to demands for re-

construction. Its only answer must be a command of silent obedience, and, if this is refused, it can only respond by excommunication.

The reformers seek to reduce the Papacy to a simple primacy of honor; to restore to the episcopate the independence which it enjoyed in the primitive Church, to the priesthood its due protection from arbitrary authority, and to the laity its proper share in the selection of its pastors and in the affairs of the Church. They ask that the Scriptures be no longer sealed in an unknown tongue, and that the ritual be translated into the vernacular; that compulsory celibacy and irrevocable vows be abolished; and that the long canonical hours of fasting and prayer be no longer obligatory, but be left to the conscience of the individual, as a voluntary oblation and sacrifice. Auricular confession — the most powerful source of priestly influence — is no longer to be imposed as a duty, but only to be encouraged as an incentive to virtue. Some of the reformers, indeed, have refused to adopt the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and have been duly excommunicated in consequence; but thus far they have all held fast to the ancient faith, and their efforts at reform have been directed to simple points of discipline; yet the programme is wide enough to afford them ample work, as it is nothing less than the remodelling of the whole ecclesiastical structure. That structure has thus far resisted the shocks of centuries. Every breach that has been made in it has been carefully repaired and strengthened by new lines of circumvallation; and, however we may admire the gallantry of the forlorn hope now advancing to the assault, we can scarcely reckon upon their success. If the General Council be held as promised, their condemnation would seem to be inevitable, when some will probably retract and submit. The bolder spirits, however, will carry on the contest, no longer as schismatics engaged in a revolt, but as heretics in open war. Thus released, in spite of themselves, from the remaining links of the chain which fetters their conscience, the critical spirit which they have carried into the examination of the external history of Latin Christianity will be extended to its spiritual record, and a new reformed church will arise, to take its place among the countless denominations of those who reject Catholic unity.

Indications of this tendency, indeed, are already beginning to manifest themselves, under the pressure of recent events. In the same number of the *Emancipatore Cattolico*, in which Dr. Prota publishes his address recognizing the Papacy as the centre of Catholic unity, he admits two articles denouncing it for more than mere abuses of discipline. Thus Luigi Settembrini writes: "The Catholic faith must render itself more spiritual, must divest itself of the gross superstitions which are opposed to the Gospel, which ruin the faith, and which lead men, by confounding the true and the false, to reject all"; and the Padre Cristofero Coppola does not hesitate to declare that "the religious common sense of the most pious and learned Italians recognizes that the apostate and illegitimate sovereign of Rome is Judaizing and imposing on the consciences of men a fictitious and injurious religion."

The extent and ultimate results of this reform movement, however, must be influenced largely by political events. If Savonarola had enjoyed, as did Luther, the puissant protection of a temporal sovereign, the Reformation might have dated from the fifteenth instead of the sixteenth century; if Luther had been abandoned to the unrestricted persecution of Leo X., his reformation might have been as short-lived as that of John Huss and Jerome of Prague; while if the temporal princes of Italy had imitated the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, and had sustained Peter Martyr, Bernardino Ochino, and Aonio Paleario, all Europe might have been led to throw off the yoke. Thus far the aid which the Italian reformers have received has been rather passive than active, while the fluctuating policy of the government has frequently thrown obstacles in their path. The absorption of Rome, even though it might not alter theoretically the relations between the Pope and his subordinates, would materially improve their condition. As the allies of the government against reaction, they would be efficiently protected against the petty persecution which now harasses them so effectually; and as the Kingdom of Italy would have triumphed in its efforts to render the temporal interests of the Church subordinate to the state, many of the worst abuses of which they complain would die a natural death. With the extension of secular education, the diffusion

of intelligence, and the training of the people in self-government, their sphere of action would enlarge, and Italy might in a generation be prepared to range herself in the van of modern progress and liberalism.

To bring about all this the disasters of last November have largely contributed. The unification of the Italian nation has been greatly accelerated, while the Pope-king has stood forth more prominently than ever as the obstacle to progress. As long as he protested his helplessness to resist, and declared his readiness to die rather than to abandon the sacred heritage confided to his feeble hands, even his enemies could not but entertain a feeling of respect for the fortitude which seemed to draw its strength from faith alone, and to preserve its consistency with the precepts of the Saviour. When, however, he showed to the world how perfectly the Church represents the ultimate development of feudalism, — a lord paramount whose vassals of whatever degree are equally his serfs, — and how utterly the spiritual sovereignty has been subordinated to the temporal; when men reflected that in the height of its mediæval power the Church always denied to itself the right to shed blood, and that even the fiercest Inquisitor always "relaxed" his victims by handing them over to the secular tribunals for punishment, they could not but shudder to see the Vicegerent of Christ recruiting soldiers in every corner of Catholic Europe, offering blessings and bounties with equal hand, signing death-warrants, sending his mercenaries to battle, and after killing his enemies, enjoying the additional satisfaction of consigning them to eternal damnation, and of ordering their friends to sing *Te Deums* over their graves. It is not every one whose heart is so hardened by religious zeal as to enjoy the pious joke of Bishop Dupanloup in rejoicing over the Papal victory. "It was necessary," said he, "that blood should flow, *Transtulit illos per mare rubrum*." This terrible commingling of the sacred and profane was aptly illustrated by the awkward enthusiasm of General de Failly, when he hastened to inform Louis Napoleon that at Mentana the new rifles had performed miracles; and it is no wonder that the reformers eagerly caught up the idea by suggesting that the new saint should be added to the calendar, and that a new invocation should

be inserted in the Roman litany, — *Sancte Chassepot ora pro nobis !*

These shocking incongruities have been made use of skilfully and vigorously, and their effect upon the popular mind cannot but be deep and lasting. More than ever the Papacy has become the enemy of Italy and of civilization ; and though the unfathomable mysteries of intriguing diplomacy may yet for a while preserve its secular authority over populations which detest its rule, yet the antagonism thus developed can hardly be assuaged. The opposing principles admit of no compromise ; they are committed to inevitable strife, and, unless the progress of the last three centuries be a mistake, it is the Papacy that must ultimately be worsted. Under the guidance of Jesuits inflamed with the *rabbia sanfedistica*, it cannot bend ; and, unless wiser counsels prevail among its rulers, it may come to be broken.

Meanwhile the apparent triumph of the reactionary movement is tempting it on to fresh assertions of power, and the present appearances are that the reformers will shortly be exposed to sharper persecutions than ever. By the enforced submission of Cardinal D'Andrea they have lost an efficient protector, and they are momentarily in expectation of measures of repression which will test their steadfastness to the utmost. It is the turning-point of their fortunes. If they can hold their own through the contest of the next twelve months, the movement will assume a solidity and power that must lead to notable results, and in the trials thus near at hand they should have the sympathy of all friends of civilization and freedom throughout Christendom.

H. C. Lea.

ART. IV. — 1. *Indian and Pioneer History of the Saginaw Valley, with Histories of East Saginaw, Saginaw City, and Bay City, from their Earliest Settlements. Also, Pioneer Directory and Business Advertiser for* 1866 *and* 1867. Compiled and published by Thomas and Galatian, East Saginaw, Mich. 8vo. pp. 407.

2. *Saginaw Valley. Statistics for* 1867. *Annual Statement of the Manufacture of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Staves, Timber, Salt, &c. With Details of the General Business and Commerce, Coal and Plaster Developments, Fishing Interests, Resources, Progress, and Prospects of this Section of Northern Michigan.* Prepared for the Saginaw Daily Enterprise. By GEORGE F. LEWIS and C. B. HEADLEY, East Saginaw. 8vo. pp. 32. 1868.

3. *Lumber in Michigan. A Complete Statement of the Produce of Michigan Forests in* 1867. Detroit Post of February 6, 1868.

4. *Commerce of Detroit. Review for* 1867 *of the Operations in Flour, Grain, Lake Fish, Wool, Live Stock, and Produce.* Detroit Post of March 11, 1868.

THE official seal of Michigan presents an imposing picture of two stags rampant, holding up with their hoofs a broad shield, which bears the word, "Tuebor." Above this motto is, of course, the American eagle. Below it we see the rising sun, with a personage in the foreground who may be an Indian fleeing from civilization, or may be a pioneer with a pack on his back. Beneath this symbolical picture is the legend, varied from the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren, "Si quæris Peninsulam amœnam, circumspice." The motto seems hardly appropriate for a territory so generally level as that of Michigan. There is no mountain within her borders, from which one may survey the goodliness of the land; no Nebo or Pisgah commanding any broad prospect. And even if there were, the larger part of the land is still covered with forests, so that the curious eye would find little variety to delight it.

Yet the richness and various resources of the territory which has been laid open to culture and settlement fairly

justify the boast of the motto. Michigan, admitted as a State in the Union hardly thirty years ago, has already become one of the foremost States in industry, in intelligence, and in influence. It has more of the New England civilization than any of the new States. Though not settled mainly by pioneers from New England, it gives to the nation to-day many of the things which New England has given so long. Its territory is about as large as that of all New England. Maine could be almost inscribed in the Upper Peninsula, and the other New England States in the Lower Peninsula. It has a coast line nearly as long as that of New England, adding even Lake Champlain to the bays of the Atlantic, — a longer coast line than any of the old Atlantic States. Its water front on the great inland seas is more than one thousand miles; and it is bounded by five of these seas. Though the country is not hilly, it has inland lakes in bewildering number; three thousand of them, large and small, are reckoned in the Lower Peninsula. The rivers do not make much show upon the map, yet they are numerous, and some of them are more than two hundred miles in length. The Grand River rises within seventy miles of Lake Erie, and flows through three cities before it reaches its outlet in Lake Michigan.

Twenty years ago the Lower Peninsula of Michigan was a serious obstruction to travel between the East and the West. The only way to get by it was to go round it, in a fatiguing steamboat trip of four or five days. Now three great lines of railway cross the State from east to west, cut by other lines from north to south. Thirty years ago there were not ten towns in the State with one thousand inhabitants. Now there are *nineteen cities*, with mayors, aldermen, streets lighted by gas, great public halls, and all the conveniencies of city life. In Jackson, where only thirty years ago a child, going to a neighbor's house in the daytime, was kidnapped by the savages and carried off, are now ten thousand people dwelling; four railways meet there; and when, last year, "the long-lost boy," a chief and a medicine-man of a tribe of Rocky Mountain Indians, came back to his relatives, he was as much a wonder in the city as a Hindoo or an Australian would have been. Hardly any person in Jackson had ever seen an Indian.

Within the memory of many not yet old, bears came round the doors of log-huts where are now stone and iron fronts like those of Broadway; wild turkeys were shot on what is now the Campus of the most thronged University of America; and the peach-orchards, which now employ daily lines of steamboat in the season of the harvest to transport their redundant product, were only a pigeon-roost. Forty years ago there was not a flour-mill in Michigan, and the wheat-fields could be counted upon the fingers. Last year the receipts in the city of Detroit alone were nearly a million barrels of flour, and a million and a half bushels of wheat; and this leaves out of account what was consumed at home and shipped from other ports, — Toledo, Monroe, and Chicago. Indian corn is not properly a staple of Michigan; it is not supposed to do well in a latitude so far north; and yet, in 1867, nearly a million bushels of it were received in Detroit by the railways. In 1820, except in the neighborhood of Detroit and the old French settlements, an apple-tree in Michigan was a rare curiosity; there were not "sour-apple trees" enough to make cider for a single family. Now some counties in Michigan probably raise more apples than the whole State of Rhode Island, and of the finest varieties. Apples are sent from Michigan to Chicago and Milwaukie, to New York and Boston, to Louisville and Portland. It is a "light crop," when only fifty thousand barrels are received in Detroit. Cider is made in such quantities that it is not worth while to estimate it. The farmers drink it on their premises, but do not care to transport it. A few years ago all the grass-seed used in Michigan had to be imported. Now there is hardly a State in the Northwest to which Michigan does not send grass-seed: *more than two million of pounds* passed through the markets of Detroit in the last year. The "paradise of bees" is in these great clover-fields. Even the improvements in agricultural machinery cannot keep pace with the developments of agricultural production.

Fifty years ago there were wolves and wolverines in Michigan in troublesome abundance, but there were no sheep for them to carry off. Now from the settled parts the wolves and wolverines are gone, while the sheep are in every pasture, and the

railway trains are burdened with their fleece. *Fifteen million pounds* of wool were sold in Detroit in the year 1867. At the fancy, almost fabulous, prices put upon choice animals, a single flock makes a considerable fortune. A farmer who goes coarsely clad, and lives in a low cottage, will show lambs which he values at two or three or four thousand dollars. Michigan is already the fourth, perhaps the third, wool-growing State in the Union, and has along her streams a fair proportion of woollen-factories.

There are other industries of which we might speak, — the great mining interests of the Upper Peninsula, in copper and iron; the fishing interest, rivalling that of the Newfoundland Grand Banks, and far surpassing that herring interest on which so much legislative time has been spent in Massachusetts; the making of maple-sugar, which employs so many farmers in the month of March; the pork crop, increasing year by year. But we pass these and other interests by, to give a more detailed account of the business which has had the most rapid and remarkable expansion. The lumber trade of Michigan is one of the surprising phenomena of the West, surpassing all prophecies and calculations.

The Saginaw Valley was opened to civilization less than thirty years ago. An octavo volume of four hundred pages tells its history and records the enterprise, the sagacity, and the success of the "pioneers." An annual "statement" of the manufactures of the valley enables one to mark the growth of the business as it has gone on from year to year, almost in geometric ratio. But the Saginaw Valley does not now include all the lumber trade of Michigan. It has been opened in other parts, — on Lake Michigan, on Lake Huron, at Grand Haven, Manistee, Muskegon, Père Marquette, Port Huron, and elsewhere. The grand total of lumber cut in Michigan in the year 1867, excluding firewood, but including timber cut for export, as summed up in the able and concise survey of the Detroit Post, was one billion three hundred million feet, the aggregate value of which was more than twenty-three and a half millions of dollars. The mill property on streams finding their outlet in Lake Huron was over five millions of dollars, and of mills on the western side of the

State over two millions of dollars. The whole amount of money invested in saw-mills, large and small, in all parts of the State, is estimated at more than eight millions of dollars, and the whole number of these mills is reckoned at six hundred and sixty-five. The largest, that of Sage, McGraw, & Co., at Wenona, employs one hundred and sixteen men and requires five steam-engines to work its machinery. In 1867 it sawed eighty-two thousand logs, — an average of about four hundred for each working-day.

The whole Lower Peninsula of Michigan was, a few years ago, covered with forest, as we have already stated. There were some small prairies in the southern section, but their united area was insignificant compared with that of the timbered land. The streams and the low hills alike were hidden by the dense growth of maple and beech, oak and ash, hickory and walnut. A great deal of this wood has already been cut off. The burr-oak, a sure sign of a rich wheat soil, has mostly disappeared, and is kept more as the ornament of city streets than in its original groves. Kalamazoo, one of the most beautiful and thriving of the Michigan towns, is built in one of these burr-oak groves, the surviving trees of which shade its miles of avenues with their dark foliage, and stand like gigantic sentinels on either side of the roadway. The hickory, too, has been sadly thinned off, and its tough wood is almost as dear in Southern Michigan as in Massachusetts. Along the railway lines the ravenous engines devour the forests with a voracity never satisfied; and already, in the long reaches of cleared land, one wonders where locomotive food is to come from after another decade. But in the territory north of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway, including about two thirds of the Peninsula, the primeval forests still hold their glory and grandeur, and, except in the lumber enterprises of the last few years, have been hardly encroached upon. From the forty-third parallel of latitude to the Straits of Mackinac, which are close on the forty-sixth parallel, a distance of nearly two hundred miles from north to south, with an average breadth of more than two thirds of that distance, the region is still heavily wooded, and a very small part of the soil is under culture. North of latitude forty-four degrees there

is hardly an inland town. This immense tract is divided into more than forty counties, many of them containing more than eight hundred square miles of territory. On the other side of the Straits of Mackinac, too, and all along the shores of Lake Superior, the forests are nearly as vast and thick; and lumbermen are already beginning to work in this broad field of the Upper Peninsula.

In the dialect of the forests a distinction is made between *lumber* and *timber*. Lumber is pine wood, timber is wood of the harder varieties; though the phrase "pine timber" has meaning and fitness as applied to heavy beams and joists of that wood.

The "lumber region" is the region in which the pine grows in sufficient quantities and of suitable size for use in the saw-mills. There may be a pine country which is not really a lumber country, as, for instance, the old Colony of Massachusetts. It is not necessary, to make a good *lumber* region, that the pine should be the exclusive growth, or that it should grow in large, compact masses. The best pine is found among trees of firmer grain. The "pineries" of Michigan differ from those of the Eastern States in being less homogeneous. On the best pine lands the quantity of hard wood is often considerably greater than that of pine. The lumberman picks his trees from the mass, and after he has cut all the lumber from a tract, an unpractised eye might not see that anything of importance had been taken off from it. If the settler does not come after him with axe and fire, the breach in a little time will seem to be healed, though the pine does not grow again. Though the stumps and roots of the pines are slow to decay, and vex the farmer by their obstinate vitality, they send up no fresh shoots.

When the manufactured lumber of a tract averages five thousand feet to the acre, it is regarded as good pine land. It is worth working when even two thousand feet can be cut from an acre, if there be easy communication with some stream. Often, however, fifty, sixty, and seventy thousand feet are cut from an acre. In the best lumber counties there are many sections which yield twenty thousand feet to the acre. The lumber region is principally within the thirty

counties, more or less, drained by the Muskegon and Manistee Rivers, which empty into Lake Michigan, and the Saginaw and its tributaries, which empty into Lake Huron, stretching in its broadest part, from lake to lake, two hundred miles across the State. Thunder Bay on Lake Huron, and Grand Traverse Bay on Lake Michigan, may be regarded, at present, as its northern limit. In all this region the pine is found, in some parts scattered, in others growing abundantly. It is difficult to estimate the exact extent of the pine lands, since the surveys have not been thorough, and much of the wilderness is yet unexplored; but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there are from five to ten thousand square miles on which pine may be cut with profit. In some parts the pine-trees are comparatively scarce, and the maple and beech hide the softer wood. In other parts the growth of pine is almost equal to that of the forests of Maine.

The pine which grows in this lumber region is of excellent quality, free from defects, and fit for all the uses to which that wood is put. There are three varieties, — the Cork pine, called in New England the white pine, yielding a tough, straight-grained wood, from which the best boards are made; the "sap" or "sapling" pine, used for fences, floors, and work in which nice finish is not required; and the Norway pine, which supplies a wood that decays slowly, and is used for bridges, decks, and vehicles of various kinds. All these varieties are easily wrought, and the Cork and Norway pine are wholly free from pitch. The Cork pine trees are often found of a very large size. It is not uncommon to get perfectly straight stems eighty and a hundred feet in height, measuring six feet in diameter at the base. Logs less than three feet in diameter are counted "under size" by many lumbermen. There is comparatively little wood of irregular or inferior growth, and the lumberman has much less to reject as not worth cutting than in the Eastern forests.

The pine is not the only evergreen of this region. There is hemlock in abundance, which will, in some places, pay for working; there are swamps of cedar; and the spruce occasionally shows itself. The tamarack swamps furnish ship-timber, which is demanded more and more by the immense

commerce of the Lake. Where bass-wood grows near the streams, it is saved and floated to the mills; and some use is made, too, of the ash and the elm, especially for salt-barrels. In some districts, particularly in Genesee and Shiawassee Counties, the elm abounds. Its spread is not so broad as that of the elm in the valleys of the Connecticut and the Nashua, but it has the same graceful outline and lends an equal charm to the landscape. In the pine region, too, there is an ample supply of black-walnut, butternut, and wild-cherry, which would be of great value were the market nearer. Immense quantities of these woods are wasted by the settler, to make room for his wheat and potatoes and grass. He burns without compunction what would make his fortune in New York or Boston.

The best quality of pine is that which is cut in the Saginaw Valley, in the region drained by the Saginaw River and its tributaries. This includes the twelve counties of Tuscola, Lapeer, Genesee, Shiawassee, Livingston, Gratiot, Isabella, Clare, Gladwin, Roscommon, Midland, and Saginaw. The Saginaw River itself is a short stream, some twenty or twenty-five miles in length, important rather as the mouth of its tributaries than from its own size or beauty. Its banks are low and marshy, its current is sluggish, and its waters are not transparent, like those of the beautiful bay into which it flows. It is really the union of four long rivers which come from the east, the south, and the west, — the Cass, the Flint, the Shiawassee, and the Titibawassee. The most western of these, the Titibawassee, is also formed by the union of four rivers. The Cass River, flowing westward, drains the counties of Huron, Sanilac, and Tuscola; the Flint River, flowing in a very winding course, but generally northwestward, drains the counties of Lapeer and Genesee; the Shiawassee, flowing northward, drains the counties of Livingston, Shiawassee, and Saginaw; and the Titibawassee, flowing eastward and southeastward, drains the counties of Gladwin, Roscommon, Clare, Isabella, Montcalm, Gratiot, and Midland. These rivers, from sixty to a hundred miles in length, are crooked, narrow, shallow, sometimes swift in their current, and interrupted by rapids. They are supplied by innumerable smaller rivulets, and bring a large

volume of water to the Saginaw. The Saginaw itself is some seven hundred to eight hundred feet in width, and at its mouth is an estuary, like the Thames, into which large vessels easily enter. Few of its tributaries are navigable except for very small vessels. The whole product of the valley is gathered into the Saginaw, except that which is manufactured in the interior towns and carried by rail directly to Detroit or Jackson. Two railways have been built through the region, — the Flint and Père Marquette, and the Jackson and Saginaw, — and others are in progress. But by far the larger part of the lumber is still floated down the streams to the main river, arrested at the boom, and there distributed to the great mills, to be converted into boards, staves, shingles, laths, and pickets, thence to be shipped in every direction. The chief mills, with the exception of those in the city of Flint, are all upon the banks of the Saginaw River.

It is twenty years since the Saginaw Valley first began to be mentioned as a lumber region, though two cargoes of lumber were shipped from there as long ago as 1836. Before that time Saginaw was only an Indian trading-post, where blankets, provisions, rum, and tobacco were exchanged for furs, skins, and game. Until the year 1819 the whole Saginaw country was in undisputed possession of the Indians, mostly of the Chippewa tribe, though there were Ottawas among those who put their names to the treaty which extinguished the Indian claim to the territory. This treaty was negotiated by General Cass, the pioneer of Michigan, in September of the year above named. He made the journey in state, with a full staff of aids and interpreters, through the woods and down the valley of the Flint to the trading-post of Mr. Louis Campan, where is now the city of Saginaw. Here Mr. Campan had built a grand council-house on the bank of the river, — an open booth several hundred feet in length, with the living trees for columns, and interlaced boughs for the roof, a raised log platform for the commissioner and his suite, and rough logs for seats for the Indians. The sides were left open, and the company were free to come and go. The negotiations lasted nearly a fortnight, but there were only three solemn sessions of the council. At the third of these, which was the day of final decision, it is

said that not less than fifteen hundred Indians were present. It was by no means an easy thing to complete the treaty. The eloquence of the commissioner was not at once convincing to the chiefs, who could not appreciate the justice of removing them from their homes to the distant West, or the value of the equivalent offered for their land. But, in spite of objections and remonstrances, the treaty was completed by judicious management, and by the aid of a trader, Smith by name, who had married into the tribe, and was treated by the chief as a brother; and the innocent Indians consented to sell, for a few thousand dollars in silver and the reservation to them of some thousands of acres of hunting-ground, what is now more than half of the Peninsula of Michigan. The sessions of the council ended in a grand drunken riot, in which fifteen barrels of whiskey were consumed, blows were exchanged, and at one time the commissioner and his friends were in fear of a general massacre.

To removal beyond the Mississippi, however, the Indians would not consent, and that project was for the time given up. For ten years after this the settlers of the Saginaw Valley were mostly Indian traders. The American Fur Company had an agent in Saginaw, and the government had a military post there as early as 1820. But the real development of the region dates from about the year 1835, when plans of the valley and the river banks began to be made, and "lots" were offered in the market. The earliest landed proprietor was Dr. Charles Little of New York, who had examined the region repeatedly, discovered its remarkable value and resources, and secured in the years 1823 and 1824 a prior right to buy the lands when they should be put into the market. He did not, however, occupy the ground, and more than ten years passed before his son, Mr. Norman Little, the real pioneer of the valley, fixed his home there. In 1836 Indian trading in the region had mostly ceased, the Indians had moved westward, and the wood-chopper had begun his work of settlement and civilization. A few Indians remain in the northern part of the Peninsula and in the interior counties, but they have gone from the banks of Saginaw River. Some legends of their battles still exist; and Mr. William McCormick, of

Portsmouth, tells, in the History of Saginaw, how the rival tribes fought at Skull Island, Flushing, Bridgeport, and elsewhere. These battles were between the "Socks" and the Pottawatomies, before the Chippewas got possession. Afterward, according to Mr. McCormick, the spirits of the exterminated Socks haunted the shores of the rivers, and killed their enemies who came there to hunt and fish. The region was dreaded and was deserted by the tribes, who made it a place of punishment for transgressors. The bones of the slain, piled in great masses, have been found as the mounds on the river have been opened. These Indian traditions are to be received cautiously, and are not readily verified. It is not probable that much will be learned of the Saginaw Valley prior to the treaty of Cass with the natives. Mr. McCormick had an interview, in the year 1834, with a very old Indian, "whose faculties were as bright as a man of fifty;" but "who thought he was a great deal over one hundred." This old man, Puttaguasamine, is the authority for the romantic narrative of the Battle of Skull Island, and the disastrous fortune of the Socks, who once were lords of the soil.

The real settlement of the Saginaw Valley, for the purpose of developing its resources, begins in 1836, when Mr. Norman Little took up his residence there. In that year Saginaw City consisted of a hotel, two stores, two dwelling-houses, and "several other buildings," and seemed to be fairly established. But in the next year, 1837, the great commercial revulsion which swept over the land was felt in this distant settlement, and its growth received a sudden check. Its progress was slow for several years. In 1850 the city contained six wholesale and retail stores, five carpenter and joiner shops, three boot and shoe shops, three blacksmith shops, one bakery, one steam saw-mill, one paint shop, three hotels, three grocery and provision stores, and two other places of retail trade, with a permanent population of five hundred and thirty-six. Of course a large part of the trade was with the lumbermen. In 1857 a city charter was granted, and since that time the population and wealth of the city have increased with great rapidity. It has, at present, over six thousand inhabitants, a capital reckoned by millions, school-houses as large and costly as

those in the richest of the New England cities, six hotels, seven or eight churches, and a full supply of professional men, — lawyers, doctors, editors, and the rest. In the village of Salina, a mile or two farther up, on the opposite side of the river, is a population of two or three thousand more. The city of East Saginaw, some two miles below Saginaw proper, under the eastern bank of the river, in 1850 was only the "Hoyt Plot," with one small cottage, one board shanty, and one log-hut, occupied by an Indian trader. In eighteen years the Hoyt Plot has grown to be a city of over twelve thousand inhabitants; on the site of the board shanty stands the Bancroft House, built eight years ago, at a cost of $90,000, one of the most admirably kept hotels in the country; a double line of horse railroad connects the city with Saginaw and Salina; and there are miles of streets, with great blocks of brick and stone warehouses. Bay City, four miles from the mouth of the river, was an Indian trading-post until 1836; it was laid out as a town in 1837, in 1865 became a city, and has now an estimated population of some seven thousand. Portsmouth, a few miles above it on the river, has a population of two or three thousand. Wenona, opposite to Bay City, has probably a thousand permanent residents. And it is safe to say that more than thirty thousand persons have their homes at present on the banks of the Saginaw River.

No contrast can be greater than the contrast of the quiet of the Saginaw River thirty years ago and the activity and movement seen there to-day. In the summer the river is alive with craft of all kinds, large and small, steamships of a thousand tons and little tug-boats, which dart up and down like their namesakes on the Thames or in New York Harbor. About forty of these tug-boats are employed on the river. Lines of propellers ply in every direction, and there are countless barks and schooners. The seventy saw-mills along the banks fill the air with their continual murmur. Great piles of lumber, stacked upon the long wharves, rise from the water-side. The massive bridges which span the broad stream are thronged with passengers and vehicles. Wreaths of smoke float off to the bay from a hundred tall chimneys. Huge logs, jammed together, hide long reaches of the water by their mass,

and you see the strange, half-clad Tritons plunging and leaping and hauling among them. On the elevated tram-ways small mules draw cruel loads, and on the inclined planes there is incessant pulling and sliding. In some places acres of the bank are white with the refuse sawdust. From the opening of the season in April or May to the close in November the stir of industry is incessant.

But the summer life of the river depends upon the winter life of the forest. Year by year, as the wood is cut off, the lumberman has to go farther in from the main stream, and the log has a longer journey to make before it gets to the mill. The first party of woodmen usually go out in November, as soon as the ground begins to freeze; they select a place for their camp as nearly as possible in the centre of the "lot" which they are to work upon, taking care to get a dry soil, in the neighborhood of some spring or brook; they build a log-house, and cut a road to the nearest stream, on which the logs must be floated down. The log-houses are large enough to accommodate from twenty to fifty persons. In the centre a raised fireplace is built, directly under the apex of the roof, and the only chimney is a tunnel above this fireplace. The work of wood-cutting begins as soon as the road is finished and the ground becomes hard enough to haul the logs, — usually early in December, — and it is continued until the streams break up in the spring. The daily wood-chopping begins with the early morning, and is kept up so long as there is light. In the evenings the woodmen sit around their fire, play cards, smoke their pipes, tell stories, and sometimes get up rude dances. There is very little drinking among them during the season of work in the woods. Suttlers are not allowed upon the premises, and the men have usually no money to buy liquor. They are paid by the day, and supplied with suitable food by their employers. Pork and beans, dried fish, bread, and tea are the most approved articles of diet. Coffee is not generally provided, and the delicacies consist chiefly in the wild game which the woodmen themselves may chance to catch. There is plenty of this to be had, if there were time to take it; for the woods are still full of squirrels, rabbits, coons, deer, and black bears,

whose flesh is not unpalatable: the streams, too, are full of fish. But the men are too busy in their craft to do much fishing or hunting, and are content with their simple, but nourishing, regular fare. In addition to their "nourishment," they get, on an average, about a dollar a day for their labor. The whole gain of a lumberman, in his winter's work, is about a hundred dollars, which a new suit of clothes and a few weeks of sport in the spring generally exhaust. The life of lumbermen is like that of sailors, and very few lay up the fruits of their toil. In character, the men are quite as good as the average of those who lead a roving life. A large number of them work in the mills in the summer season; some go on farther west; and others go home to their friends in Canada or Maine. Comparatively few of the wood-choppers are Germans or Irishmen, though there are parties of both these races. They are gregarious in their habits. In cutting trees they go in pairs, and very few of them are willing to live in separate huts or away from the camp. They sleep along the sloping side of the house, with their feet inwards, toward the central fire, which is kept burning during the night. They dispense with prayers and preaching, and make little account of Sunday. A few have books, but the taste for reading is not general; mending clothes and sharpening axes, with such amusements as we have mentioned, fill the spare time. Their occupation is healthy and cheerful. The stock of medicines rarely needs to be replenished, and there is not much for a physician to do in their strong-armed company.

A gang of forty men, it is estimated, will cut, in the course of the winter, three million feet of lumber, the product of about five hundred acres, and draw it to the streams. Only the trunks of the trees are saved for lumber. These are sawed into logs of twelve, fourteen, or sixteen feet in length, according to their diameter and the width of the stream down which they are to be floated. It needs some art to launch them properly, and to place them so that they will float freely when the ice breaks up in the spring. A few inches of snow upon the ground greatly assist the lumber operations, by enabling the men to substitute sledges for the drag with its heavy weight and its friction. As the lumber territory retreats farther

inland the streams grow smaller and transportation is more difficult.

The logs as they are cut are marked with the private mark of their owners. When they reach the main streams they are caught and bound into rafts, guided down to the main river, and distributed to the various booms of the mills. The Titibawassee Boom Company, organized in 1864, rafted out and distributed in that year ninety million feet of lumber. In 1867, the fourth year of their operations, they rafted and distributed more than two hundred and thirty-six million feet. They used, in their rafting work, more than $20,000 worth of rope. They have now twelve miles of booms, and they employ two hundred and fifty men, who work through the summer, and are usually unable to bring down all that is cut during the winter. The actual number of *logs* rafted by this company in 1867 was 958,117; and adding to these the long timber, square timber, flat timber, and piles, the number of *pieces* was 967,695. To supply this great product, 150,000 to 200,000 pine-trees must have been cut down; and this is only the work upon a single one of the four branches of the Saginaw. On the Cass River there were rafted down, in 1867, 232,469 logs, yielding 74,643,300 feet of lumber. On the Flint River only a small part of the yield is rafted down, as there are many inland mills; the best lands on this river, too, have already lost their timber. But in 1867 five and a half million feet were floated down it to the Saginaw River, in addition to fifty-five million sawed in the nine mills of the city of Flint, which has been made by the enterprise of Governor H. H. Crapo, a Massachusetts man, one of the great lumber centres of the West, though it is not near any navigable water.

The working season of the saw-mills varies with the late or early opening of the streams, but lasts on the average for eight months of the year. Some of the mills keep a surplus of logs in their booms through the winter, that they may be ready for work earlier in the spring. Many of the mills run night and day, with double gangs of men. A few of the smaller inland mills use water-power, but the larger mills are run by steam. The fuel for the engines, of course, costs nothing. The refuse slabs and sawdust of all the mills far more than supply all that

is needed. Attached to the larger mills are long piers and platforms, from which the lumber is lowered directly to the decks of the vessels. Most of the mills saw only boards, but in many there are saws which cut staves, shingles, shooks, laths, and long timber. The staves and shooks, however, being made from red and white oak, are hardly to be included among the lumber products proper. "Portable" saw-mills are getting to be common in the inland places. All the larger mills have, at least, one circular saw, and one or more "gang" saws. In the great mill of Sage, McGraw, & Co., the invested capital of which is $300,000, there are four gang-saws. The whole number of mills in the Saginaw Valley, or tributary to it, exclusive of those at Flint, was, in 1867, *eighty-two*, with an invested capital of $3,428,500. In these mills there are seventy-five circular saws, sixty-nine vertical or "muley" saws, and thirty-nine gang-saws, — one hundred and eighty-three in all. The lumber manufactured in these mills, boards and shingles, amounted to 423,960,190 feet, which is but little more than half their capacity. The aggregate of logs in the booms was 17,304,605. The number of men employed in these mills was 2,402. In addition to this lumber, nearly sixty-four million laths were made during the year. Of this vast product of the year, less than one eighth remained unsold at the close of work in the winter. About four hundred million feet of manufactured lumber were actually transported from this valley during the summer and autumn of the year 1867. Figures like these oppress the imagination. And yet the product of the Saginaw mills is only a part of the product of the Saginaw Valley. We have to add to these the nine large mills in Flint, with their product of fifty-five million feet of lumber, nine and a half million laths, and six million feet of shingles.

The opening of the Saginaw lumber region stimulated the opening of other lumber regions both on the east and west sides of the Peninsula; and a complete statement of the lumber product of the State takes in a very wide range, from Port Huron to Alpena, from Grand Haven to Grand Traverse. Port Huron, at the outlet of Lake Huron, where the Black River empties into the St. Clair, is the nearest of all the depots

of lumber to the Eastern markets. The Grand Trunk Railway has here one of its principal stations, and all the commerce of the Upper Lakes passes by this harbor, if harbor it can be called. Here there are seven mills, which in 1867 sawed nearly thirty million feet of lumber, and more than thirteen million laths, with a market value of half a million of dollars. This by no means, however, exhausted the product of the Black River country. Nearly sixty-five million feet of logs were inspected in this river in the year 1867. In Sanilac County, through which Black River flows, there are ten saw-mills, which, in 1867, produced more than a million and a half dollars' worth of boards, laths, and shingles. Huron County, still farther north, lying between Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron, gathered at its half-dozen small landing-places not less than thirty-five million feet of lumber, and seven million laths, with an aggregate value of $550,000. In Iosco County, next north of Saginaw Bay, the production amounted, in 1867, to $300,000. Here a new "city," Tawas, is rapidly rising, and there are already half a dozen mills. In Alcona County, watered by the Au Sable River, the county seat, Harrisville, reports a product of seven million feet. On Thunder Bay, the town of Alpena has eight mills, which, in 1867, manufactured nearly fifty millions of lumber and lath. The whole product of the Bay Shore, north of Saginaw, to Thunder Bay, is reckoned, for 1867, at eighty-five million feet of lumber, and twenty-three million laths, cut with forty-three saws in nineteen mills. The whole product of the eastern shore of Michigan, as summed up in the estimate of the Detroit Post, amounts to 713,507,460 feet of lumber, 126,922,500 laths, 68,200,000 shingles, with an aggregate value of $11,826,338. In getting out this product, 5,143 men were employed. These figures do not perfectly agree with the statistics of the Saginaw Valley, but are not far out of the way as a trustworthy estimate. The actual value of the lumber sawn in Eastern Michigan, in 1867, cannot have been far from $12,000,000.

Turning to the shores of Lake Michigan, we find another lumber region of great promise, the development of which has hardly begun. The Muskegon River, with its tributaries, drains a vast country, and flows through six counties before it reaches

its outlet in Muskegon Lake, after a winding southwesterly course of more than one hundred and fifty miles. Sixty miles farther north, the Manistee, a large river, with numerous branches, empties into Lake Michigan, after flowing through four counties. Grand Traverse Bay, a deep inlet of Lake Michigan, in latitude forty-five, is the basin in which numerous small rivers find their outlet. All these rivers have begun to assist in carrying the pine of the forests to a market. In the Muskegon region there are twenty-nine mills, employing thirteen hundred men, which produced, in 1867, $3,255,433 worth of lumber and laths. In the Manistee region there are twenty mills, with a product of $1,500,000. In the Grand Traverse region there are nine mills, with a product valued at $355,590. Considerable quantities also are made and shipped in Ottawa and Oceana Counties, on other streams than the tributaries to the Muskegon. Père Marquette, in Mason County, will be an important port in the lumber traffic, when the railroad, now in progress, from Saginaw across the State shall be completed. From Grand Haven, the terminus of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway, the shipments in 1867 amounted to over sixty-eight million feet of lumber, nineteen million shingles, and nearly twelve million laths. The whole product of the western shore of the Peninsula, in 1867, was 492,044,000 feet of lumber, 84,457,000 laths, and 26,786,000 shingles, having an aggregate value of $7,910,023. It is estimated that 3,710 men were employed in the business. The average quality of the lumber on the western shore is hardly equal to that upon the eastern. More of the sapling pine is cut, and the trees are smaller in size. To the product of the eastern and western shores of the Lower Peninsula should be added that of the vast Menominee region in the Upper Peninsula, a tract as large as all the lumber region of the Penobscot Valley. Very little as yet has been done in exploring that region, and its capabilities for lumber production have not been ascertained. It belongs geographically rather to Wisconsin than to Michigan, and should be described in connection with the promising region of that great State.

The statistics of the Lower Peninsula thus far given are

enough to show what marvellous wealth Michigan has in her forests, and to account for the fact that her supply is now the main reliance of all the Northern States, exceeding all that Maine and Canada have to give. All the markets of the West, and most of the markets of the East, now get their lumber from Michigan. Lumber vessels ply from the Saginaw River to all ports on the Lakes, from Chicago to Buffalo, and even go through the Welland Canal to the St. Lawrence River. Michigan lumber is carried through the woods of Canada to its market. It is sent across the plains to St. Louis and Cincinnati and down the Mississippi. It is sent across the mountains to Philadelphia and Baltimore. It is sold on the seaboard and in the interior, — transported by canal and by railway. Probably more than half the houses built in the Northern States in the last year used the growth of Michigan forests in their construction. Of the four hundred million feet of lumber received at Albany by the canal a very large part came from Michigan. The tonnage of vessels engaged in this traffic is larger than the tonnage of many of the commercial cities. Probably as many vessels pass up and down the St. Clair River daily, in the height of the lumber season, as pass by Boston Light. In the Saginaw River itself, in the last year, twenty-one vessels were built, two of which were barks and four propellers. Of course, the chief markets are the six leading Lake cities, — Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, and Buffalo. From these points the lumber is distributed to the principal cities of the West and the East. Not unfrequently, however, it is sent on an ocean voyage. The Detroit Post gives a list of twenty-two lumber vessels which cleared in a single year for foreign ports, — Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Cork, Hamburg, Calais, and Cadiz. The traffic shows no signs of falling off, and a comparison of years shows it steadily increasing. A ship-canal around Niagara Falls would assist the lumber interest hardly less than the grain-growing interest of the West.

It is common to speak of the pine lands of Michigan as "inexhaustible." We hear of the supply that may be expected for "ages to come" from this prolific source. Men think of the lumber forests of the Peninsula as they do of the

coal-beds of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and laugh at the predictions of the alarmists. Yet these predictions are not hasty, but are based on exact calculations. At the present rate of consumption, in *a little over seventeen years* the pine will be entirely cleared from Lower Michigan, and the lumber business will be at an end. If consumption in the next five years should increase in the ratio of the last five years, *ten years* will exhaust the material. The most sanguine calculation cannot carry the lumber business beyond the present century. It is believed, however, by those who are best acquainted with the history of lumber operations, that the annual production has reached its highest point, and is more likely to decline than increase. The tendency is more and more to concentrate the business, and the owners of the large mills are becoming the owners of the lands. As this concentration goes on, the small mills must cease to work for want of material, and the larger proprietors will be able to economize their resources. Some of them already are holding eligible lands, in view of a future scarcity and a rise of prices. The opening of new pine lands in Wisconsin and Minnesota may draw off a considerable part of the traffic. Such considerations as these help to quiet the fears of those who have invested largely in mills and machinery, and in real estate in the new cities. Yet one cannot resist the conclusion that if Muskegon, Saginaw, and the rest depend upon the lumber interest to sustain them, they will decline as rapidly as they have risen. There is no good reason to think that the consumption will fall off, while the facilities for getting the lumber to market are so great, and so many markets are calling for a supply. The waste will go on. The owners of the land will use their opportunity, and will let the future take care of itself. They would not be American, if they should voluntarily curtail a profitable business, in view of spreading it over a longer succession of years. It is more probable that new mills will be built than that those already built will reduce their production or their capacity. The warning is not new. It was uttered years ago, and has been repeated with the succeeding seasons, yet thus far with no effect.

Fortunately, these new cities are not entirely dependent upon

the lumber business. As this industry declines a more permanent industry takes its place. The pine lands of Michigan are not, like the pine lands of the Southern States, "Pine Barrens." They are excellent for farming purposes, — for fruit, tillage, and pasture. The finest wheat grows on tracts from which the timber has been cut. These tracts are inviting to the settler, not only from the cheapness of the land, — which is almost given away by the lumber-merchant, who has no use for it when the trees are cut off, and is glad to escape his taxes, — not only from its cheapness, — a dollar an acre or thereabouts, — but because roads are already opened, the land partially cleared, and the markets for produce secured. Thirty years hence, if the land be denuded of its forests, it will show a wheat region more marvellous in its breadth, richness, and promise for the future than the pine region of the present day, — a wheat region which may with more reason be called "inexhaustible." Several counties which were lumber counties a few years since have now become noted for agriculture, and export largely the products of the farm and the field. Genesee County, for instance, of which Flint is the county seat, has a broad expanse of rich grain-fields around its central group of saw-mills, and the time is not far distant when the dull rumble of the mill-stones will drown the shrill scream of the saws.

In this rapid development the waste of timber is inevitable. The hard wood might be valuable hereafter, but is a nuisance now, and must be got rid of, so it falls after the pine by the settler's axe, and is wantonly burned. It is useless to remonstrate. The pioneer is insensible to arguments touching the future supply; to him the forest is only fit to be exterminated, as it hinders his plough and obstructs his sunlight. When Northern Michigan becomes, like Southern Illinois, a great rolling prairie of grass and grain, whose horizon is unbroken as the horizon of the ocean, the want of foresight that permitted the destruction of these magnificent forests will be bitterly lamented. But the lament will come from the next generation: the people of this will only boast the swift change of the wood and the wilderness to the fertile field, and exult in

the lines of towns and cities which spring up along its water-courses and overlook its lakes.

Yet not all the pine lands of Michigan are susceptible of cultivation. There are swampy tracts, which will require deep and extensive draining before being available for agriculture. There are sandy tracts, that must be greatly enriched before they can be made productive. Bad River, one of the best lumber tributaries of the Saginaw, will always vexatiously annoy the owners of the low lands which it washes. Perhaps the proportion of good farming land in the pine region is not greater than in the southern section of the State. But when the railways are built and the interior counties are brought into closer intercourse with the marts of trade, as they will be in twenty or thirty years, the man who to-day invests his five hundred dollars in the purchase of five hundred acres of this "exhausted" pine land will then find himself with a handsome fortune. Much of the wealth of Detroit has come from the lumber business; but the surest fortunes have been, and will be, gained from the culture of the soil. It is a consolation for those who see with sadness the felling of the forests, that the farmers follow the wood-choppers so closely, and create where the pioneers destroyed.

The western slope of this forest country, all along the shores of Lake Michigan and for some miles inland, has been found especially favorable to fruit culture, — to that of the grape and the peach not less than of the apple. The high latitude does not produce a lower temperature, for the waters of the lake soften the winds which sweep over them. The climate of the eastern shore of the lake is far milder and more equable than that of the opposite shore, and resembles the climate of Ohio and Indiana. Scientific men predict that the vine will flourish around Grand Traverse Bay, and bear as abundantly as on the islands of Lake Erie, or on the hills around Cincinnati. Thousands of acres have already been stocked with peach-trees, and Muskegon will soon be as famous for exporting "baskets of summer fruit" as it now is for sending boards and laths to the cities of the Lake. Even on the newly cleared land orchards and vineyards have been planted; vines with their clusters festoon the stumps of the pine-trees, which save to the vine-dresser the expense of terrace and trellis.

The Saginaw Valley, when its lumber trade shall fail, has its salt-works to fall back upon. Thirty years ago geologists predicted that salt-springs would be found by boring anywhere in this valley. Dr. Houghton, the State geologist, began his experiments in 1838, confident of success, and soon proved that the whole valley was a basin of salt beneath the surface. The experiments were costly, and after a time were abandoned by the State. In the excitement of the lumber interest the predictions and discoveries of Dr. Houghton were forgotten. Not till 1859 was a company formed for salt manufacturing, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and with promise of aid from the State as success should be attained. Boring was at once begun, and in February, 1860, the agents of the company were enabled to report that at the depth of six hundred and thirty-three feet they had reached, after piercing through layers of limestone, sandstone, shales, and coal, a water nearly saturated with salt. In the summer of 1860 the buildings for boiling and drying were erected, and the product of the first year, up to July, 1861, was ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-two barrels, of two hundred and eighty pounds each. The next year this product was trebled; new companies were formed; new wells were sunk; and, in less than eight years the salt-works of Saginaw have come to rival those of Syracuse in the quantity and the quality of their product. They differ from those of the Onondaga region in requiring deep wells. There is no surface brine here as in the New York salt district, but the shaft must be sunk for many hundred feet before the water is strong enough and the supply constant and sufficient for profitable use. The amount of capital now invested in salt-making in the Saginaw Valley is considerably more than two millions of dollars. There are one hundred and eleven salt-blocks, and over four thousand kettles, giving employment to six hundred and twelve men. The production has risen from 4,000 barrels in 1860 to 474,721 barrels in 1867. The business has had fluctuations, indeed, and money has been lost as well as made in the operations of speculators. In 1864 there was great over-production and prices fell off, diminishing the profits and the product of the succeeding years. But now the business is on a healthy foundation, economically

prosecuted, and certain of a steady growth and large future development.

The salt in the Saginaw Valley is made in different ways,—by solar evaporation, by boiling in kettles, by steam evaporation, and by the Chapin patent, peculiar to this valley. The fuel used for heating the kettles is the refuse of the saw-mills which would else be wasted. The steam used in heating the vats is supplied by the boilers in the mills, and is conveyed in pipes through the brine, driving off the moisture, and leaving finer crystals than those deposited by solar evaporation. The saw-mills and the salt-works are built side by side, and are worked to advantage in this close connection. Some of the wood that would else be wasted is made profitably into salt-barrels. The largest number of salt-factories is on the banks of the Saginaw River. At Bay City there are ten, at East Saginaw five, at Saginaw City six, and eight and six respectively at the two towns which bear the appropriate names of Salina and Salzburg. On Cass River there are three salt-factories and one on the Titibawassee. There is little doubt that a shaft sunk near any of the streams would bring brine to the surface. The waste waters of the salt-blocks have also their use. They contain chlorides, valuable in the manufacture of artificial stone, and in preserving fruit, and for other purposes in the arts. Already chemists are turning attention to these waters, as too valuable to be lost. It will not be many years before soda will be among the products of this valley. The salt-works, therefore, with their collateral branches of manufacture, and the agricultural development of the surrounding country, assure the prosperity of the Saginaw Valley, even when the lumber trade shall cease ; and this promise justifies what may seem the extravagant outlay of these new cities in highways, piers, river dredging, warehouses, and public buildings. And it is not unlikely that new kinds of industry may be introduced as the surrounding country becomes more densely peopled, and paper-mills, shoe-mills, screw-mills, &c., take the place of the silent saw-mills.

It is a favorite theory with many, that there are great coal-beds under the central counties of Michigan, and that the vast

forests on the surface are fairly matched by the fossil forests beneath the soil; that Michigan is really as rich in coal as any of the Western States. The experiments thus far made have not, however, sustained the theory. The attempt to find coal has, in most instances, proved a failure; and where it has been found, the veins are thin and hardly pay for working. In the neighborhood of Jackson, which, in position and variety of industry, is to Michigan what Worcester is to Massachusetts, several mines have been opened. The coal, though of a quality inferior to that of the Ohio Valley, is used in gas-works and for iron manufacture. In New Haven, in Shiawassee County, on the line of the Jackson and Saginaw Railway, coal of better quality is found; but nothing warrants the supposition that coal-mining will be carried on to any considerable extent in the Peninsula for years to come.

Another valuable mineral gives better promise. The city of Grand Rapids, not far from the mouth of Grand River, has been largely built up from the profits of its trade in "plaster." As long ago as 1841 it was discovered that there were beds of gypsum on the west shore of Saginaw Bay, some forty miles north of the mouth of the Saginaw River, in Iosco County, not far from the mouth of the river Au Sable. Excavations in the ravines, unscientifically attempted, failed of success, and for many years the hope of turning the discovery to advantage was given up. In 1861 Mr. Patrick, of Flint, tried the experiment of boring upon the ridges, and was rewarded by finding a very large bed of plaster close to the surface, — covering not less than four hundred and fifty acres. A flourishing village, appropriately called Alabaster, has grown up around the factory, which was established in 1862; and, with the improvements now in progress, it is expected that the annual production of this quarry and factory will amount to thirty thousand tons. In 1867 ten thousand tons were quarried. There is an ample supply of wood in the vicinity for the engines of the mills and for building and barrel-making. If this discovery shall be followed by similar discoveries in other localities, the plaster interest will be of the first importance. The quality has proved excellent for all purposes to which this mineral is applied.

The preceding facts concerning the lumber region of Michigan have been mainly compiled from the careful documents mentioned at the head of this article. As we have remarked, the figures do not exactly agree in these summaries. For convenience' sake, we give in a single table the product of the region, preferring the report of the Saginaw Enterprise, which has a semi-official character.

	Lumber manufactured in Michigan in 1867.
Saginaw,	423,963,190 feet.
Bay Shore,	84,995,772 "
Genesee County,	68,000,000 "
Detroit,	39,026,460 "
Tuscola County,	5,800,000 "
Port Huron,	30,000,000 "
Huron,	33,850,500 "
Marine City,	5,215,000 "
Lapeer County,	16,500,000 "
Gratiot County,	11,500,000 "
Sanilac County,	8,750,000 "
Muskegon,	205,278,000 "
White River,	80,000,000 "
Manistee,	110,400,000 "
Grand Traverse,	24,000,000 "
Père Marquette,	46,000,000 "
Western Slope, besides localities mentioned,	185,000,000 "
Total,	1,378,278,922

The value of this product, at an average of $15 per thousand, is $20,674,183.

Number of Laths manufactured in 1867, 284,646,200.
" " Shingles " " " 368,420,000.

This view of a single branch of productive industry may serve to show the importance of the young State of Michigan in the fraternity of the American Union. It would be pleasant to show the corresponding growth of the State in other directions, and to tell what its new people, coming into the forest and the wilderness, have done for education and religion, for good morals and good order. To-day Michigan has a population of more than a million; six incorporated colleges, — one of them a University, with Law, Medical, Literary, and Scien-

tific Departments, and with more than twelve hundred students; an Asylum for the Blind and the Deaf; two Asylums for the Insane; a Normal School; high schools in every considerable town; and a system of public instruction as thorough, as wisely adjusted, and as efficient as in any State of the Union, — so good, indeed, that private schools are hardly known. Pupils come from all the States of the West, not only to the University, but to the Union Schools of Michigan. The finest and largest buildings, most "beautiful for situation" and most convenient in their appliances, are those which are set apart for public instruction. No interest is so jealously guarded as this. Every city and every county has its superintendent of schools. There is the same zeal for education in the newer as in the older settlements, — in Saginaw and Muskegon as in Monroe and Detroit. The market for school-books in these forest cities is not less sure and regular than the market for boards and shingles. Classic and foreign learning flourishes on what were but yesterday Indian hunting-grounds; and the youths and maidens know more of Goethe and Virgil and Xenophon than of the legends of the red-men. This strange mingling of ancient lore with the traditions of savage life is presented to us in the names of Michigan towns and cities: — Pontiac borders upon Troy; just beyond Owosso is Ovid; Metamora joins Attica; Adrian is the next town to Tecumseh; Athens is but half an hour's ride from Wakeshma; and in Lenawee County we find Rome and Palmyra close to Madison and Franklin. Enough of the Indian appellations are retained to preserve a native flavor amid the classic and romantic names by which the famous sites of Europe and Asia, ancient and modern, from Caledonia to China, are represented in this favored Peninsula.

C. H. Brigham.

ART. V.—1. *Nile Notes of a Howadji.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1851.

2. *The Howadji in Syria.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author of "Nile Notes." New York: Harper and Brothers. 1852.

3. *Lotus-Eating: A Summer-Book.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated by Kensett. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1852.

4. *The Potiphar Papers.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856.

5. *Prue and I.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856.

6. *Trumps: A Novel.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1861.

A VERY little book often holds a great immortality, and far more than enough for the daunted critic-folk who have to measure it, and report its dimensions in their poor lines and inches; but we imagine that it must be the feeling of every one who presumes to judge a living author, that the author's books, however numerous, do not fully represent him, and that the material for a perfect consideration of his work is somehow wanting. Plainly, prophecy, even of a retrospective cast, is no part of our present task, and we should regret to be thought at all inspired or infallible. Yet in venturing to speak of the above-cited books of Mr. George William Curtis, we feel that we have safer ground for criticism than contemporaries commonly afford, for Mr. Curtis has of late so exclusively employed himself with journalism and politics and lecturing, that he has drawn a deep line round the literary work previously accomplished, which separates it at least from his present if not from his future, and gives it an unusual degree of completeness. His six volumes represent in great part the activity of fifteen years, now some time past, and for good or for bad they have the absolute character which distinguishes a gift from a promise in literature. We will at once let the reader into our secret, and say that even if it were not a gift we should think it good, and to be prized in itself and as something no one else could have bestowed.

The cordial remembrance of pleasure his work has given in other times is something which many of our readers will share with us, and which will not perhaps be thought by any a disadvantage in our slight study; for every literary period has its transient sympathies and susceptibilities, to which all successful books are largely addressed, and in making a later estimate of their worth, one could not forget the prime delight they gave without judging them faintly and ineffectually. Mr. Curtis's characteristic charm and value appeared in his first book, and are still conspicuous in the "Nile Notes of a Howadji," though one now feels a want of simplicity there that did not trouble him at twenty. The fault is repaired in subsequent work; but how well that luscious expression, those gaudy alliterations, those vague allusions, those melting hues, that sadness and sweetness of a young poet's spirit, satisfied the utmost desire of the earlier time! Then the senses were so quick that one tasted the rich, sooth quality of the book, not with the intellectual palate merely, which it cloys, but with the whole heart and mental body, as it had been a bath. Luxury, not perfection, that age wanted, and if the Howadji gave it something more and better, it knew it not, and still felt that Egypt, whatever it might be in geography, history, or philosophy, was in reality odors, cadences, and colors. It is indeed a singularly pleasing book, and it is one of the best to teach that modern travel is truth rather than facts; for foreign countries are always an ideal realm, in which to the eye of candor the commonest things have a fantastic appearance through the insoluble mystery of conditions; and the most satisfactory traveller is he who contrives to give this fantastic effect again by describing just what he saw and felt, and leaving his reader to enjoy the picture neither more nor less ignorantly than he enjoyed the original. Mr. Curtis was twenty-seven when he published the Nile Notes, and the book was doubtless the fruit of yet earlier years. It suggests this in style and manner, in its redundant hues and tones, in its wonderful use of words, which so often degenerates into play with words. It is prose measured so deliberately that you continually feel its pulsation, and often find it too much for the nerves of middle life. The prodigious excess of alliteration is perhaps not so much to blame, for that

is the instinct of our tongue; still its absence is to be noted with relief in the author's very next book, "The Howadji in Syria," where the whole atmosphere seems cooler and sharper. The feeling is much the same, but the soul of youth has wreaked itself upon the mystic grandeur and melancholy of Egypt, and has finally indulged that riot of expression which leaves a gifted man's thought clearer for a whole lifetime. Within the limits of decency and sanity, perhaps it would be well for every young author thus to commit all the literary excesses to which he feels tempted in some early book where they can be forgiven him; for there are dreadful examples of profligacy in some oldsters, who, having passed a pale and stinted youth, abandon themselves to wantonness of style when it is too late to reform. Carlyle is not quite a case in point; but how well for him if he could have written the life of Schiller long ago as he has now lately written the life of Frederick, and *vice versa!*

We do not mean by all this to say the luxury of the Nile Notes is so bad as we paint it, or that the book is not fully redeemed from being merely sensuous. What a voyage up the Nile could suggest to a man of imagination, lively humor, and liberal literature finds record there, and in that atmosphere of dreams there is veritable Egypt. Yet amid those contours so smoothly rounded (as if the Sphinx had shoulders of ivory instead of sand-worn granite), one longs for something rough and angular to clutch; in those graceful draperies, melting from the textures of thought into the misty fabric of dreams, even the fancy feels itself naked and cold at times; in the want of chronological perspective,— greater, we think, than the author intended,— those English people in the Cairene hotels, who are distinguished in the sepulchral Egyptian manner rather by symbols attached to their effigies than by characteristic traits, seem as remote and uncertain as Ramses and Cambyses; the guide, in handing his newly filled chibouque to the tourist in the foreground, places the amber mouth-piece to the lips of Memnon opened to chant his sunrise song in the far-off dawn of time.

Grant all this, and yet how good the book remains,— so original in motive, so fine in temper, so charming, despite its

affectations, in effect. If it were divided into lines beginning with capital letters, its studied alliterations would have made it a well-formed poem in Anglo-Saxon times; and it has other charms which make it so like poetry in ours, that we feel it ought scarcely to be read save from the same impulse and in the same moods as poetry. If any one would shame the doubting critic, let him thus read "Under the Palms," or "A Crow that flies in Heaven's sweetest Air," or parts of "Southward" and "Ultima Thule," or namable passages in any chapter of the book. Let him read aloud, if he will have the due effect of Mr. Curtis's art, this exquisitely finished bit, in which, while some of the author's caprices appear, one knows a touch and brain poetically quick and most sensitively skilful: —

"In the Villa Serra di Falco, within sound of the vespers of Palermo, there is a palm beautiful to behold. It is like a Georgian slave in a Pacha's harem. Softly shielded from eager winds, gently throned upon a slope of green, fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers, it stands separate and peculiar in the odorous garden air. Yet it droops and saddens, and bears no fruit. Vain is the exquisite environment of foreign fancies. The poor slave has no choice but life. Care too tender will not suffer it to die. Pride and admiration surround it with the best beauties, and feed it with the warmest sun. But I heard it sigh as I passed. A wind blew warm from the east, and it lifted its arms hopelessly, and when the wind, love-laden with most subtle sweetness, lingered loath to fly, the palm stood motionless on its little green mound, and the flowers were so fresh and fair, and the leaves of the trees so deeply hued, and the native fruit so golden and glad upon the boughs, that the still warm garden air seemed only the silent, voluptuous sadness of the tree; and had I been a poet, my heart would have melted in song for the proud, pining palm."

This beautiful tenderness and delicacy of feeling, and this luxury of expression that delights even in its dulcet excess, are true to the mood if not to the quality of the whole book. Yet its poetry is as frequently of a meditative as of an emotional cast, and it deals — however airily and fantastically — with what takes the thoughts as well as the sentiments, while a very

fine and peculiar humor often plays through it. Less fervor and music of phrase would have gone with the same suggestion and speculation in colder years; but to what the East revealed the author listened with a young man's bounding pulse, and a supreme sense of enjoyment, and the secret imparted again has still the motion of his blood. The book is sensuous, certainly, yet its poetry is of so pure a source that nothing corrupts in it; not even the poor Ghawazee whom it celebrates, and who are suffered to take the heart only with a kind of abstract passion, though no warmth of color or significance of expression in their life is unrendered. When the song is moralized, it is not didactic of set purpose, but of the best civilization working in a nature singularly harmonious and sound, and already obedient amidst its æsthetic luxuries and enjoyments, to that tendency which has given us in Mr. Curtis a moralist of so winning and new and individual a kind that the old word seems not to describe him, though there is none better.

The reader will perhaps realize him best in this character if we speak here of the charming essays which he has given us from month to month, for now many years, — of those incomparable homilies which are preached from the "Easy-Chair" of Harper's Magazine, and in which there is nothing of sermonizing but religion and good-will. They handle, with admirable taste and breeding, topics of society, literature, and the every-day popular life, with an unfailing honor for elegance, good manners, and hearty sense. There is nowhere else in our journalism so much truth so amiably yet so clearly spoken, and one does not mind that these papers are a little mannered, they are essentially so well-mannered. It is that part of morality to be distinguished as civilization or civility in its wide significance which Mr. Curtis chiefly teaches from his Easy-Chair; and he does it with an art that never lapses or fatigues. There must be not only brain and heart in those little papers, but a constant charm of style which shall take the reader in spite of the narrowness of their limitations. There is a monotony in our barbarities and crises and sensations; the news from Europe is swiftly suicidal, now we have got the cable; forty-nine books out of fifty cannot be safely or significantly mentioned; it is something little short of inspiration which discerns the finely varying aspects of events, and seizes their lesson.

We fancy that Mr. Curtis, however unconsciously, had also rather the moralist's than the artist's motive in writing "Potiphar Papers," though these as mere literary art are more successful than they are likely to be considered by those who do not take into account the singular difficulties of the performance. New York society is not American society, any more than Boston or Philadelphia society is so, and to the vast majority of his readers Mr. Curtis had not only to depict types, but present conditions all but strange before, and often too transient for any process less swift than photography. He thus encountered obstacles unknown to satirists in older societies, and he overcame them so far as to produce scenes bearing intrinsic evidence of fidelity, and to give us in Mrs. Potiphar and Rev. Cream Cheese names permanently descriptive of characteristics, if not of classes. No one knows New York society better than he, and no one in a certain light and incidental way touches it more effectively. But harm comes to "The Potiphar Papers" in several quite needless ways. They should never have been united under one name, for they do not form a whole. There is sometimes infirmity as well as sketchiness of handling in the same paper; though this does not make such bad effect as the fact that some of the people not only change their aspects but their characters in the different papers, while they keep their names. In one, Paul Potiphar is said to have a library of book-backs; in another, we are asked to believe that he reads and enjoys Thackeray. Moreover, there is on the part of the author too much attitude, too much self-defence, too much consciousness; and a man who has very good eyes of his own will insist, at times, upon looking at New York society through Mr. Thackeray's spectacles, and talking of Major Dobbin, and Becky Sharpe, and the Pendennises. It is only the spectacles, however; neither the voice nor the manner is Thackeray's, while the feeling is quite different from his.

If it were not so, how could women love this and the other books of Mr. Curtis so much? They find there not only a most singular purity of thought and fancy, but a cordial and reverent homage, unmixed with patronage or gallantry, rarely

offered to their sex. No one deserves better at their hands than he who is so enamored of the idea of womanhood in its inalienable beauty of affection that he can never draw any woman's character which is altogether heartless and unlovely.

We imagine, too, that women like Mr. Curtis's books for the air of gentle and gracious pedantry that breathes through them. When he talks of books, it is of the finer and friendlier books, of the poems writ in sympathetic ink that only yield their whole meaning to the warmth of the reader's own heart. And when does he not talk of books? No one is more entirely the child of this literary age, in which a single writer has colored the parlance of his whole generation; in which things have come to stand for books, instead of books for things; in which literature has usurped the place of all the other arts, and people see pictures, statues, and architecture only through the medium of print. It is not easy to describe, without grossness or excess, a trait which characterizes so much of his work by fortunate quotation or felicitous allusion; or to say how the all-pervasive literary influences of our epoch seem, at times, to exclude from him every impression that does not come through them. Yet, as you read him, and note how greatly, with all his proper subtlety and discernment, he enjoys the beautiful through the delight it has already given, the truth we suggest is sufficiently plain.

Mr. Curtis's peculiarity in this respect is nearest a fault in "Lotus-Eating," and most a virtue in "Prue and I." It is very curious to look over the former book, and see how much it is the fruit of association and sympathy. He steams up the Hudson, and sees where the Lorelei sang, and Uhland's overpaid boatman crossed on the Rhine; where Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane loitered on their native ground, and Drake's Culprit Fay sinned and suffered. At Catskill, who should appear but the inaccessible maid on the mountain out of the "small sweet Idyl" in the "Princess"? We find that Yarrow is in the neighborhood of Trenton; and that Waller wrote a poem suitable for love-sick singing under windows at Saratoga, Charles Lamb contributing a Gypsy's Malison, proper to be repeated to old gentlemen gossiping on the piazza of the hotel, and Robert Herrick furnishing a farewell song for the traveller going away

after dinner, and lingering upon a full stomach to catch a strain of the music played to the young people in the hotel garden. At Lake George, at Nahant, at Newport, what poets are not brought to the rescue? — with something, we own, of the reluctance of drafted men, and occasionally the recklessness and irresponsibility of bounty-jumpers enlisted over and over again in all the corps of the great army of sentiment. We should do the book an injustice, which must affect the author less than his critic, if we failed to recognize, in spite of all this, its essential originality, its unapproached success in throwing around beautiful scenes an atmosphere less crude and arid than that of mere fashion, its peculiarly acute and amiable study of certain phases of American society and character in the light of Old-World travel and intelligence.

"In Prue and I" the quotations have mostly dwindled to here and there a vivid line, or have wholly put off their original form, and risen again in graceful and happy allusion; and the emotion of earlier books has been all purified into feeling. It is hard to say just wherein the charm of the work lies. It is in no wise, in whole or in part, strongly actuated. The old book-keeper seems inadequate to his own dreams, and his wife Prue, with her patching and darning, sometimes wears her robe of romance, like a fine dress, uneasily. Aurelia is a fine sketch of a pure and lovely woman of society, but is scarce more than a sketch. Titbottom is the chief creation of the book, and yet his substance is not to be closely scanned. One establishes all this, and straightway forgets it as soon as he reopens the volume, for he finds there a truth to human nature, to himself, that appears better than the invention of situation or character. The three papers which form great part of the book cannot be judged by comparison with anything else, for each is sole of its kind. One thinks of the idea of "Titbottom's Spectacles" as something that perhaps Hawthorne would have chosen; but it is imagined in a temper peculiarly Mr. Curtis's, and is wrought with a fantastic gayety, a frank pathos, and a firm hold upon the allegory entirely characteristic of him. He alone could have written "My Chateaux in Spain," with its pensive satires and longings and regrets, and that strange power of suggestion and association which gathers its airy enchantment most about

the reader when he feels himself asked, with the other dream-people, to meet all those famous personages of fiction and history at the triumphal banquet to be given in the Spanish castle. In "Sea from Shore" a like witching fancy plays with the sentiment of universal travel, — with the vague desire and unrest which visit all lands and climes, not omitting even the island of Barataria and the Bohemian coasts, and voyage in all the ships that ever sailed, — till the charming revery appears the only true and probable account of the world. We poorly and awkwardly hint the nature of a book that merits its fortune of being taken to the hearts of all its readers, though it is a fortune so rare as to come to but two or three books in a generation, and not to have attended in equal degree any other of the time of "Prue and I." That sort of personal regard which people have for it, comes to it from the most various experiences and conditions, but of course the young and happy have best loved its pensive tenderness and vague regrets; those who were in their earlier loves and later teens when it appeared could hardly have been persuaded that it was not the most exquisite book ever written; and we have heard of survivors of that time, now growing middle-aged in their first passions, who still think it incomparably beautiful, and give it away upon all occasions of making a present.

The work is as original as it is beautiful, and the workmanship excellent. Indeed, whatever Mr. Curtis does is done from a conscience to which slovenly literature is impossible, and his errors are of excessive, not of defective performance. His prose in "Prue and I" is of the best modern art, studied word by word like verse, balanced, and attuned by a jealous sense, — no pomp or formality, but a constant ease and suavity of movement. The book is of a period to which the smoke of an intervening war gives an undue effect of remoteness, — a period of uncertain aspiration and suspense and misgiving in politics, just before the transition to hopeful or desperate but always decided action, in which nearly every man prominent among us for any reason took part. Mr. Curtis had already in "The Potiphar Papers" made a jest of the young men who sneered at "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and in finding some things ugly and ridiculous besides negroes' heels and the

long hair of reformers, had unmistakably hinted the direction of his sympathies; but it was still a surprise to learn that there was all along a politician lying hid in that life, refined by knowledge of the best in two worlds, and now lingering somewhat sadly over the delicate sentiment and gentle art with which it had hitherto played, — a politician with whom politics were a liberal science and a generous faith. Many men, not yet old, but younger in that time, can recall the pride and delight with which they read that address of his to the youth of some unremembered college, in which he celebrated the irrepressible conflict in Kansas as the sublime opportunity of all Americans to array themselves upon the side of justice and freedom. It was yet merely a question of voting, but many died in battle thereafter because the most were not then brave enough to face the South at the ballot-box. Of course Mr. Curtis did but honor himself, in whatever he said for the right then; but all of that side, who had read his books, and recognized the lofty and noble spirit of them, felt stronger and bolder in his company, and triumphed in such an accession.

Mr. Curtis seems to have a more authentic vocation to politics than any other American *littérateur* has felt. Other American authors have held office: not to begin with Franklin, there had been Irving, Minister to Spain, Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, Hawthorne, Consul at Liverpool; but the first and last of these had merely a political creed and no political life, and the second was in no way great. John Quincy Adams was like those Spanish statesmen who begin their political career with a volume of poems in their hands; with Mr. Curtis, it has been something as it is with such politico-literary Englishmen as Bulwer and Disraeli; but he has had a grander and more unselfish aim than they: he may be classed rather with Hughes in England, with Lamartine in France, and with D' Azeglio in Italy. As he entered upon public life with a higher and purer motive than actuates most men, we suppose that he does not think his devotion unrequited merely because he has never yet attained office. Probably he never promised himself at once the most obvious political success, or he would hardly have remained in New York where the immense antag-

onistic majorities are to be but slowly affected. He might have been in Congress long ago, by mere change of residence; but he could have been nowhere so useful as where he has been ever since the war. He is a positive influence, — of zeal with knowledge, of ambition for good, of advanced reform without fanaticism, — which must be more and more felt. Nothing less than absolute purity and unselfishness of purpose can succeed against the practices and theories which give New York her ugly repute for venal legislation and political corruption. The whole nation has an interest in Mr. Curtis's success in public life, and whatever is best in us must sympathize with him.

We are very far from thinking such a man condescends in espousing politics. There is no one so fine and good among cultivated gentlemen but he has his counterpart among simple and common men in this nation, and none can be better employed than in serving their cause in the government, whether in Congress or out of it. But this service cannot be done with a half-heart, and whoever enters upon it in the spirit of a *dilettante* and a patron dooms himself to defeat. The waters will go over him, and in their muddy deposits his old age will become as thoroughly fossilized as if he had died before the deluge.

If Mr. Curtis is doing good to politics, we think they have already done good to him even in his literature. We need not praise him as one of the ablest public speakers in the country, and doubtless the first in saying things at once gracefully and forcibly; but we wish to speak of the excellent quality of his political journalism, in which, rising from his "Lounger's" attitude of elegant criticism and comment, at the beginning of the war, he has continued to treat all public questions with vigor and directness, looking at them from the most advanced point of view, and arguing them not merely as a Radical Republican, but as a Radical Christian, a Radical Gentleman. There is no noble purpose or project which has not had his voice, no baseness in or out of his party which he has hesitated to rebuke. A man does not thus habitually appeal to what is sincere and earnest in others, without ridding himself of his own affectations and caprices, and it is interesting in

Mr. Curtis's political writing to note the change which has been wrought in his style. There is nothing in it that is not a result from tendencies perceptible in his earliest books, but all has passed out of it that could mark him as a sentimentalist, or a literary fine gentleman. It was morally impossible he should ever fall into that worst and commonest form of that sentimentality which is known as Buncombe ; and it so happens that now no public man addresses the popular intelligence in more fit and unaffected terms than he who at first sought only the appreciation of the æsthetic few, and seemed to yield to every idle grace or wayward fancy that coquets with the diction of a young poet.

But while we cannot concede that Mr. Curtis has lost in nobility of purpose or work in turning to political life (for we honor politics as one of the worthiest vocations in a republic, and think that the best cannot be better employed than in teaching men self-government), we are very sensible how beneficial his active presence in letters has been. Each last new book throws all past new books into that abeyance which is the purgatory of accomplished works, and it is quite possible that not every one of Mr. Curtis's books will issue thence. Yet our literature has felt him as an admirable and original quality, as an influence and monition in the interest of literary grace, temperance, and decency, whatever is to be the fate of his past performance, or whether or not he shall add to it hereafter. Again we decline the precarious honors of prophecy. To be sure, we feel that if he had undertaken a romance instead of a novel in his last work, that delicate fancy, humorous gayety, and abundant sentiment of his had not been lost as it is in "Trumps," but we refrain from saying whether he shall ever give us that romance which he could have written so well. Doubtless it is a principle in a mind like his to attach itself more and more to reality, to the present, as we see in his turning from the pleasantest walks of belles-letters to the stumps and platforms of politics. Having once and in earlier days expressed the flavor of his poetic nature in those unique books of travel and in those delicious papers of "Prue and I," there must be a constantly increasing tendency with him to leave his realm of revery

and reminiscence, and to seek contact with the actual in our every-day world.

It is no purpose of ours to fix Mr. Curtis's rank in our literature, and we do not mean to measure his powers or his performance in classing him with Irving and Longfellow in literary refinement of tone, and a predominant grace of execution. He is bound to both by many ties of mental sympathy; though not right New-Englander nor right New-Yorker, he has the spirit of either civilization in him, like his native city of Providence. He has for the Old World the New-World love of both Irving and Longfellow, but he enjoys it more critically than either, and will commonly be found making a lesson of it, one way or other. He has not Irving's archaic spirit; and his writings, though they have dealt so much with the to-day which has now become yesterday, have a greater affinity with Longfellow's. In most things, however, and in essentials, he is alone; and he has so characteristic a vein that it could hardly ever be taken for another's, or not known for his. In all his books he is utterly free from provincialism and vulgarity of thought or feeling: he has neither American nor European narrowness. He has none of the frenzied or bad intention which is so common in our present literary art, and which comes chiefly from ignorance of life and the world. The effects he seeks are to be achieved only through his reader's refinement or innate fineness.

In the work he has accomplished he has given us studies of the East unique in their poetic sympathy and fidelity; a book of such original and freshly delightful romance, that it seems almost a new species in fiction; and occasional criticisms so sympathetically intelligent, and so subtile in their praise as sometimes to make praise appear the only virtue in criticism.

One does not, however, think of him exactly as a critic, nor without reserve speak of him as a traveller, satirist, or romancer, though he is, upon the face of things, all these. One equally shrinks from saying outright that he is a humorist or a poet, though he is undoubtedly humorous and poetical. Perhaps we must, in any attempt at synthesis, return whither our analysis began, and speak of him as a moralist. There is a didacticism in all his work, very fine and courteous, which is

at the same time too marked not to be recognized, while in very much of that which he has done and is doing it is openly declared. As we have partly indicated before, it seems to us that this tendency has steadily taken him from those early dreams of the East in the Howadji travels to observation of fashionable life at American watering-places in "Lotus-Eating," to study of New York society in "The Potiphar Papers," to the expression of pensive satire and regret in "Prue and I," to the effort of assembling the results of his knowledge and speculation upon our life in "Trumps," and so finally to politics. He lives in the world; and since he is not content to take it as it is and use it merely for artistic purposes, but will always be seeking immediately to persuade and better it, he is a moralist rather than a poet.

The only difficulty we find in accepting the conclusion at which we arrive is this, How can a moralist be so wholly charming? But this perplexed us in the beginning.

W. D. Howells.

Art. VI. — *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. Farrar, M. A., F. R. S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

Early in the last century Sir William Temple declared that literature is constantly degenerating, and that the oldest books are always the best. Not only is Homer the greatest of poets and Æsop the wittiest of fabulists, but Phalaris was a letter-writer with whom Pascal and Madame Sévigné are not fit to be compared. Thus wrote Sir W. Temple, much to his own satisfaction and to the edification of many of his contemporaries. But lapse of time and change of circumstance brings about signal alterations in the opinions of men. The other day Dr. J. W. Draper — in a book entitled "Civil Policy of America," and made up chiefly of disconnected statements about physical geography, Arabian chemists, and Jewish physicians — told us that "the grand depositories

of human knowledge are not the ancient, but the modern tongues: few, if any, are the facts worth knowing that are to be exclusively obtained by a knowledge of Latin and Greek." And doubtless this amusing statement will in some quarters meet with as much applause as the loose assertions of Temple met with in their time. For this old controversy about the comparative merits of the ancients and the moderns has been lately resuscitated, though in somewhat altered shape. Times have changed; and what in the eighteenth century was considered good meat for strong men we should now regard as but indifferent milk for babes. We therefore no longer idly argue about the comparative amount of genius possessed by ancient and by modern writers; but we dispute quite zealously, and with sufficient one-sidedness, over the comparative value of ancient literature and modern science as means of mental discipline and branches of liberal education. University reform is a favorite subject of discussion. And among the multiplicity of things that may be taught under a reformed scheme of education, the problem of what must be taught is pressing ever more strongly for a definite solution. The difficulties inherent in the problem are greatly enhanced by the inevitable prejudices of the inquirers. One of the main obstacles in the way of a speedy and amicable settlement of the question arises from the fact that physical investigators as a class have no well-defined idea of the benefits to be derived from classical studies, while classical scholars and literary men are too generally ignorant of the value of physical science as a means of training the intellect. Our opinions reflect our experience with tolerable accuracy, and we can hardly be expected to have a very lively sense of the worth of pursuits in which we have never heartily engaged.

So deep-seated at present is the incapacity of our "ancients" and "moderns" to understand each other, that when a man of catholic culture like Mr. Mill presents both sides of the case with equal force, we find either party disposed to rely upon one half of his argument, while ignoring or disparaging the other half. Dr. Youmans, for example, in the Introduction to his valuable collection of essays on "Modern Culture," having quoted Mr. Mill's address in behalf of scientific studies, thinks

it but fair to add that the same discourse contains a vigorous argument for the classics. "But while," says Dr. Youmans, "Mr. Mill urges the importance of scientific studies *for all*, an examination of his argument for the classics will show that it is applicable only to those who, like himself, are professional scholars, and devote their lives to philological, historical, or critical studies." Now, possibly Mr. Mill *ought* to have limited his argument in this way; but he certainly has not done so. He makes no such distinction: nowhere does he even faintly intimate that he is not putting one class of studies upon the same footing as the other. His whole magnificent Discourse is devoted to showing the urgent necessity which exists for a well-planned scheme of education in which both kinds of learning shall be recognized. He believes that there is no reason, except the stupidity of instructors, why classics and the sciences should not both be taught; and he holds that our earnest recognition of the claims of the one should never blind us to the claims of the other.

In view of this, it is pleasant to meet with a book, written chiefly by classical scholars who have taken university honors, in which the just claims of physical science and the shortcomings of a merely literary education are adequately recognized. The writers of the nine essays forming the volume now under consideration are all graduates of Cambridge, and all but one have at one time or another obtained fellowships in that University. Most of them, therefore, may be presumed to be moderately acquainted with ancient literature, and to some extent sensible of the advantages attending the study of it. The editor, Mr. Farrar, has devoted a large part of his time to philological studies, and has written a treatise on Greek syntax, besides two volumes on the origin and development of language, all of which are works of considerable philosophical merit, though not perhaps of the highest and most accurate scholarship. Of the other writers, two at least — Professor Seeley and Lord Houghton — are well known as men of wide literary culture and trained judgment.

The opinions of such men upon the subject of classical education are entitled to respectful consideration; and when we find among them the most complete unanimity in the decla-

ration that a large part of the classical instruction now given in English universities is utterly worthless, and ought to be replaced by a course in physical science, we cannot set aside the judgment on the plea of ignorant prejudice. Let not Philistinism clap its hands too hastily, however; for the object of this Cambridge book is, not to supersede, but to complement, classical studies. It declares, not against the study of antiquity (*Alterthumswissenschaft*), but against the pedantry with which that study is now carried on; and one of the ablest essays in the volume is devoted to showing that physical science is habitually taught with quite as much pedantry as any branch of ancient learning.

The long career of irrational stultification, through defect in the method of instruction, is usually begun in our school-days. Most countries have rivers running through them; and in studying elementary geography, we are expected duly to learn their courses. Many countries are intersected, or are parted from their neighbors, by chains of mountains; and this second class of facts we are likewise called upon to master. But we are not told that the two sets of phenomena are inseparably related. We are not told that, since all rivers must run down hill, therefore their positions and courses must depend upon the position of mountains, so that by knowing the latter we may be helped to the knowledge of the former. We are required to learn these facts as they stand in the elementary text-books, in "godlike isolation." We are compelled to take in a host of details by a sheer effort of unintelligent memory, while the process of association, by appealing to which alone is memory made serviceable, is appealed to as little as possible. So in grammar, when by dint of irksome mechanical repetition we have become able to state that "a verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person," we have learned a bare fact, which, apart from its explanation, is a useless fact; and that it has or admits of any explanation we are rarely led to suspect.

In approaching foreign languages we become immersed still deeper in the mire of elementary unintelligibility. We commit to memory scores of intricate paradigms, containing all possible forms of the noun or verb, before we have been introduced to a

single sentence in which these forms are presented. In mute dismay we contemplate ingeniously framed rules of syntax, before we have been shown a glimpse of the facts upon which these rules depend. We get the generalization before the particulars, the abstract before the concrete; we learn to repeat formulas before we have the notions needful for filling them. As a natural result, our Latin and Greek seem very difficult. To enhance our perplexity, the same thing is generally introduced to us under different names, or, quite as often, different things under the same name. We are told that the genitive in Greek denotes possession, and next that it likewise denotes origin, and again that it denotes separation. We are informed that the Latin genitive, primarily denoting possession, may however, if of the first or second declension and singular number, be used to signify place, an idea conveyed by the ablative also, which for the time being kindly neglects its proper function of expressing removal. The genitive, moreover, may express one kind of resemblance, another kind being, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence, indicated by the dative. Even if all these cumbrous rules for learning ancient languages were correct, instead of being many of them inaccurate, and nearly all of them antiquated, they would still be worse than useless to the young student. Thrust into his mind as they are, before he has had concrete examples of them, they are utterly meaningless. He knows not how or where to apply them. They serve only to confuse and discourage him. Nor are matters mended much when we begin to do what we should all along have been doing, — when we begin to read. We read a few sentences each day, parsing as we go along, according to the inexplicable rules just referred to, and paying little or no attention to the meaning of our author. Seldom do we read a sufficient mass of matter consecutively to have the language take any hold upon us. Thus we read Aristophanes, and hardly suspect his consummate and irresistible humor. We read Demosthenes, and remain ignorant of Athenian politics. And a few years after leaving college we are able, by dint of much thumbing of the dictionary, and with occasional reference to the grammar, to pick out the meaning of Latin and Greek sentences. This is too often the sorry result which is dignified by the name of a classical education.

Yet perhaps our scientific education, as at present carried on by means of text-books, is not much better. We take up a book on physics, and are told that the Newtonian theory is still one of the great rival theories of light, although it was utterly overthrown at the beginning of the present century. We take up a book on astronomy, and are told that the earth is 95,000,000 miles distant from the sun, although the researches of M. Foucault have shown that the distance is only 91,000,000. We take up a book on physiology, and read about "a vital principle which suspends natural laws," although every competent physiologist well knows that any such "principle" is as much a distorted figment of the fancy as the basilisks which in old times were supposed to haunt secluded cellars. We hear grave lectures on psychology, in which the systems of Locke or Kant are laboriously expounded, while of the recent innovations made by writers like Bain and Maudsley we get not the slightest hint. So in history and philology we are too often taught as if Mommsen and Grote had never written. Grimm's magnificent researches, throwing light upon the whole structure of language, and presenting the history of human thought under an entirely new aspect, are non-existent to the mind of the student. He pursues the even tenor of his way in blissful ignorance of Sir G. C. Lewis, and sees no absurdity in the mythological theories of Euhemeros.

Now it seems to us that the reform which is most urgently needed in our system of liberal education consists not in the substitution of one branch of studies for another so much as in the more liberal, rational, and intelligent pursuit of various branches. In the main, fairness of mind, accuracy of judgment, and shrewdness of perception are to be secured as much by one kind of research as by another kind. The alleged narrowness and torpidity — the "Kronian" characteristics (to use an Aristophanic word) — of classical scholars are due far more to the irrational method in which they have pursued their studies than to those studies themselves. Let the student really fathom who Julius Cæsar was, what he thought, what he did, wherein he differed from Cato or Pompey, why his policy succeeded, and what its effects have been upon all subsequent generations down to our time, — let him duly fathom all this,

and he will have gone far toward getting as good a political education as a man needs to have. Let him, again, justly estimate the value of ancient chronology; let him once have critically examined the works of Bunsen and Lepsius until he has fairly detected their weak points, and he will be as little likely to surrender himself to any current delusion as the man who has studied astronomy or chemistry. The real difficulty is, that our scheme of classical education does not provide for any adequate knowledge, even of classical subjects. Its energies are entirely devoted, during eight or ten years, to the imperfect acquirement of two languages which ought to be very well learned in four or five; and then no time is left for anything else.

Our system of classical education has come down to us from the close of the Middle Ages, — from a time when nearly all that was valuable in literature was to be found in the writings of ancient authors. Until toward their close, the Middle Ages had accomplished little in literature worthy to be compared with the great works of Greek and Roman antiquity. And when, in the fifteenth century, the expulsion of Greeks from Constantinople and the invention of printing brought about the rapid dissemination of ancient literature among people at last socially prepared to welcome it, the effect was as if a new continent had been opened to view in the mental world as vast and inviting as that discovered by Columbus beyond the Atlantic. The exploration of the one was carried on as keenly as that of the other. For a long time there could be no better or more profitable study than that of ancient literature. Before a new career of progress could be inaugurated, old forgotten acquisitions must be recovered and earnestly studied in the light of new political, social, and intellectual circumstances. Accordingly in those days there were classical scholars of gigantic calibre. From the fifteenth to the seventeenth century we have the names of Erasmus, Budæus, the Scaligers, Grotius, Reuchlin, Salmasius, Casaubon, Lipsius, Selden, Bentley, and Huet, representatives of a mighty and astonishing style of scholarship, which doubtless, from the absence of the proper social conditions, will never be seen again. Philosophers, like Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz, bent upon mas-

tering the sum of human knowledge, could do no better than to read with critical eyes the writings of Plato and Aristotle. In light literature, as represented by Rabelais, Montaigne, Ben Jonson, and Burton, classical learning was equally conspicuous. And in social intercourse Latin, and to some extent Greek, held the place since usurped by French and other modern tongues. While modern languages were but little studied, the common dialect of educated Europeans was formed by the tongues of antiquity. These languages were therefore learned to be written and spoken, not to be dozed over, dabbled in, and forgotten. They were learned in the natural way, by concrete examples, and by assiduous practice, not out of grammars bristling with inexplicable abstractions. Homer and Virgil were read for their literary interest, not as the text for monotonous parsing-lessons and useless disquisitions on syllabic quantity.

The changes which classical education has since undergone are narrated by Mr. Parker in the first essay contained in the volume before us. We have not space to rehearse the interesting details which are there given, but must call attention to the striking remarks of Mr. Farrar and Professor Seeley upon the method of teaching the classics now prevalent in the English universities. Mr. Farrar's essay is devoted to exposing the worthlessness of Greek and Latin verse-making as a means of culture. If there be in our day, says Mr. Farrar, any kind of achievement which is at once impossible to do and useless when done, it is the writing of good Latin or Greek verses. Our American universities, so far as we know, do not require it to be done. Once in a while they encourage students to attempt these *nugæ difficiles*, in the hope of obtaining prizes or a college reputation, in case of success. But in our best colleges any student can graduate, and most do graduate, without ever having written Latin or Greek except in more or less halting prose. In England, however, there lingers in many quarters a queer superstition, that the chief end of classical education is to enable its votaries to beguile their leisure hours by stringing together hexameters. As the result of this system, we have some pretty poems in the "Arundines Cami," Mr. D'Arcy

Thompson's "Prolusiones Homericæ," Lord Lyttelton's "Samson Agonistes," and many hundred reams of detestable trash, written doubtless in a dialect such as Aristophanes would hardly have thought fit for the silliest geese and cockatoos of his Cloudcuckooville. In the time now wasted in verse composition in each college career, the methods and leading results of several physical sciences might easily be learned. This is the kind of "instruction" which our essayists would be glad to see done away with. They hold that the chief end of classical education is, beside affording scope for the exercise of sagacity in reasoning, to enlarge our minds by making us acquainted with the ideas, feelings, and customs of a time when men thought, felt, and acted very differently from now. The man who thoroughly knows *Alterthumswissenschaft*, or the science of Greek and Roman antiquity, differs from the man who does not, in much the same way that the man who has travelled all over the world with his eyes open differs from the man whose knowledge of the world is limited to what is going on in his own village. But how a knowledge of ancient civilization is to be got by vain attempts to imitate the diction of Ovid or Theokritos it would be difficult to say. The proposal to study the life of modern Germany, to get an accurate idea of its political and social condition, its literature, its domestic habits, its contributions to human improvement, and the predominant sentiments which actuate its people, by writing quatrains in imitation of the hymns in "Faust," would be saluted with peals of inextinguishable laughter. Yet it would be about as sensible as the method of studying antiquity adopted by the verse-makers.

The subject of verse-making, as we have said, does not concern us so intimately as our brethren across the water, England being alone among civilized nations in the importance which it attaches to this pursuit. But though our schools and colleges do not require the writing of verses, they often waste a great deal of time and energy in teaching the rules of prosody, as well as by the cumbrous and inefficient method in which they conduct classical instruction in general, and particularly by their habit of beginning at the wrong end. We learn French and German with ease, because we begin with concrete examples. In study-

ing Latin and Greek, on the other hand, we begin with abstract rules, and are not seldom compelled to memorize what we cannot understand. Hence the difficulties under which we labor are so great that, by the time they are conquered, we have too often neither leisure nor interest left for other studies. By this process the mind is in many cases stupefied rather than quickened; and the system, far from producing liberally educated men, fails even to produce good classical scholars. We believe that the only efficient way to learn foreign languages, ancient or modern, is to learn them as we learn our own in childhood. We cannot indeed have Greek and Roman nurses, but we can at least have the living phenomena of language presented to our minds, instead of the dead formulas of grammar. If this natural method were to be duly inaugurated, we believe that Greek and Latin might be thoroughly learned in one third of the time now spent in learning them superficially. We should again have excellent Hellenists and Latinists, — not, perhaps, scholars like Erasmus and Scaliger, for we no longer need them, and Donaldson's notion that learned works should still be written in Latin may safely be pronounced a chimera, — but we should have men among us capable of reading ancient literature with ease and pleasure, men capable of extracting from it an amount of historical and philosophical knowledge to which the great scholars of the Renaissance were utter strangers. The scholarship of the present day is necessarily of a quite different type from that of three centuries ago. It has been reacted upon by physical, political, and historical science. Its ideal consists in the thorough knowledge of ancient life, manners, moral ideas, and superstitions, as an essential part of the whole history of mankind. Its representatives are men like Grote, Littré, and Mommsen. Properly pursued, it enlarges our sympathies, shows us the people of bygone times as men like ourselves, alike yet different, actuated by like passions, but guided by different opinions and different conceptions. It forbids us to judge of them by the standard of our own age; it corrects the prejudices inseparable from ignorance of history; it gives us lessons in political conduct; it makes us cosmopolitan and hospitable in mind. These are reasons why classical learning should not be given up. They

are reasons why it will never be given up, but will be rationalized in its method and extended in its province.

To illustrate more fully what is meant by saying that the proper way to teach is to begin with the concrete, we shall take the case of one of the natural sciences as it has been skilfully treated by Mr. Wilson, in his contribution to the present volume. His essay shows that science is often quite as cumbrously taught as the classics; but it also shows how it ought to be taught.

Botany and experimental physics, according to Mr. Wilson, are of all branches of science the most interesting and the most intellectually profitable to children. Let us suppose, then, that we have a class of moderately intelligent children to start in botany: how shall we begin the subject in order that it may be made at once interesting and intellectually profitable? Text-books will not help us much. For instance, Dr. Gray's excellent little book, "How Plants Grow," begins as follows: —

"Plants are chiefly made up of three parts, namely, of *root*, *stem*, and *leaves*. These are called the plant's *organs;* that is, its instruments. And as these parts are all that any plant needs for its growth, or vegetation, they are called the ORGANS OF VEGETATION.

"Plants also produce *flowers*, from which comes the *fruit*, and from this the *seed*. These take no part in nourishing the plant. Their use is to enable it to give rise to new individuals, which increase the numbers of that kind of plant, to take the place of the parent in due time, and keep up the stock; that is, to reproduce and perpetuate the species. So the flower, with its parts, the fruit and the seed, are called the plant's ORGANS OF REPRODUCTION."

Now this is very pleasant reading for grown people, who know something about the subject, are slightly familiar with the conceptions of nutrition, heredity, and genesis, and have learned, however rudely, to classify their notions. But for boys and girls who begin botany at the age when it ought to be begun, this would be neither pleasant nor profitable. If set to learn the above passage by rote, in the ordinary way, they would be likely to find it irksome, and would certainly fail to gain accurate ideas corresponding to all the expressions em-

ployed in it. And, above all, those who learned their lesson would have taken the first step towards acquiring the pernicious habit of accepting statements upon authority. If questioned concerning their grounds for believing that the organs of vegetation in a plant are its root, stem, and leaves, they would perforce reply that they believed it because it was so written in the book. Here is the fatal vice of our common methods of education. They appeal to faith, and not to reason. It is supposed that children are properly instructed if they are *told* that certain things are so and so, and understand what is told them sufficiently to repeat the words of it. Nothing can be more erroneous. No mental discipline, worthy of the name, can be secured in this way. We are benefited, not by the truths which we passively accept, but by those which we actively find out. It makes little difference whether a child is told that "a plant consists of root, stem, and leaves," or that "a verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person." The former proposition is the more intelligible; but in either case the child is taught to accept on authority a generalization which he should be taught to make for himself from a due comparison of instances. With the traditional let us now contrast the rational method of studying botany. We cannot possibly do this better than in Mr. Wilson's own words: —

"Suppose, then, your class of thirty or forty boys before you, as they sit at their first botanical lesson: some curious to know what is going to happen, some resigned to anything, some convinced that it is all a folly. You hand round to each boy several specimens, say of the herb Robert; and taking one of the flowers, you ask one of them to describe the parts of it. 'Some pink leaves,' is the reply. 'How many?' 'Five.' 'Any other parts?' 'Some little things inside.' 'Anything outside?' 'Some green leaves.' 'How many?' 'Five.' 'Very good. Now pull off the five green leaves outside, and lay them side by side; next pull off the five pink leaves, and lay them side by side; and now examine the little things inside: what do you find?' 'A lot of little stalks or things.' 'Pull them off, and count them.' They find ten. Then show them the little dust-bags at the top, and finally the curiously constructed central column, and the carefully concealed seeds. By this time, all are on the alert. Then we resume: The parts in that flower are, outer green envelope, inner colored envel-

ope, the little stalks with dust-bags, and the central column with the seeds. Then you give them all wall-flowers; and they are to write down what they find. By the end of the hour they have learned one great lesson,— the existence of the four floral whorls, though they have not yet heard the name."

Here, let it be noted, the students are making their own way. They are not *told* that a flower consists of four whorls, but they find it out for themselves, and know it henceforth on the evidence of their own senses. If they were to see or hear the fact disputed, they would be incredulous; they would no longer bow to authority. In the next place, they are gaining ideas before they are dosed with words. They are not wasting their energies in conning half-understood formulas about sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils; but they take note of the green leaves, the pink leaves, the stems with dust-bags, and the column with seeds in it; and by and by they find it convenient to describe these things by one word for each, thus avoiding circumlocution and waste of breath. In this way the terms *calyx*, *corolla*, etc., come to have a definite meaning; and are in no danger of being used emptily, without reference to the ideas which they ought to convey. The besetting sin of human reasoning is the employment of words without regard to their full connotation and exact meaning; and for this our systems of early education are in part responsible. It should be recognized as an inflexible rule, that the student is not to be taught to use a word until he feels the need of it in order to express his ideas more readily.

Next, Mr. Wilson would let his pupils guess about the uses of the parts of the flower, — what the green leaves are for, what the central column is for, what the dust-bags are for; and would tell them just enough to help them to hit upon the answer. Then he would give them an unsymmetrical flower, like the *pelargonium* or the garden geranium, which, on picking to pieces, they would discover to be formed on the same general plan. Then would come the daisy and dandelion, where the outer green envelope and the little dust-bags are not so easy to find. Then he would call attention to the spiral arrangement of leaves; the overlapping of sepals in the rose; and the alternance of parts; and from this to Goethe's

magnificent generalizations there would be but a step, and that a step easy to be taken.

"Taught in this way, whatever flower a boy sees, after a few lessons, he looks at with interest, as modifying the view of flowers he has attained to. He is tempted by his discoveries: he is on the verge of the unknown, and perpetually transferring to the known. All that he sees finds a place in his theories, and in turn reacts upon them, for his theories are growing. He is fairly committed to the struggle in the vast field of observation, and he learns that the test of a theory is its power of including facts. He learns that he must use his eyes and his reason, and that then he is equipped with all that is necessary for discovering truth. He learns that he is capable of judging of other people's views, and of forming an opinion of his own. He learns that nothing in the plant, however minute, is unimportant; that he owes only temporary allegiance to the doctrines of his master, and not a perpetual faith."

Only contrast this with the common practice of loading a boy's memory with *cellules* and *parenchyma*, *protoplasm* and *chlorophyll*, *rhizomes* and *bulbs*, *endosmose* and *exosmose*, before he has any definite and abiding conception of how a plant is put together!

Mr. Wilson's method carries with it its own recommendation; and his method of teaching botany is the method upon which all teaching, if it is to discipline the intelligence, should be conducted. First the facts, then the generalization, lastly the nomenclature. All the knowledge which in the conduct of life we are able to use to any good purpose is necessarily acquired in this way. If we had no knowledge of human nature save what might be gained by the memorizing of abstract ethical formulas, we should never acquire the knack of dealing sensibly with our fellow-creatures. But we notice how men act under given circumstances: day by day, and year by year, we gather and collate such facts of observation into general opinions, crude indeed as compared with the exhaustive generalizations of physical science, yet as far as they go embodying the results of genuine experience. Thus our knowledge of men gradually acquires the accuracy and precision needful, in order that we may act upon it securely. In gathering such knowledge, — in learning how to

live rightly, — our early education ought to help us. Reasoning is reasoning, and its canons are substantially the same, whether flowers, or triangles, or participles, or human nature constitute the matter reasoned about. By reasoning out what we know, we make knowledge lead to wisdom; we become civilized as we grow older. If the vast body of truths constituting modern science could have been miraculously *told* to our mediæval ancestors, an imposing quantity of pretentious scholarship might have been called into existence, but the world would not have become civilized much the sooner. It is the conscious effort put forth in making all these discoveries which has worked the profound modification of mind and character called civilization. Humanity could not, after toilfully elaborating the laws of gravitation and chemical affinity, remain as barbarous and untutored as before. This was in part what Lessing had in his mind, when he said that if God were to hold in his right hand perfect truth, and in his left hand the untiring search for truth, he would unhesitatingly choose the latter. It is upon discovery, not upon rote-learning, that humanity has thrived. And if — to adopt another idea of that incompara ble man — civilization is but the education of the race, it is after the course of civilization that a rational course of education should in miniature be patterned.

To Professor Seeley's excellent essay on Competitive Tests we can only briefly allude. The state of things at Cambridge which it describes is exceedingly instructive. At Cambridge, if anywhere in the world, the system of competition has been put to a crucial test. The examinations are formidable, alike from their severity and from their rigid accuracy. Immense rewards await the successful scholar, and all possible means for obtaining a creditable position are placed at the disposal of the ambitious student. Yet the results thus far obtained from the competitive system are by no means brilliant. It does not apparently increase the number of eminent scholars, or even of thoroughly educated men, produced by the University. The complaint is even made that England has ceased to produce great scholars; that in point of erudition she is falling behind the Continental nations; and it is frequently remarked as a significant fact, that the most learned of Englishmen in the

present age — men like Garnett and Grote — have not been educated at the universities. But this accusation is exaggerated and somewhat irrelevant; for the competitive system is a very modern institution, and the great scholars just mentioned are in no way the contemporaries of those brought up under it. Yet, if we are to reason in this way, it must be said that England has no cause to be ashamed of the array of illustrious scholars which she has to show for the nineteenth century. And most of them have been university men who have graduated either with high honors, or at least with credit.

It is not so much, however, by the number of great scholars which it turns out, as by the general standard of intelligence among its graduates, that the system of a university is to be judged. A man who lives to edit Lucretius or Aristotle, as Mr. Munro and Sir A. Grant have done, will most likely in his college days study for the sake of study, and the competitive or any other system can exert but a transient effect upon him. The English universities afford great facilities to a young man who desires to study in earnest, and is already a scholar in embryo. But the question which here especially concerns us is, What is the worth of the competitive system now in use as a wholesome incentive to the average young man who does not passionately love knowledge for its own sake? — does it tend to widen and render more thorough the education which he will get at the university? Experience is beginning to tell us plainly that the reverse is the case. The education of young men in the English universities is narrowed and rendered more superficial by the competitive system. Whatever results may be brought forth by comparing the lists of great scholars which England and the Continental nations can respectively furnish, there can be no doubt that the average college graduate in France or Germany attains to a far higher degree of knowledge and culture than the average graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. He does not ordinarily manifest that preternatural ignorance of everything except the classics which characterizes the English student. And his study of the classics has usually enriched him with a more or less valuable stock of literary, critical, and philosophical ideas, which the Englishman, absorbed in verse-writing and prize-getting, has never caught

sight of. He knows a greater number of authors, and he knows them to more profit. Now for this superficiality and narrowness of English education the competitive system is directly responsible. It transforms the means into the end. It makes the student think more of winning the prize than of mastering the subject in hand according to his own intellectual needs. And that there is all the difference in the world between mastering a subject and making a brilliant show with it at an examination every scholar well knows. Professor Seeley has graphically described the results of the system at Cambridge. The object of the tripos examinations being to distinguish accurately the merit of the students, it follows that those subjects in which attainments can be tested with precision take precedence of subjects in which they cannot. These latter subjects, "however important they may be, gradually cease to be valued or taught or learned, while the former come into repute, and acquire an artificial value. This cannot take place without an extraordinary perversion of views both in the taught and the teachers. They learn to weigh the sciences in a perfectly new scale, and one which gives perfectly new results. They reject as worthless for educational purposes the greatest questions which can occupy the human mind, and attach unbounded importance to some of the least." Philosophy, for instance, is rejected, while the useless details of grammar and prosody are made much of. On the one hand, young men may graduate with signal honor, and yet never know what great principles were at stake in the Peloponnesian War; while, on the other hand, these same young men are taught to be "ashamed of falling short of perfect knowledge in the genders of Latin nouns, which involve no principles at all, and in which a minute accuracy can hardly be attained without a certain frivolity or eccentricity of memory!"

Still worse, the competitive system vulgarizes the mind of the student. Scholarly enthusiasm, an exalted opinion of the value of knowledge, faith in culture as such, — "divine curiosity," in a word, — should be the student's incentives to labor. These are the only motives which can ever lead to any culture worthy of the name. The competitive system tends to destroy

these motives, replacing them by the vulgar desire to outshine one's companions.

"Instead of enlarging the range of the student's anticipations, it narrows them. It makes him careless of his future life, regardless of his higher interests, and concentrates all his thoughts upon the paltry examination upon which perhaps a fellowship depends, or success in some profession is supposed to depend. It is well known that any one who asks himself the question, 'Is this course of study good for me? does it favor my real progress, my ultimate success?' is not fit for the tripos. Thinking of any kind is regarded as dangerous. It is the well-known saying of a Cambridge private tutor: 'If So-and-so did not *think* so much, he might do very well.' I may content myself with remarking, that the particular student who *did* think too much, and who, perhaps as a consequence, was beaten in the tripos, now stands in scientific reputation above all his contemporaries."

An adequate examination of Professor Seeley's arguments, and especially of the practical expedients by which he would do away with the evils just mentioned, would carry us far beyond our limits. The volume before us is not one which can easily be epitomized and furnished with a running commentary. So many suggestions are made, and questions opened, in it, that any attempt to treat it thus thoroughly would end in the production of a companion volume rather than of a brief article. But from what has been said it will be seen that our essayists do not belong to the number of those who disparage classical studies as unfit for the needs of our time. The Philistinism which regards everything as useless that is not utilitarian need seek for no encouragement in this book. The claims of physical science are urged from considerations of general culture, and not of narrow utility. And for this we heartily commend the writers. There is no reason whatever why Philistinism should be allowed the exclusive protectorship of physical science. To assail or defend the study of it, while taking into account only its utilitarian aspects, is wholly to ignore the true state of the question. It is to commit a mistake like that committed by Macaulay in his eloquent but superficial essay on Bacon. The study of science, properly conducted, is by no means subservient to objects of narrow utility. The utilitarian point of view, in the limited sense of the word, is

not at all apparent in Laplace's explanation of the perturbed motions of the planets, in Gerhardt's theory of atomicity, in Cuvier's classification of animals, or in Darwin's investigations into the principles of variation. Indeed, that profound but somewhat chimerical writer, Auguste Comte, expressly finds fault with contemporary followers of science because they do not sufficiently confine themselves to investigations which have a perceptible bearing upon the interests of society. In his pontifical fashion, he authoritatively warns us against pursuing such useless inquiries as those which concern stellar astronomy, the cellular structure of organic beings, the origin of species, etc. But we have no fear that the investigating world will take heed of his misapplied caution. That inborn curiosity which, according to the Semitic myth, has already made us "like gods, knowing good and evil," will continue to inspire us until the last secret of nature is laid bare; and doubtless in the untiring search we shall uncover many priceless jewels in places where we least expect to find them. The legitimate claim which science makes is, that, while drawing the mind toward investigation and activity for its own sake, it confers upon humanity unlooked-for rewards.

But in order that either a literary or a scientific education shall produce worthy results, it must be rationally conducted, with a single eye to the greatest possible perfection of culture. Nothing will be gained by giving up Greek composition, and studying botany or chemistry as a mere collection of "useful" details. The adversaries of a classical and literary culture will do well to bear this in mind. It is not by throwing overboard a valuable portion of the cargo, but by adopting improved methods of navigating the ship, that we shall make a successful voyage.

JOHN FISKE.

ART. VII. — 1. *The Monks and the Giants: Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work.* By WILLIAM and ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT, of Stow-Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. *Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.* Fourth Edition. London: John Murray. 1821. 16mo. pp. vii., 120.

2. *Aristophanes. A Metrical Version of the Acharnians, the Knights and the Birds, in the last of which a Vein of peculiar Humour and Character is for the first Time detected and developed.* London: William Pickering. 1840. [Printed at Malta.] 4to. *The Frogs.* London. 1839.

3. *Theognis Restitutus. The Personal History of the Poet Theognis, deduced from an Analysis of his existing Fragments. A Hundred of these Fragments, translated or paraphrased in English Metre, are arranged in their proper biographical Order, with an accompanying Commentary. With a Preface in which the Suggestion of Mr. Clinton, as to the true Date of the Poet's Birth (viz. in Olymp. 59) is confirmed by Internal Evidence.* Malta. 1842. 4to.

READERS of the Life of Scott, or of Byron, of Southey, or of Moore, and those who have looked over a list of the contributors to the "Anti-Jacobin," have met with the name of John Hookham Frere; but there are few, even among the professed lovers of literature, who have more than an indistinct impression of his character, genius, and literary performances. And yet there was no one among his contemporaries whose intellectual gifts were more original, more various, or of a rarer quality.

It is not wholly to the freak of fortune, or the malicious blindness of fame, that the limited reputation of Mr. Frere is to be charged. He cared nothing for vulgar applause. He was too indolent to push his way in the long procession of aspirants to the Temple of Fame, and far too fastidious to like the company he would have been forced to meet at the door. His literary temper was aristocratic, and he preferred the quiet appreciation of a few clever and con-

genial men of culture, to the troublesome admiration of the great public. Writing neither for bread nor renown, he published but little, and only a few copies of his books were printed, so that all of them are, bibliographically speaking, rare.

He was one of those men, of whom there are always too few, with ample and self-sufficing power, who can do so easily what others find it hard to accomplish, that they are deprived of the sting of ambition, and are content to enjoy while others are compelled to labor. His temperament, his taste, his culture, his position, united to make him the type of the man of literary genius, as distinguished from the professional author. His fulness of accomplishment saved him from dissatisfaction with what he did; and if he wrote but little, it was not that

> "toujours mécontent de ce qu'il vient de faire
> Il plait à tout le monde, et ne sauroit se plaire,"

but that he had a just confidence that he could do what would suit himself, and that no one else could do better. As poet, as scholar, as humorist, he knew himself among the best.

His life was externally an easy and, but for infirmities of health, a prosperous one, and was marked by few incidents.* He was born in 1769,—a year most productive of genius,—the son of a country gentleman for many years member of Parliament for Norwich. Sent early to Eton, he was there a companion of Canning, and in 1786 joined with him, and one or two other schoolfellows, in the production of the "Microcosm," which was the forerunner of the famous "Anti-Jacobin." In 1792 he took his degree of B.A. at Cambridge, and in 1795 that of M.A. In 1796 he entered Parliament, and three years later succeeded Mr. Canning as under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Meanwhile he had been displaying his literary talents in the "Anti-Jacobin," the first number of which appeared in November, 1797. The extraordinary cleverness

* Fifteen years ago an article appeared in this journal on Mr. Frere's Version of Aristophanes. It contained a short account of the author's life, and a cordial notice of the work under review, with some extracts from it. The sources of information concerning Mr. Frere are curiously scanty and barren. No proper memoir of him has been published. None of his letters, so far as we are aware, have appeared in print.

of the poetical compositions contained in the earlier numbers of this journal has made them a familiar part of the satirical literature of England. Canning, Frere, and George Ellis were the chief writers, and the best and most noted pieces were their joint composition.* The famous Sapphics, "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder," were by Canning and Frere. The "Loves of the Triangles," with its admirable humor, was also a joint production; and to the play of "The Rovers," one of the most amusing pieces of burlesque in English, Frere, Canning, and George Ellis contributed till it overruns with their common wit, humor, and fun. Everybody remembers the scene between Matilda and Cecilia.

"*Mat.* A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear an eternal friendship.

"*Cec.* Let us agree to live together!

"*Mat.* Willingly. (*With rapidity and earnestness.*)

"*Cec.* Let us embrace. (*They embrace.*)

"*Mat.* Yes: I too have loved! — you, too, like me, have been forsaken! (*Doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.*)

"*Cec.* Too true.

"*Both.* Ah, these men! these men!"

And the admirable song by Rogero, the lover of Matilda, is even more familiar, in which he recalls his days at the University of Göttingen:

"There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu —
— tor, Law Professor at the U —
— niversity of Göttingen,
— niversity of Göttingen."

The contributors to the "Anti-Jacobin," at the time, kept themselves studiously anonymous, but Canning and Frere were known by at least a select circle as the authors of much that was best in the successive numbers.

In October, 1800, Frere was sent by Mr. Pitt to Portugal as Envoy Extraordinary, and in 1802 was transferred to Madrid.

* The authorship of these pieces is given on Canning's authority, he having set down in his own copy the names of the writers. For the full list, see Notes and Queries, Vol. III. p. 348.

In 1804 he returned to England and was made a Privy Councillor. In 1807 he was sent as Minister to Prussia; and in 1808, at the opening of the war between the Spanish insurgents and France, he was transferred to Madrid. Here his warm sympathy with the efforts of the people to repel the French invaders, and his thorough knowledge of the Spanish character and language, gave him great influence in the councils of the nation. The British expedition to aid the Spanish cause was sent out in the summer of 1808. Difficulties soon arose between Sir John Moore, its commander, and Mr. Frere. Frere vehemently opposed Moore's retreat, which ended disastrously in the battle of Corunna. The dissatisfaction in England, on account of the misfortunes attending the expedition, led to Frere's recall; and he was bitterly censured by the opposition in Parliament for having contributed, by his interference with the military operations, to the unhappy result of the campaign. From this time he held no public office of much importance; and his life seems to have been led in the elegant leisure of literary society, and in the unforced pursuit of his favorite studies.

In April, 1808, Southey writes to Scott: "I saw Frere in London, and he has promised to let me print his translations from the *Poema del Cid*. They are admirably done. Indeed, I never saw anything so difficult to do, and done so excellently, except your supplement to Sir Tristrem." These translations appeared in the Appendix to Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," and deserve all the praise that Southey gives to them. Mr. Ticknor, in his History of Spanish Literature, quotes some passages from them, and characterizes Mr. Frere as "one of the most accomplished scholars England has produced, and one whom Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced to be the first of English translators." Frere's excellence as a translator had, indeed, been exhibited at a very early age. In Ellis's "Specimens of the Early English Poets," which first appeared in 1790, an Anglo-Saxon Ode on Athelstan's Victory is given in the original, with a literal translation, to which is subjoined a metrical version, supplied, says Mr. Ellis, "by the kindness of a friend." This friend was the young Frere, and Mr. Ellis adds: "This [version] was written several years ago, dur-

ing the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley, and was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century. The reader will probably hear with some surprise, that this singular instance of critical ingenuity was the composition of an Eton school-boy." As an example of skilful adoption of the language and style of an early period, this version is not less remarkable, under the circumstances, than the compositions of Chatterton. "It is," says Mackintosh, in his History of England, "a double imitation, unmatched perhaps in literary history, in which the writer gave an earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar genius, and preserving the characteristic manner of his original, which, though the specimens of it be too few, places him alone among English translators." And Scott, in his "Essay on Imitation of the Ancient Ballads," written in 1830, and published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," says: "I have only met, in my researches into these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the 'War Song upon the Victory at Brunnanburg, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman,' by the Right Honorable John Hookham Frere."

At the time of the publication of "Sir Tristrem," in 1804, Frere expressed a cordial admiration for the performance; and George Ellis wrote to Scott that Frere, "whom you would delight to know, and who would delight to know you," has "no hesitation in saying that he considers Sir Tristrem as by far the most interesting work that has as yet been published on the subject of our earliest poets; and indeed such a piece of literary antiquity as no one could have, *a priori*, supposed to exist." To this Scott answers: "Frere is so perfect a master of the ancient style of composition, that I would rather have his suffrage than that of a whole synod of your vulgar antiquaries."

In translating the ancient Spanish poem of the Cid, Frere was thus at work in a field of which he was doubly master. The full merit of his versions is hardly to be understood without acquaintance with the archaic vigor and simplicity of the original, and the peculiarities of its diction and versifica-

tion; but the spirit and picturesqueness, the strength and easy flow, of the following passage, may at least serve to indicate the quality of the translation.

Among the earliest conquests of the Cid was Alcocer. "But the Moors collect in force, and besiege him in their turn, so that he can save himself only by a bold sally, in which he overthrows their whole array. The rescue of his standard, endangered in the onslaught by the rashness of Bermuez, who bore it, is described in the very spirit of knighthood."*

"The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they rushed
The outposts of the Moorish host back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must join,
'My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign.'
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain.
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein;
'You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honors it, shew the duty that he owes.'
Earnestly the Cid called out, 'For heaven's sake be still!'
Bermuez cried, 'I cannot hold,' so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner, and compast him about.
Had not his armor been so true he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again, 'For heaven's sake succor him!'

"Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go;
Their lances in the rest levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar:
'I am Rui Dias, the Champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet Mercy's sake!'
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show.
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with every blow;
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain;
You might see them raise their lances and level them again.

* Ticknor's Spanish Literature, I. 17.

There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild, whose riders had been slain.
The Christians call upon St. James, the Moors upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little spot of ground."

The acquaintance between Scott and Frere, which Ellis had desired, began in London in 1806, and Scott writes to Ellis: "I met with your friend Mr. Canning in town, and claimed his acquaintance as a friend of yours, and had my claim allowed; also Mr. Frere, — both delightful companions, far too good for politics and for winning and losing places. When I say I was more pleased with their society than I thought had been possible on so short an acquaintance, I pay them a very trifling compliment and myself a very great one."

Years afterward, in 1831, on Scott's sad voyage to Italy, after the wreck of his fortunes and his health, and the disappointment of his hopes, he met Frere at Malta, where he had long been resident. The two old friends enjoyed each other's company as much as in the earlier days; and Mrs. John Davy, who recorded the incidents of the time in her journal, speaks of their mutual pleasure in meeting. One day, she says, "on joining us in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a Saxon ballad. This led him to ballads in general, and he gravely lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy in not esteeming highly enough that of 'Hardyknute.' He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but 'just old enough,' and a noble imitation of the best style. In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the 'Romances of the Cid,' and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to 'suit the action to the word.'" *

Frere was one of the set of literary politicians who engaged in the establishment of the Quarterly Review in 1809. "Frere," says Scott, † "and all the ancient anti-Jacobins,

* Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. VII. ch. ix.

† Ibid., Vol. II. ch. vii. Letter to Mr. Morritt, January 14, 1809.

are to be concerned." He, however, does not seem to have been a frequent contributor to the new journal, but to have been content with the charms of literary leisure, and the easy pleasures of cultivated society.

In 1816 he married the Countess Dowager of Errol, and in 1817 and 1818 he published the four cantos — all that were ever published — of the work on which his reputation as an original poet and humorist mainly rests. This was "The Monks and the Giants: Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow-Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." The four cantos of this admirable and delightful performance form but a little volume of one hundred and twenty pages. There are few books of its size which contain as much genuine wit, humor, and fancy, or which display greater skill in the management of both light and serious verse, or indicate fuller resources of culture. It is a fresh and unique *jeu d'esprit*, which exhibits a quality of cleverness as rare as it is amusing. The form and method of the poem, the structure of its verse, its swift transitions from sprightly humor to serious description or reflection, its mingling of exaggeration with sober sense, its heroi-comic vein, are all derived from the famous Italian romantic poems, especially from the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, and in a less degree from the *Animali Parlanti* of Casti. It has no moral object, and does not confine itself to a single continuous narrative, but is a simple work of amusement, free in its course, according to the whim and fancy of the writer. It is the overflow of an abundant and lively spirit, restrained only by the limits imposed by a fine sense of the proprieties of humor, and a thorough acquaintance with the rules of art. Its execution displays a command of style so complete in its way that it may be called perfect. The imaginary authors, the Whistlecrafts, appear in the poem only as giving a natural propriety to some of its simplicities of diction, and humorous absurdities of digression. Frere created the fiction of the "harness and collar makers" simply to gain a freer swing for his mirth, and is at no pains to preserve an absolute consistency of tone.

The bland conceit of the pretended illiterate poet and prosaic tradesman add point to the keen wit and delicate appreciation and expression of one of the finest of literary masters, of a scholar who quotes Æschylus, transcribes professed rhyming Latin monkish chronicles, explains the fable of Orpheus, and on every page shows —

> "Traces of learning and superior reading."

Passing over the brief Introduction, which is an excellent burlesque of the tradesman's style of prose, and the proem which sets forth its professed object, the poem opens after the manner of the *Morgante Maggiore* and the *Orlando Innamorato* with a scene of festivity at the court of the renowned king of the legendary romance of chivalry.

> "The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
> And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle,
> And thither came the vassals, most and least,
> From every corner of this British Isle."

After narrating the fashion of their entertainment, and the confusion that reigned among the crowd of all sorts of people that assembled at the court, the poet proceeds to describe the behavior of the higher orders of society.

> "And certainly they say for fine behaving
> King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
> True point of honor, without pride or braving,
> Strict etiquette forever on the watch:
> Their manners were refined and perfect, — saving
> Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
> As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages, —
> Accomplishments reserved for distant ages."

But leaving the undistinguished general company of knights and ladies, the poet selects three personages for special description, — the three most famous of the knights of the Round Table, — Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Gawain. These three figures are drawn with such vivid strokes, and such force of characterization, and the passage concerning them so well illustrates the manner of the poem, and is of such merit in its vigorous diction and its easy versification, that it may well be cited at length.

"In form and figure far above the rest,
Sir Launcelot was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever-welcome guest;
Britain will never see his like again,
Of all the knights she ever had the best,
Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain:
I never saw his picture nor his print;
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

"For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,
And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that courtly train appeared
Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and reared
To rustic labors or to loose amours;
He moved among his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

"Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forsook
His countenance, and then returned again,
As if some secret recollection shook
His inward heart with unacknowledged pain;
And something haggard in his eyes and look
(More than his years or hardships could explain)
Made him appear, in person and in mind,
Less perfect than what nature had designed.

"Of noble presence, but of different mien,
Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
Sir Tristram at Carlisle was rarely seen,
But ever was regretted while away;
With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
His ready converse charmed the wintry day.
No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
Or foreign marvels, like the foolish knights,

"But with a playful imitative tone
(That merely seemed a voucher for the truth),
Recounted strange adventures of his own,
The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churlish giants he had seen and known,
Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth;
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of savage monarchs and their monstrous wives:

"Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away;
And ever when the ladies chose to ask,

Sir Tristram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seemed to mock himself the while.

"His ready wit and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
All games of skill, and stratagems of wars;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt;

"From realm to realm he ran,— and never staid;
Kingdoms and crowns he wan,— and gave away:
It seemed as if his labors were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray:
No conquests nor acquirements had he made:
His chief delight was on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd.

"His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
It seemed as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project and impelled the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
When overmatched, entangled, and outnumbered.

"Strange instruments and engines he contrived
For sieges, and constructions for defence,
Inventions some of them which have survived,
Others were deemed too cumbrous and immense:
Minstrels he loved and cherished while he lived,
And patronized them both with praise and pence;
Somewhat more learned than became a knight,
It was reported he could read and write.

"Sir Gawain may be painted in a word,—
He was a perfect loyal Cavalier;
His courteous manners stand upon record,
A stranger to the very thought of fear.
The proverb says, 'As brave as his own sword';
And like his weapon was that worthy peer,
Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
Polished yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

"On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit;
A word from him set everything at rest,
His short decisions never failed to hit;
His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
Were felt as the severest reprehension.

"His memory was the magazine and hoard,
Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
And confidences and complaints were stored,
From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and peer:
Loved by his friends and trusted by his lord,
A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
Adviser-general to the whole community,
He served his friend, but watched his opportunity.

"One riddle I could never understand —
But his success in war was strangely various;
In executing schemes that others planned
He seemed a very Cæsar or a Marius;
Take his own plans, and place him in command,
Your prospect of success became precarious:
His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded,
And realized them better far than he did.

"His discipline was stedfast and austere,
Unalterably fixed, but calm and kind;
Founded on admiration more than fear,
It seemed an emanation from his mind;
The coarsest natures that approached him near
Grew courteous for the moment, and refined;
Beneath his eye the poorest living wight
Felt full of point of honor like a knight.

"In battle he was fearless to a fault,
The foremost in the thickest of the field;
His eager valor knew no pause nor halt,
And the red rampant lion on his shield
Scaled towns and towers, the foremost in assault,
With ready succor where the battle reeled:
At random, like a thunderbolt he ran,
And bore down shields and pikes and horse and man."

The second canto, after a brief, humorous prelude, tells how,

"Before the feast was ended, a report
Filled every soul with horror and dismay;

Some ladies, on their journey to the court,
Had been surprised, and were conveyed away
By the Aboriginal Giants, to their fort, —
An unknown fort, — for government, they say,
Had ascertained its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance."

Sir Gawain at once starts forth to proceed to the rescue of the unfortunate ladies, while Sir Tristram follows more at leisure. After a journey and search of two or three days, a secluded valley is discovered,

"Where the descendants of the Giant tribes
Lived in their ancient fortress undescried."

In the description of this place the author parodies with delicate exaggeration the high-flying extravagances common in the scenery of heroic poems: —

"Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound;
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground;
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

. . . . .

"A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of Giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule,
Irregular, like nature more than art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part."

Approaching this seat of the Giants,

"Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain,
A true-bred Giant never trusts a knight";

And

"When all conciliatory measures failed,
The castle and the fortress were assailed."

But the assault was repulsed; and after a council, it was determined "to call in succor from the country round," and to proceed by regular approaches. At length the fort was thoroughly blockaded. But meanwhile Sir Tristram happened to secede, and

"some suspected
He went, lest his advice should be neglected."

Returning to camp after three days' absence, and finding Sir Gawain ill content, he proved his own good-humor by

"Approving everything that had been done.
'It serves to put the Giants off their guard,
Less hazard and less danger will be run.
I doubt not we shall find them unprepared,
The castle will more easily be won,
And many valuable lives be spared;
The ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,
Will most infallibly be killed and eaten.'

"Sir Tristram talked incomparably well;
His reasons were irrefragably strong.
As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
For he discovered clearly before long
(What Tristram never would presume to tell)
That his whole system was entirely wrong;
In fact, his confidence had much diminished
Since all the preparations had been finished."

Sir Tristram undertakes to try a fresh assault. The description of the night march of his forces, and their ascent of the rugged mountain, is exceedingly spirited. At length the Giants discover them, and from the crown of the height threaten and defy them. Sir Tristram carries on a brief colloquy with the Giants in their own jargon, and then

"He darted forward to the mountain's brow —
The Giants ran away, — they knew not why —
Sir Tristram gained the point, — he knew not how —
He could account for it no more than I.
Such strange effects we often witness now;
Such strange experiments true Britons try
In sieges and in skirmishes afloat,
In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

"True courage bears about a charm or spell.
It looks, I think, like an instinctive law,
By which superior natures daunt and quell
Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
I wonder if Philosophers can tell, —
Can they explain the thing with all their jaw?
I can't explain it, — but the fact is so, —
A fact which every midshipman must know."

But though the height was gained, the Giants' keep was not yet taken. A signal was held out to summon Sir Gawain and his forces to aid in the assault. While they are approaching Sir Tristram and his party engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the Giants. Sir Gawain arrives, the Giants are overpowered, and their castle is taken.

> "The ladies? — They were tolerably well,
> At least as well as could have been expected;
> Many details I must forbear to tell,
> Their toilet had been very much neglected;
> But by supreme good luck it so befell,
> That when the castle's capture was effected,
> When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
> Only two fat duennas were devoured."

The ladies proceeded at once by Sir Gawain's kind direction to the Court, and he followed with a grand escort, while Sir Tristram,

> "For he was wholly guided by his humor,
> Indifferent to report and public rumor,"

remained loitering in the fort, thinking the building and the scenery striking.

> "And now the thread of our romance unravels,
> Presenting new performers on the stage."

"But I begin," says the poet,

> "to tremble at the cavils
> Of this fastidious, supercilious age;
> Reviews, and paragraphs in morning papers,
> The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapors."

The third and fourth cantos, which Mr. Frere did not publish till a year after the first two had appeared, have little connection with the preceding story, but relate to an earlier incident in the history of the Giants. The same qualities of style distinguish them, — the easy flow of verse, the perfect command of natural language, the control of rhyme (the poet never seeming to be mastered as Pulci and Berni often are by the difficulties of the line), the rapid transitions, the playful humor, the happy strokes of satire, the characteristic delineation of personages, and the charming descriptions of scenery, display the genius of the author in even fuller measure than it is shown in the earlier episode of this delightful poem.

"Arms and the Monks" he sings:—

"Some ten miles off an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Sloped to the river's bank, and southern beam;
Within were fifty friars, fat and good,
Of goodly persons, and of good esteem,
That passed an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

"Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted,
In the first abbot's lifetime, much respect;
The Giants let them settle where they listed:
The Giants were a tolerating sect.

. . . . .

"Music will civilize, the poets say;
In time it might have civilized the Giants;
The Jesuits found its use in Paraguay;
Orpheus was famous for harmonic science,
And civilized the Thracians in that way;
My judgment coincides with Mr. Bryant's;
He thinks that Orpheus meant a race of cloisterers,
Obnoxious to the Bacchanalian roisterers.

. . . . .

"And oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the Minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

"But chiefly when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depth of instinct grew
Subjective,—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

"Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each could venture: 'Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard heaven's thunder melt

In music! — all at once it soothes — it smothers —
It overpowers one — Pillicock, don't pelt!
It seems a kind of shame, a kind of sin,
To vex those harmless worthy souls within.'

"In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred cells
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown.
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangor,
Roused their irrational, gigantic anger.

. . . . .

"Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

"Historians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to persevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppression, sacrilege, assassination;
The following scenes I wished to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So — 'my heart sickens and I drop my pen,'
And am obliged to pick it up again.

"And dipping it afresh, I must transcribe
An ancient monkish record, which displays
The savage acts of that gigantic tribe;
I hope, that from the diction of those days,
This noble, national poem will imbibe
A something (in the old reviewing phrase)
'Of an original flavor, and a raciness';
I should not else transcribe it out of laziness.

"The writer first relates a dream, or vision,
Observed by Luke or Lawrence in their cells,
And a nocturnal hideous apparition
Of fiends and devils dancing round the bells;
This last event is stated with precision;
Their persons he describes, their names he tells,
Klaproth, Tantallan, Barbanel, Belphegor,
Long-tailed, long-taloned, hairy, black, and meagre.

"He then rehearses sundry marvels more,
Damping the mind with horror by degrees,
Of a prodigious birth a heifer bore,
Of mermaids seen in the surrounding seas,

Of a sea-monster that was cast ashore;
Earthquakes and thunder-stones, — events like these,
Which served to show the times were out of joint,
And then proceeds directly to the point.

"Erant rumores et timores varii;
Dies horroris et confusionis
Evenit in calendis Januarii;
Gigantes, semen maledictionis,
Nostri potentes impii adversarii,
Irascebantur campanarum sonis;
Horâ secundâ centum tres gigantes
Venerunt ante januam ululantes.

"At fratres pleni desolationis
Stabant ad necessarium præsidium,
Perterriti pro vitis et pro bonis,
Et perduravit hoc crudele obsidium,
Nostri claustralis pauperis Sionis,
Ad primum diem proximarum Idium;
Tunc in triumpho fracto tintinnabulo
Gigantes ibant alibi pro pabulo.

"Sed frater Isidorus decumbebat
In lecto per tres menses brachio fracto,
Nam lapides Mangonellus jaciebat,
Et fregit tintinnabulum lapide jacto;
Et omne vicinagium destruebat,
Et nihil relinquebat de intacto,
Ardens molinos, Casas, messuagia,
Et alia multa damna atque outragia.

"These Monks were poor proficients in divinity,
And scarce knew more of Latin than myself;
Compared with theirs they say that true Latinity
Appears like porcelain compared with delf;
As for the damage done in the vicinity,
Those that have laid their Latin on the shelf
May like to read the subsequent narration
Done into metre from a friend's translation."

The poet then goes back in point of time to relate how there had been fierce discussion and debate among the monks as to the wisdom of obtaining the new ring of bells; and how the anti-tintinnabularians were overborne and outvoted. One of the opponents of the bells, a prudent monk, the reader and librarian of the convent, found himself looked upon with great suspicion by the prevailing faction, and in order to avoid

odium and the consequences of the dislike of his brethren, he devoted himself — while the rest were busy, bustling in the belfry day by day, and the cloisters were deserted — to fulfilling the neglected duties of the convent. The day before the first opening peal, he neither dined nor supped; and having determined to go out fishing the next day, that he might get away as far as possible from the detested sound, he laid his ground-bait over night: —

> "So with the belfry's first prelusive jangle,
> He sallied from the garden-gate unseen,
> With his worst hat, his boots, his line and angle,
> Meaning to pass away the time, and bring
> Some fish for supper, as a civil thing."

> "And here let us detain ourselves awhile,
> My dear Thalia! Party's angry frown,
> And petty malice in that monkish pile
> (The warfare of the cowl and of the gown),
> Had almost dried my wits and drained my style;
> Here, with our legs, then, idly dangling down,
> We 'll rest upon the bank, and dip our toes
> In the poetic current as it flows.

> "Or in the narrow sunny plashes near,
> Observe the puny piscatory swarm,
> That with their tiny squadrons tack and veer,
> Cruising amidst the shelves and shallows warm,
> Chasing, or in retreat, with hope or fear
> Of petty plunder or minute alarm;
> With clannish instinct how they wheel and face,
> Inherited arts inherent in the race.

> "Or mark the jetty glossy tribes that glance
> Upon the water's firm unruffled breast,
> Tracing their ancient, labyrinthic dance
> In mute mysterious cadence unexpressed;
> Alas! that fresh disaster and mischance
> Again must drive us from our place of rest!
> Grim Mangonel, with his outrageous crew,
> Will scare us hence within an hour or two.

> "Poets are privileged to run away, —
> Alcæus and Archilochus could fling
> Their shields behind them in a doubtful fray;
> And still sweet Horace may be heard to sing

His filthy fright upon Philippi's day;
(You can retire, too, — for the Muse's wing
Is swift as Cupid's pinion when he flies,
Alarmed at periwigs and human tyes.)

"This practice was approved in times of yore,
Though later bards behaved like gentlemen,
And Garcilasso, Camoens, many more,
Disclaimed the privilege of book and pen;
And bold Aneurin, all bedripped with gore,
Bursting by force from the beleaguered glen,
Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,
Not meek and mean, as Gray misunderstood.

"But we, that write a mere campaigning tour,
May choose a station for our point of view
That 's picturesque and perfectly secure;
Come now, we 'll sketch the friar — That will do, —
'Designs and etchings by an amateur';
'A frontispiece, and a vignette or two';
But much I fear that aquatint and etching
Will scarce keep pace with true poetic sketching.

"Dogs that inhabit near the banks of Nile
(As ancient authors or old proverbs say),
Dreading the cruel critic Crocodile,
Drink as they run, a mouthful and away;
'T is a true model for descriptive style;
'Keep moving' (as the man says in the play).
The power of motion is the poet's forte, —
Therefore, again, 'Keep moving! that 's your sort!'

. . . . .

"I 've said enough, — and now you must be wishing
To see the landscape, and the Friar fishing."

Thus the third canto ends; the fourth opens with a charming piece of picturesque description.

"A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a wat'ry glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil, and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of Heaven;

"The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixt and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Fresh'ning the surface with a rougher hue;

Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange."

In this well-chosen place our Friar sets himself to fishing.

"But hark! the busy chimes fall fast and strong,
Clattering and pealing in their full career;
Closely the thickening sounds together throng,
No longer painful to the Friar's ear,
They bind his fancy with illusion strong;
While his rapt spirit hears or seems to hear,
"*Turn, turn again — gen — gèn, thou noble Friar,*
"*Eleele — lèele — lèele — lected Prior.*"

But as he stands thus agreeably musing, he espies across the river the Giants assembling and hurrying on in wrath; he drops his line and hook, and runs breathless to the convent gate, the messenger and herald of dismay,

"Gives orders which the ready Monks obey,
Doors, windows, wickets, are blockaded straight;
He reinspires the convent's drooping sons,
Is here and there, and everywhere at once."

Before the Giants can cross the ford, the Monks have a good hour for preparation of defence. At length their enemies

"Are seen, presenting in the dim horizon,
Tall awful forms, horrific and surprising.

"I'd willingly walk barefoot fifty mile
To find a scholar, or divine, or squire,
That could assist me to devise a style,
Fit to describe the conduct of the Friar.

. . . . .

"Intrepid, eager, ever prompt to fly
Where danger and the convent's safety call;
Where doubtful points demand a judging eye,
Where on the massy gates huge maces fall;
Where missile volleyed rocks are whirled on high,
Pre-eminent upon the embattled wall,
In gesture and in voice, he stands confest;
Exhorting all the Monks to do their best."

Just at this perilous moment the old Abbot, overcome by the shock and surprise, tumbles from his garden-chair in a fit of apoplexy, and dies, and the Monks invest *per acclamationem*

"Their fighting Friar John with robes and ring,
Crozier and mitre, seals, and everything."

The Giants, baffled in their first assault, sit down before the convent to besiege it.

"This was the common course of their hostility;
The Giant forces being foiled at first,
Had felt the manifest impossibility
Of carrying things before them at a burst,
But still without a prospect of utility,
At stated hours they pelted, howled, and cursed;
And sometimes, at the peril of their pates,
Would bang with clubs and maces at the gates.

"Then the brave monkish legions, unappalled,
With stones that served before to pave the court,
(Heaped and prepared at hand), repelled and mauled,
Without an effort, smiling as in sport,
With many a broken head, and many a scald,
From stones and molten lead and boiling wort;
Thus little Pillicock was left for dead,
And old Loblolly forced to keep his bed.

"The Giant troops invariably withdrew
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain),
Returned to clamor, hoot, and pelt anew.
The scene was every day the same again;
Thus the Blockade grew tedious; I intended
A week ago, myself, to raise and end it."

One morning the Giants had disappeared, the convent gates were opened, and the Monks sally forth to survey the deserted camp. Many were the conjectures concerning the cause of the Giants' retreat.

"But though they could not, you, perhaps, may guess;
They went, in short, upon their last adventure;
After the ladies, — neither more nor less, —
Our story now resolves upon its centre,
And I 'm rejoiced myself, I must confess,
To find it tally like an old indenture."

"Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
For all my notions being genuine gold,
Beat out beneath the hammer, and expand,
And multiply themselves a thousand-fold
Beyond the first idea that I planned;
Besides, — this present copy must be sold;
Besides, — I promised Murray t' other day,
To let him have it by the tenth of May."

And thus ends one of the most playful, humorous, and original poems in English, a perfect success in its kind, and that kind one of the rarest and most difficult. It made its impression at once. Byron wrote to Murray from Venice, March 25, 1818: "I have your letter with the account of 'Beppo,' for which I sent you four new stanzas a fortnight ago, in case you print or reprint. . . . . The style is not English, it is Italian, — Berni is the original of *all*. Whistlecraft was my immediate model." *

And Southey wrote to Landor, who was residing abroad, February 20, 1820: "A fashion of poetry has been imported, which has had a great run, and is in a fair way of being worn out. It is of Italian growth, — an adaptation of the manner of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto in his sportive mood. Frere began it. What he produced was too good in itself, and too inoffensive to become popular; for it attacked nothing and nobody; and it had the fault of his Italian models, that the transition from what is serious to what is burlesque was capricious. Lord Byron immediately followed, first with his Beppo, which implied the profligacy of the writer, and lastly with his Don Juan, which is a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act of high treason on English poetry. The manner has had a host of imitators."

In the interesting correspondence of one of the most remarkable women of the last generation, Miss Cornwallis, there is a letter dated London, May 7, 1819, in which she says: "Today came Mr. Frere. . . . . I said I was delighted that he had uttered his protest against the long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.† . . . . I asked him how it happened that Beppo and

* Two years afterwards, February 21, 1820, Byron writes, having learned something more of Italian in the interval: "I have finished my translation of the first canto of the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, which I will transcribe and send. It is the parent, not only of Whistlecraft, but of all jocose Italian poetry."

† In the following stanza in the introduction to his poem: —

"Lastly, the common people I beseech:
Dear People! if you think my verses clever,
Preserve with care your noble parts of speech,
And take it as a maxim to endeavor
To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
And then these lines of mine may last forever;
And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*."

Whistlecraft were so much alike. He said Byron took the hint, or rather had the hint given him by Whistlecraft. I said I had heard Whistlecraft preferred. 'Ah,' he said, 'Byron himself would acknowledge it to be the best. Two or three people could have written Beppo: George Ellis could have written it, Rose could have written it; indeed, I thought at first myself that it was his, and if I had not been so lazy I should have written to congratulate him; but nobody but I myself could have written Whistlecraft.' And then he laughed amain. I believe he said truth."

Frere was indeed right. Nobody but himself could have written Whistlecraft, and Byron was too good a critic not to admit its superiority to his own work in the same kind. Coleridge, one day, as Tom Moore reports, "to show the difference in the facility of reciting verses according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former." Upon which, Moore, whose parenthetical "(Frere's poem)" is a curious indication of the little notoriety it had attained, somewhat petulantly comments, "This is absurd." * But any one with a tolerably good ear for rhythm and time may easily convince himself that Coleridge was correct in his main point, — the superior metrical skill of Whistlecraft, and the consequent ease and rapidity of the verse.

Byron held Frere's taste and judgment in high regard, and in 1819 bade Mr. Hobhouse, to whom he had sent the manuscript of the first canto of Don Juan, consult Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and Moore as to the propriety of publishing the poem. Frere pronounced, says Moore,† decidedly against its publication, on the ground of the profligacy of the work; and it would have been well for the esteem in which Byron as a man is held, if not for his reputation as a poet, had Mr. Frere's opinion carried the day. But Byron would not listen to the protest against publishing, which was sent him from what he calls his "cursed puritanical committee":

* Moore's Diary, April, 1823, Vol. IV. p. 51.

† Ibid., January, 1819.

"If they had told me the poetry was bad, I would have acquiesced, but they say the contrary, and then talk to me about morality, — the first time I ever heard the word from anybody who was not a rascal that used it for a purpose." * Everybody knows now that the committee were right.

A few years after the publication of "The Monks and the Giants" Mr. Frere left England, and took up his residence at Malta, for reasons, it is said, of health. Here, holding an official position, he lived, with the exception of occasional brief visits to England and Italy, during the remainder of his life. He died on the 7th January, 1846. During this long period he wrote but little, his only considerable contributions to literature being his translations of the Frogs, the Acharnians, the Knights, and the Birds of Aristophanes, and his "Theognis Restitutus." Of these works he had a small number of copies printed at Malta, chiefly for distribution to his friends.

There is probably no classic author of whose works a good translation is more difficult than Aristophanes. The wonderful combination of widely different qualities which he exhibits in his comedies, — the knowledge of human nature, the insight into affairs, the solid sense, the fertile invention, the daring fancy, the inexhaustible humor, the prodigious exaggeration, both in invention and in language, which, even in its wildest and most amusing excesses, displays the controlling influence of the finest taste, and of native elegance of mind, the keen irony, the vehement invective, the serious purpose under the comic mask, — demand, if the plays are to be fitly rendered, a scarcely less wonderful combination of powers in the translator; while the exquisite form of the poetry, the melody of the various rhythm, and the frequent change in the versification, modulated according to each change in tone of sentiment, require for their reproduction in another far less flexible language, with another and far poorer system of metres, not only a consummate mastery of the forms of verse, but also a vocabulary in the highest degree pure, racy, and idiomatic.

In an article which appeared in the "Quarterly Review" in July, 1820, on Mitchell's Translation of Aristophanes, Mr.

* Letter to Murray, February 1, 1819.

Frere set forth the principles which should guide the translator. His reflections are distinguished by acuteness and good sense. After speaking of the two common classes of translators, the *spirited* and the *faithful*, he says: "The proper domain of the translator is, we conceive, to be found in that vast mass of feeling, passion, interest, action, and habit which is common to mankind in all countries and in all ages; and which, in all languages, is invested with its appropriate forms of expression, capable of representing it in all its infinite varieties, in all the permanent distinctions of age, profession, and temperament, which have remained immutable, and of which the identity is to be traced almost in every page of the author before us. . . . .

"The original author, who is addressing his contemporaries, must of course make use of phrases according to their conventional import; he will, likewise, for the sake of immediate effect, convey his general observations in the form of local or even personal allusion. It is the office, we presume, of the translator to represent the forms of language according to the intention with which they are employed; he will, therefore, in his translation, make use of the phrases in his own language to which habit and custom have assigned a similar conventional import; taking care, however, to avoid those which, from their form or any other circumstance, are connected with associations exclusively belonging to modern manners; he will, likewise, if he is capable of executing his task upon a philosophic principle, endeavor to resolve the personal and local allusions into the genera, of which the local or personal variety employed by the original author is merely the accidental type, and to reproduce them in one of those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind."

The illustrations which Mr. Frere gives of the method he recommends are ingenious and instructive; but this principle of generalization, which, as he says, will be found "to be more or less applicable to translation, in proportion as the mind of the original author may be found to have proceeded habitually upon the same principle," is obviously one which can be safely adopted only by a genius corresponding in quality to that of

the original. Few writers could hope to apply it successfully even in the translation of an author far less difficult than Aristophanes.

But Mr. Frere's genius was sufficient for the task, and his translations of Aristophanes are the proof of the soundness of his rule, as he was capable of applying it. They are works of the best literary art. They reproduce the essential, permanent characteristics of the Aristophanic comedy in such a manner that from their perusal the English reader not only may obtain a truer conception of the genius of the Athenian playwright than any but the most intelligent and thorough students of the original derive from the Greek itself, but also finds himself charmed with the plays as pieces of English composition, and contributions to English comedy. Frere was so complete a master of both languages, he entered so sympathetically into the spirit of Aristophanes, was so well versed in the learning requisite for understanding the allusions in which his comedies abound, and he possessed so fully the humor and feeling needed to appreciate their most fleeting, remote, and delicate touches of poetry and of wit,—he was, in fine, such a scholar and such a poet that the very difficulties of his task seem to present themselves only to be happily overcome. As a contribution to literature, his versions of these plays stands unmatched.* Their value is greatly increased, moreover, by the comment, which is sometimes in the form of brief side-notes and stage directions, and sometimes in that of longer notes, inserted in the text, for the purpose of illustration and explanation. These notes are of the best sort, and really assist the reader to intelligent enjoyment of the plays, enabling him to read them, as it were, through the eyes and with the keen perceptions of the most sympathetic of spectators.

To appreciate the various and sustained excellence of Mr. Frere's work, the plays must be read complete. Such thor-

* A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette for November 29, 1867, in an article on Rudd's Aristophanes, says: —

"Frere is the true standard by which to test everybody who ventures on the same ground. Apart from the extraordinary merit of his literary execution, he enters into the dramatic spirit of the plays with the sympathetic insight of a spectator. He succeeded with Aristophanes by dint of being himself Aristophanic in politics, in humor, in poetry, and in scholarship."

ough works of art, both in the original and in the translation, are not to be satisfactorily judged by their separate parts. Some capital extracts from the versions may, however, be found in the article in this journal to which reference has been made, and we give here, as a slight specimen of the manner of the performance, a single passage from the Acharnians, which may be separated from the context without loss, as it relates to the poet himself, and is not concerned with the general progress of the comedy. It is the Parabasis of the Chorus (v. 626), in which the poet ventures to assert his own merits, and then, "as if alarmed at his own boldness, like Rabelais or the jesters in Shakespeare, when they are apprehensive of having touched on too tender a point, makes a sudden escape from the subject, and hurries off into a strain of transcendental nonsense, about the high consideration in which his character and services to the country were regarded by the Persian monarch, and how the Spartans insisted upon obtaining the island of Ægina, from no other motive than a wish to deprive the Athenians of the advantage they might derive from his poetical admonitions."

"Our poet has never as yet
Esteemed it proper or fit
To detain you with a long
Encomiastic song,
On his own superior wit;
But being abused and accused,
And attacked of late
As a foe to the state,
He makes an appeal in his proper defence
To your voluble humor and temper and sense,
With the following plea:
Namely, that he
Never attempted or ever meant
To scandalize
In any wise
Your mighty imperial government.
Moreover he says,
That in various ways
He presumes to have merited honor and praise,
Exhorting you still to stick to your rights,
And no more to be fooled with rhetorical flights;
Such as of late each envoy tries
On the behalf of your allies,

That come to plead their cause before ye,
With fulsome phrase, and a foolish story
Of *violet crowns*, and *Athenian glory;*
With *sumptuous Athens* at every word;
Sumptuous Athens is always heard,
Sumptuous ever; a suitable phrase
For a dish of meat, or a beast at graze.
He therefore affirms,
In confident terms,
That his active courage and earnest zeal
Have usefully served your common weal:
He has openly shown
The style and tone
Of your democracy ruling abroad.
He has placed its practices on record;
The tyrannical arts, the knavish tricks,
That poison all your politics.
Therefore we shall see, this year,
The allies with tribute arriving here,
Eager and anxious all to behold
Their steady protector, the bard so bold, —
The bard, they say, that has dared to speak,
To attack the strong, to defend the weak.
His fame in foreign climes is heard,
And a singular instance lately occurred.
It occurred in the case of the Persian king,
Sifting and cross-examining
The Spartan envoys. He demanded,
Which of the rival states commanded
The Grecian seas? He asked them next
(Wishing to see them more perplext),
Which of the two contending powers
Was chiefly abused by this bard of ours?
For he said, 'Such a bold, so profound an adviser,
By dint of abuse would render them wiser;
More active and able; and briefly that they
Must finally prosper, and carry the day.'
Now mark the Lacedæmonian guile!
Demanding an insignificant isle!
'Ægina,' they say, 'for a pledge of peace,
As a means to make all jealousy cease.'
Meanwhile their privy design and plan
Is solely to gain this marvellous man, —
Knowing his influence on your fate, —
By obtaining a hold on his estate
Situate in the isle aforesaid.
Therefore there needs to be no more said.

You know their intention, and know that you know it,
You'll keep to your island, and stick to the poet.
And he for his part
Will practise his art
With a patriot heart,
With the honest views
That he now pursues,
And fair buffoonery and abuse;
Not rashly bespattering, or basely beflattering,
Not pimping, or puffing, or acting the ruffian;
Not sneaking or fawning;
But openly scorning
All menace and warning,
All bribes and suborning:
He will do his endeavor on your behalf;
He will teach you to think, he will teach you to laugh."

Mr. Frere's versions of these plays are the complete justification of his principles of translation as applied in the hands of a master to the rendering of such a poet as Aristophanes. His *Theognis Restitutus* affords another instance of his success in conveying "to the English reader a complete notion of the intention of the original, and a clear impression of the temper, character, and style which it exhibits." His object was not to give a literal and verbally exact rendering, which might often puzzle the modern reader, but to translate in such a manner as to present clearly the essential meaning of the poet. "It might not be difficult," he says, "to crowd into a given number of lines or words an exact verbal interpretation, but this verbal interpretation would convey almost in every instance either an imperfect meaning or a false character; the relative and collateral ideas, and the associations which served as stepping-stones to transitions apparently incongruous and abrupt, would still be wanting; and the author whose elliptical familiar phraseology was a mere transcript of the language of daily life would have the appearance of a pedantic composer studiously obscure and enigmatic." Such versions as Mr. Frere's become a component part of the literature of the language in which they are made. They do not exclude the literal and precise translations which are intended to exhibit, not merely the permanent and universal elements of the original, but also its local and personal peculiarities, and the

exact forms of its expression. These too are required, and have their value. Only the man of genius can venture to adopt such a method as Mr. Frere's, and how few translators are men of genius!

From the confused mass of fragments which form the existing remains of Theognis — some fourteen hundred lines in all — Mr. Frere endeavored to reconstruct a biography of the poet, about whose life very little is absolutely known, and to indicate the successive changes of circumstance and situation under which his verses were composed. The ingenuity and learning displayed in it, the acuteness of interpretation, and the interest of the mode in which the subject is developed and illustrated, give to this little book a great charm as a work of delicate and thorough scholarship, and of imaginative reconstruction. How far the author is correct in his inferences and conclusions must be left to the determination of critics not less learned than himself.

It is a misfortune for the lovers of good letters, that all of Mr. Frere's books are so scarce as to be practically inaccessible. No better gift could be made to the best readers than a new edition of them, together with such unpublished works, even if only fragments, as he may have left to his literary executors.

Mr. Frere's name is not to be found in the Biographical Dictionaries. If literary genius gave title to a place in their voluminous and crowded columns, few names would stand before his.

C. E. Norton.

Art. VIII. — The Chicago Convention.

There was nothing picturesque or imposing in the appearance of the Opera House of Chicago on the 20th of last May. The sombre effect of the blue upholstery was unrelieved by gay colors anywhere. The gentlemen in the body of the house, and upon the stage, wore full suits of black, only one or two velvet coats, or white cravats, varying the monotony. Even in the costume of the few ladies in the galleries there was scarcely a hint of the beautiful spring day that brooded over the lake a few rods distant. The light from the circle of gas-jets over the stage was too feeble to bring out the red, white, and blue of the heavy drapery, festooned above, or to give lustre to the stars on the national flag at the rear. A gleam had come from the gilded back of a stage throne, near the line of the foot-lights, but a modest, republican arm-chair was put in its place before twelve o'clock struck. The wooden crosses, bearing the names of the several States in black letters upon a white ground, divided without enlivening the parquette and the front rows of the dress-circle, where were seated six hundred and fifty gentlemen, convened to transact the business of a great political organization.

But for these guide-boards, it would have been impossible to distinguish the representatives of Connecticut from those of Texas or of Idaho. The superior cultivation which the East claims for itself, as compared with the West, was not discernible in its delegates. The superior manners which the South used to boast of were nowhere apparent. No comparison, indeed, could be instituted between the North and the South, for the reason that the latter had few genuine representatives upon the floor. Most of the delegates from Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia were probably natives of the State they hailed from; but none of them looked as if they had at any time belonged to the class which crowned the edifice whereof slavery was the corner-stone, or as if they were competent to assist in building new commonwealths upon the ruins of the old civilization. Of the delegates from other parts of the South, almost all were born north of the Potomac. The com-

plexion, dialect, and bearing of Joseph E. Brown, formerly Governor of Georgia, attested his Southern origin. The same could be said of Mr. D. C. Humphreys of Alabama, and of Mr. Pinchback of New Orleans, in whose features an expert could find traces of African descent. With these and several other exceptions, the delegates from the South were Northerners, of whom only a few had purchased plantations, with intent to cast in their lot with their neighbors. Most were interested in the welfare of the district sending them to Chicago as a traveller is interested in the condition of the road by which he hopes to arrive at fortune or position, and had acquired a domicile there as a New-Yorker, who seeks a divorce under the laws of Indiana, acquires a domicile in that State, while the action is pending. Such men will contribute less to the regeneration of the South than the planters of Northern birth and liberal ideas, who have no time yet for politics; or than the teachers of the young; or than men, like Mr. Brown of Georgia, whose past careers emphasize their arguments in favor of accepting the inevitable. For the time being, politics, which used to absorb an undue share of attention from talent that might more profitably have been turned into other channels, is not a primary concern with the Southern people. They cannot now afford to send their best men into the political arena, nor can these afford to enter it. Order must first be established; equal rights must be guaranteed by public opinion as well as by just laws; agriculture, commerce, and manufactures must adapt themselves to new conditions; social and industrial problems of every description require to be solved. The Southerner, who accepts in good faith the decisions of the war; the Northerner, who in good faith makes his home in the South; the intelligent freedman, who desires to prove the capacity of his race for self-government; the politician of the old school, who is still wedded to the idols of slavery, — each has sufficient reasons for abstaining from politics for the present. Hence no inference unfavorable to the policy by which the Republican party is attempting to reconstitute the Southern States can be drawn from the character of the men whom Mississippi or Arkansas sent to Chicago, for only those could or would go whose stake in the material prosperity of the district they represented was

a small one, and who had no tender associations with the institutions and ideas of the past.

The speech with which Mr. Carl Schurz of Missouri, the temporary chairman of the Convention, prefaced business was compact and in excellent taste. His appeal to the delegates not to be depressed by disappointment, nor hurried by passion beyond the bounds of wisdom, was not unheeded. His demand, in the name of the Republican party, for justice to all, — to the soldier who fought our battles, the Southern Union man who, for the national cause, imperilled his life and his fortune, the colored race to whom we have promised true liberty forever, and the national creditor who staked his fortune upon the good faith of the American people, — struck the key-note of the campaign.

All the business of the Convention, except that of making the nominations, was, as usual, put into the hands of four committees, — on Permanent Organization, on Credentials, on Order of Business, and on Resolutions, — for each of which the name of a member, selected on the previous evening by each State delegation, was announced by its chairman. The principle of allowing each State a representation in the Convention corresponding with its representation in Congress does not rule in the formation of committees. The vote of Delaware in the Committee on Credentials, which determines who shall take part in the Convention, or in the Committee on Resolutions, which declares the principles of the party, counts for as much as the vote of New York. This year a still more questionable precedent was established by the grant of similar privileges to the Territories. It was urged, on behalf of Colorado, that she would have been admitted to the Union months ago but for the veto of the President (and, it might have been added, the opposition of enough Republicans in both branches of Congress to defeat her admission in spite of the veto); it was urged, on behalf of those political divisions of the country which, whether properly to be considered Territories or not to-day, are demanding, or are about to demand, recognition as States, that they would probably take part in the next Presidential election, and were therefore entitled to a voice in the selection of the candidates and construction of the platform: but no attempt was made to apply this or any other test to each case. Texas, which had

taken no steps toward reorganization, was put upon the same footing with Arkansas, to which one house of Congress had already opened the door. Doubts were expressed as to the propriety of the course adopted, but no discussion took place, the Convention being evidently of the opinion that an anomalous state of things justified an anomalous proceeding. Then, too, there was every reason to believe that the Democratic National Convention would admit delegations from the Southern States, since, in the judgment of the Democratic party, those States have never ceased to be in the Union; and the friends of each of the candidates for the Vice-Presidency hoped to increase his strength by votes from this quarter.

At five o'clock the Convention reassembled. A permanent organization was at once effected under the presidency of General Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut, whose good sense, good nature, and effective voice carried him smoothly over the obstacles raised by his imperfect knowledge of parliamentary law. The Committee on Credentials not being ready to report, there was necessarily an interval in the proceedings, which some eager individuals vainly attempted to fill by the nomination of General Grant, as in mass meeting. Others called for speeches; and Mr. Brown of Georgia, who seemed to be looked upon in the light of a political curiosity, was persuaded to mount the platform. A secessionist on principle from his youth, he had contended for the doctrine of States Rights until Lee's surrender, but now accepted the interpretation put upon the Constitution by the sword, and the terms offered to Rebels by the victorious North, having too much faith in the superiority of his race to dread "negro domination" even in the States where the freedmen are in the majority. There were murmurs of dissent from some of his expressions; but it is difficult to see how a man, with such a history behind him, could with sincerity go further than he did in the right direction; and it is doubtful whether any speech made at Chicago more ruthlessly tore off the sophisms used to disguise a bad cause. The Committee on Credentials had had but two contests to settle, — one over a seat in the California delegation and the other between two sets of delegates from Maryland. Their report in both cases was adopted without opposition. One of the rules reported by the

Committee on the Order of Business, of which all were adopted without debate, provided that the report of the Committee on Resolutions should be disposed of before the nominations were made. That report not being ready, no further business could be transacted, and an adjournment was carried.

A theatrical incident of the afternoon was the presentation by a committee representing the "Soldiers and Sailors' Convention," held on the previous day, of a resolution in favor of General Grant's nomination to the Presidency, — theatrical, because without real significance. Most of the veterans of the war will, no doubt, vote for General Grant; for a majority of them were Republicans before they enlisted, others were guided to Republican principles by the lamp of experience, and others still will support the General-in-Chief because they know his great qualities. But the wishes of the citizen-soldier found no more distinct and far less sensible expression in this assemblage of officers — scarcely any privates were present — than in the National Convention to which it was a tender. An eagle, a brass band, and the good old father of General Grant took prominent parts in the melodrama enacted in the Turners' Hall. The eagle flapped his wings at opportune moments; the musicians greeted Grant with "Hail to the Chief," and "the seven traitors," "the seven vile scamps," — as Mr. John Cochrane dared to call Senators Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Ross, Trumbull, and Van Winkle, — with "The Rogues' March"; and most of the speakers imitated with indifferent success the eagle and the musicians. Wounds received in the service of the country cannot fail to awake sentiments of respect and of gratitude in the breast of a patriot; but it was impossible not to perceive a theatrical element in the entrance, after the proceedings had commenced, of General Sickles, leaning on crutches and supported from behind, and in the selection of a one-armed officer, Governor Fairchild of Wisconsin, to preside over the Convention: — though it should be added, that both these gentlemen evinced exceptional discretion in what they said and in what they omitted to say to the meeting.

At ten o'clock on the morning of May 21st the Convention was again called to order, but business could not be resumed,

for the report of the Committee on Resolutions was not yet ready. The interruption occurred at an awkward moment. It was conjectured, and truly, that the committee was discussing a resolution concerning the impeachment of the President of the United States. It was conjectured, and truly, that upon the propriety of expressing an opinion with regard to the action of the court before which he was upon trial the committee was almost equally divided. The Convention had adopted the usual rule, requiring all resolutions introduced to be referred to this committee without debate; and therefore no legitimate way of anticipating its action existed. But the pulse of the Convention might be felt, and this Mr. Charles S. Spencer of New York undertook to do. Before the meeting was alive to the design of his motion, one of the secretaries began to read a series of resolutions, purporting to represent the views of "the National Council of the Union Leagues of America," but in fact, as it subsequently appeared, passed by a minority of the members after their rejection by the majority. These resolutions had been informally referred to the committee, but were now recalled at Mr. Spencer's instance. One of them assailed the seven Republican Senators who had pronounced Andrew Johnson not guilty, as charged in the eleventh article of impeachment, in terms worthy of the New York Tribune or of Mr. John A. Logan. But the pulse of the Convention was healthy. A motion to lay upon the table the proposition that these resolutions be spread upon the records was carried with slight opposition, and Mr. Spencer sat down discomfited.

Henceforward the Convention was on the alert, and determined to occupy the time in a harmless manner, at least. So it called Mr. Hassaurek of Ohio, a German of considerable reputation as a public speaker, to the platform. This gentleman undertook, at eleven o'clock in the morning, to read to an impatient assembly, eager to get to business, a dissertation of portentous length, as was evidenced by the mass of manuscript, which he did not attempt to conceal. He was not listened to long, and the chairman found it difficult to preserve a decent silence in the assembly until the lecture was finished. Mr. John L. Palmer, the Republican candidate for

Governor of Illinois, though not a member of the Convention, next addressed it. His speech was skilfully adapted to the temper of the Convention, and showed strength of character and unusual prudence. The Convention, after having failed to induce more popular speakers to mount the rostrum, was about to listen to Mr. John Cochrane ; but just as he was opening his lips a murmur announced the opportune arrival of the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

The declaration of principles unanimously adopted by the Convention, without discussion, is as follows : —

"1. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evidenced by the adoption in a majority of the States lately in rebellion of constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all, and we regard it as the duty of the government to sustain these constitutions, and prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy or military rule.

"2. The guaranty by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men in the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained, while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States. We highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forgiveness with which the men who have served the Rebellion, and who are now frankly and honestly co-operating with us in restoring the peace of the country, and in reconstructing the Southern State governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people; and we are in favor of the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late Rebels in the same measure as the spirit of disloyalty dies out, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people.

"3. We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime. The national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

"4. It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

"5. The national debt, contracted as it has been for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon whenever it can honestly be done.

"6. The best policy to diminish our burden of debt is so to improve

our credit that capitalists will seek to lend us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

"7. The government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy. The corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

"8. We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession to the Presidency of Andrew Johnson, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him and the cause he was pledged to support; has usurped high legislative and judicial functions; has refused to execute the laws; has used his high office to induce other officers to violate the laws; has employed his executive power to render insecure the lives, property, peace, liberty, and life of the citizen; has abused the pardoning power; has denounced the national legislature as unconstitutional; has persistently and habitually resisted, by every means in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion; has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the votes of thirty-five Senators.

"9. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers, that because a man was once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship, as though they were native born. No citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest or imprisonment by any foreign power, for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the government to interfere in his behalf.

"10. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war, there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of the camp and cruise, and imperilled their lives in the service of their country. The bounties and pensions appropriated by law for these brave defenders of the Union are obligations never to be forgotten. The widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people, — a sacred legacy bequeathed to the United States' protecting care.

"11. Foreign emigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth and increased the resources of this nation, — the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, — should be fostered by a wise and just policy.

"12. This Convention declares its sympathy with all oppressed people who are struggling for their rights.

"13. We recognize the great principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government, and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil."

The paragraphs numbered 9, 10, 11, and 12 commend themselves to patriots of every shade of opinion. The hearty indorsement in the opening paragraphs of the platform of the policy adopted by Congress for the reconstitution of the States recently in rebellion was a matter of course. The Congressional plan may be defective, but it was rendered necessary by the course of events, and it is to-day the only practicable method of re-establishing the Union upon stable foundations. The second paragraph suggests the principle upon which to distinguish the treatment of the question of suffrage in the South from its treatment in the loyal States, — a principle which would govern, even were the constitutional powers of Congress the same in both cases. In the North, the man of African descent is as secure as his white neighbor in the possession of the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitution of the United States; and, however unjust may be the prejudice of race, which causes his disfranchisement here and there, he has slight cause to complain, so long as the blessings and privileges of a good government are his. But in the South the ballot is necessary to protect the colored man's life, liberty, and property from assault by men in whom the feelings and opinions engendered by slavery are not yet extinct. In the North the negroes are but a handful; in the South they are a vast population, who cannot safely or justly be exposed to oppression from a class long accustomed to domineer over them. The only way to insure the passage and faithful execution of just laws there is to give every loyal man a voice in the selection of those who are to frame or to administer them. Many of the freedmen may be, as not a few white men in every State are, incapable of exercising the right of suffrage intelligently; but they will learn to swim by going into the water, and will find white teachers enough, Demo-

cratic as well as Republican. And while thus at school they will be protected from injustice by those who desire their votes. The second clause of the second paragraph — added in the Convention, upon motion of Carl Schurz — is a fitting counterpart of the first clause, for it assures Rebels, who do the works meet for repentance, of a free pardon. So also is the thirteenth paragraph, also added upon Mr. Schurz's motion, which hopefully anticipates the day when distinctions of race or of class shall no longer be recognized in the laws governing any portion of American soil.

Illinois should be credited with the financial part of the platform, with the exception of the plank numbered six, which was inserted by Mr. Rowland G. Hazard of Rhode Island, the well-known writer upon questions of political economy. The others were taken from the platform framed by the State Convention held on the 5th of May at Peoria, — an assembly which deserves more than a passing allusion. No man, born and bred east of the Alleghanies, can visit Chicago without being impressed by its wonderful prosperity, and drawn to the conclusion that it will soon rank as the second city on the continent. Nor can he traverse Illinois without astonishment at the vast extent of its territory, the unsurpassed fertility of its soil, and its immense resources. But he will still be far from understanding the remarkable phenomenon before his eyes, unless he studies the character of the men who are building a metropolis, developing the internal wealth of a great State, and making the railroads that come from every point of the compass pay them tribute. A political convention is a place little likely to divulge the secret of their success. Yet the proceedings of that held at Peoria seemed to one spectator, at least, to show the presence of that clearness of understanding, promptness of action, acquaintance with men, integrity of purpose, and independence of character which achieve success in every walk of life, and which were vouchsafed in such abundant measure to Lincoln, Grant, and Trumbull. One peculiarity of the Peoria Convention was its abstinence from speaking for the sake of speaking. The talkers had showered their rhetoric upon a crowd of idlers on the previous evening; but the Convention would listen to nobody

long, and greeted those who persisted with cries of "Short speeches," "Short speeches," or of "Question," "Question." Other notable circumstances were, that the attempts of self-constituted committees to control the nominations miscarried; that the candidate for Governor, and two of the candidates for other positions, were so far from seeking the offices for which they were selected, that it was not even known whether they would accept the honors tendered them; that business was conducted with good temper and decorum throughout; that the presiding officer, the speaker of the lower branch of the Illinois Legislature last winter, though a man of singularly gentle manners, preserved order with ease; and that few of the delegates resembled the traditional Western politician.

The truth is, that the boundary line of civilization no longer runs east of the Mississippi. The people of States which constituted the West twenty years ago no longer lead an uncertain existence in tents and log-cabins, but reside in comfortable homes, resting upon the rock of law, and beginning to be adorned by the arts. The habits of the people are becoming refined, their manners and speech are almost urbane, and their interests take a wide range. It may be doubted whether Northern Illinois, though still deficient in important elements of culture, be not, all things considered, less provincial than Massachusetts. Her representatives in Congress, or in political conventions, at least, need not shrink from the comparison.

The nation is indebted for the first authoritative declaration that it intends honestly to pay its debts primarily to three members of the Committee on Resolutions appointed by the Illinois Convention, — Mr. Stephen A. Hurlbut of Belvidere, a distinguished soldier and an effective speaker; Mr. Horace White, editor of the "Chicago Tribune"; and Mr. C. H. Ray, editor of the "Chicago Post"; and, secondarily, to the good sense of the committee and of the Convention, which adopted with enthusiastic unanimity the resolutions framed by these gentlemen. The first of the series (numbered three in the Chicago platform) denounces as a national crime all attempts to evade, partially or altogether, the payment of the public indebtedness in good faith to the creditors of the nation, in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the laws

under which it was contracted; the second and third urge the propriety of equalizing and reducing taxation as rapidly as (and by implication no more rapidly than) the national faith will permit, and of extending the period of redemption and lowering the rate of interest, whenever it can honestly be done; and the fourth (that drawn by Mr. Hazard) maintains that the adoption of an honorable financial policy will diminish the burden of the national debt by improving the national credit. The substantial averment in these propositions is that national dishonesty is at once criminal and impolitic. It is not declared that the public securities, or that certain classes of the public securities, shall be paid in coin, for the sufficient reasons that it will be early enough to consider this question when the bonds of each issue shall have matured, and that at any time it is a judicial rather than a political question; but it is affirmed that no considerations, other than those which should govern the conduct of an honest man toward his creditors, ought to affect the action of the government, and that doctrines such as have been promulgated by Messrs. Pendleton, Butler, and Stevens, and favored till within a few weeks by many Republicans as well as Democrats in several of the Western States, are unsound, whether regarded from a moral or from a business stand-point. It was gratifying to perceive the unanimity with which the National Republican Convention applauded to the echo, as the Illinois State Convention had done a fortnight previously, the announcement that the United States would, in case the party should triumph next fall, put its heel upon the reptile of repudiation. It remains to be seen whether men that, while calling themselves Republicans, have urged a great and prosperous nation to act like a merchant, who goes into bankruptcy to save his property from just demands, will receive further marks of confidence from those who believe in the principles declared at Chicago.

Had the National Convention followed the example of the Convention held at Peoria in one other respect, the last two clauses in the paragraph numbered eight would have been omitted. At the time the Illinois Convention met the Court of Impeachment was still listening to Mr. Bingham's argument; but private letters from Washington led to the belief

that the President would not be convicted of the high crimes and misdemeanors charged in the articles of impeachment, and it was not considered the province of a political assembly to attempt, by promises or by threats, to influence the action of members of the court, in a matter in which they had sworn to do impartial justice according to the laws and the evidence. The Committee on Resolutions unanimously determined not to allude to the subject, and no effort to introduce it was made in the Convention. Yet, as matter of policy, then was the time to speak, rather than after a judgment of acquittal upon one article had been entered, for then, if ever, it was possible to affect the result by coercing the court; whereas, after the trial had virtually come to an end, an expression of belief that the conclusion was a wrong one would be simply a cry of disappointed rage, a public confession of failure, — not the most favorable augury of a successful campaign.

Had the National Convention been held a week later, it would probably have passed over the whole matter of Mr. Johnson's impeachment in silence. The trial would then have been over; the issues involved would have been consigned to their last resting-place; the failure to convict would have appeared to every sensible man a failure past remedy; and the conduct of those Senators, whose sense of duty closed their ears to personal and partisan appeals, and who dared to stand against the storm of popular invective, would have been better understood. Impeachment might have been passed by in silence, moreover, if Mr. John A. Logan, and other loud-voiced declaimers, whose political fortunes were staked upon the result of the trial, had remained in the more congenial atmosphere of Washington; if the Committee on Resolutions had been composed of none but delegates from the States actually represented in Congress, and sure to vote at the Presidential election; or if one man in the Convention had been bold enough to take the bull by the horns, after the committee had made its report. The noisy politicians were disappointed, indeed, for they had hoped to see the seal of party condemnation set upon the foreheads of "the seven traitors"; but the general dissent from Mr. John Cochrane's proposition to insert the words, "and improperly acquitted by the votes of nineteen Senators," — which

no State would second, and which his own State compelled him to withdraw, — showed the weakness of the faction of which Logan was the soul, and Spencer and Cochrane the claws. The declaration that Andrew Johnson had been "properly pronounced guilty by the votes of thirty-five Senators" was opposed, in the committee, by most of the Northern States, and supported by most of the Southern ones, by the Territories, by the infant States of Nevada and Nebraska, and by Missouri, California, Illinois, and Massachusetts. It was finally carried by only one majority. Had either Illinois or Massachusetts voted the other way, as both would have done if the wishes of their people had been correctly represented, the clause would not have been inserted. The argument most strongly pressed upon the committee was drawn from the apprehension that, in its absence, something more objectionable might be adopted. And no doubt this would have been attempted; no doubt the noisy politicians already referred to would have tried to wreak their vengeance upon the seven men who refused to be the tools of a faction; no doubt hot words would have been uttered in haste, to be repented of at leisure; but he who believes that the Convention would, under any circumstances, have gone a step further than it did go has not studied its temper. There are stronger reasons for the opinion that a full discussion of the question would have convinced sensible men of the absurdity of strapping a dead body upon the back of a living political organism, if not also of the immorality of subjecting officers exercising judicial functions to the pains and penalties of party discipline. Several of the largest and most influential delegations had already, in their private consultations, pronounced against action upon this subject.

But the expressions contained in the resolution adopted by the Convention are harmless. If, indeed, the seven Republican Senators, who pronounced Johnson not guilty of the charges preferred by the House of Representatives, and who supported their positions by arguments which have not been answered, had been formally read out of the party, one of two consequences would have ensued. Either the attempt would have succeeded, and the defeat of the Republican ticket been assured, or, as is more probable, it would have failed, and the

Republican party, as well as the Convention representing it, would have afforded ground for ridicule to its enemies. But, however absurd the pretension of a body which has not heard the evidence or the arguments in a trial to review the decisions of the court before which it took place, and however impertinent the implication contained in the assertion that the accused was "properly pronounced guilty by the votes of thirty-five Senators," these words are only heat-lightning, which hurts nobody and frightens nobody, but is merely an indication of the state of the atmosphere at a particular moment. They will have been forgotten long before living Republicans contending for living principles under living leaders, with banners bearing the watchword, "Justice to all men," and weapons that have never known defeat, move upon the enemy's works in November.

In the matter of the Presidency, it was the simple duty of the Convention to record, officially, the unanimous choice of the Republican party, by putting in nomination the man under whose command the armies of the United States had been victorious over a mighty insurrection, — the man whose indomitable persistence, whose serenity in the presence of danger, whose modesty in triumph, whose equanimity in defeat, whose wisdom in the selection of subordinates and in the combination of forces, whose reticence amidst talkers, whose unquestioning obedience to the laws and to his lawful superiors, whose deference to the national will, whose simplicity of character, steadfastness in the discharge of duty, comprehensiveness of view, and strong good sense, whose unwillingness to accept an honor for which most politicians would barter their manhood, whose rare but unmistakable declarations of adherence to Republican principles, whose hearty co-operation in the policy pursued by Congress toward the people he had conquered, — all seemed to point him out as a not unworthy successor to Abraham Lincoln.

The ceremony of putting such a man, so selected, in nomination should have been simple, in order to be impressive. The chairman of each delegation should have arisen in his place, as the name of his State or Territory was called, and announced that the delegation cast so many votes — all its

votes — for Ulysses S. Grant. But a majority of the chairmen were unable to resist the temptation to accompany this declaration with a jest, a bit of poetry, or a piece of bombast. At the announcement of the result a dove wearing the national colors was let loose, a portrait of Grant was displayed from one of the proscenium-boxes, and the flag at the rear of the stage gave place to a view of the White House, with General Grant seated in a chair in the foreground, and the Goddess of Liberty standing at his side, apparently inviting him to enter her favorite residence. The usual cheers upon cheers, the usual waving of hats and of handkerchiefs, and the usual airs from a brass-band upon the stage greeted the nomination, and were followed by a song from three gentlemen, who were evidently unaccustomed to sing together.

For three days a brisk canvass for the nomination to the Vice-Presidency had been going on in the lobbies of the hotels and at the head-quarters of the several delegations. So many States had bound their representatives by instructions, that the result of the first ballot could be foreseen, but a wide field was opened for speculation and influence upon the second choice of those whose favorites could not hope to succeed. Messrs. Curtin of Pennsylvania, Cresswell of Maryland, Speed of Kentucky, and Pomeroy of Kansas were each sure to have little support outside of his own State. Governor Reuben E. Fenton would receive, in addition to the sixty-six votes of New York, a large number from the Southern delegation, to whom his friends were in a condition to promise the pecuniary assistance necessary in the conduct of a campaign in sparsely settled and impoverished districts. The strength of Henry Wilson of Massachusetts was largely recruited from the same quarter, and he might have been nominated if New England had given him her united support, so ready was the West to yield to geographical considerations, if insisted upon. But Maine urged the superior claims of Hannibal Hamlin, and the other States east of the Hudson showed no marked partiality for either him or his rival.

The real contest lay between Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio and Schuyler Colfax of Indiana; and it was apparent, from the first, that in such a contest the latter would be successful. If,

indeed, the President had been convicted by the Court of Impeachment, if Mr. Wade had already been installed in the White House, with his hands full of offices, with a majority of the Senate disposed to confirm his nominations, and, as the Tenure of Office Act would have enabled them to do, to keep his appointees in place, even after the inauguration of a new President, the result might have been different; for human nature is weak, and every man who voted for Mr. Wade would have had hopes, if not promises, of reward. But the acquittal of Mr. Johnson reacted upon the prospects of him who would have profited by conviction, and whose prominence as a candidate was mainly due to the fact that he had for months been heir-presumptive to the Presidency. The trial, however, not being entirely over, the effect of failure to convict was not fully apparent. It was urged by the strenuous advocates of conviction that the nomination of Mr. Wade would be a fitting rebuke to "the seven traitors," and would partially atone for the absence from the platform of a plank for them to walk out of the party upon. With some hot-heads this argument may have had weight, but those who employed it in private did not venture to urge it upon the Convention, being well aware that it would not commend their candidate to the suffrages of thoughtful men. Mr. Wade's friends made good use of that part of a politician's capital which bears the largest interest, — the epithets attached to his name, as "rough and bluff Ben Wade," "sturdy Ben Wade," "honest old Wade." They were well organized, and they had active allies and frequent despatches from Washington. But Mr. Wade had determined opponents also. His recent declaration in favor of an increase of the duties upon imports, under the plea of protecting domestic manufactures, alarmed not only the advocates of free trade, but also men who believe that the manufacturers are likely to lose more than they will gain by a further increase in duties, already enormous. Mr. Wade had, moreover, furnished weapons to the enemy, in his admission, in a speech made before the war, of the possible right of a State to secede from the Union; in his loose talk, more recently, about the rights of property, and about the intelligence of naturalized citizens, as compared with that of the negroes of the South; in his manifesto against Lincoln in

1864; and in his sneering reference to General Grant's indisposition to talk politics. It could not be denied that his adhesion to the principles of freedom and equal rights had been early, courageous, and steadfast; or that he would act with an energy and decision worthy of President Jackson, whom he resembles in other respects: but little confidence was felt in his discretion, his knowledge of men, or his ability to distinguish the right from the wrong, the wise from the unwise course in a doubtful case. It had been feared by many Republicans, heartily opposed to Mr. Johnson's policy, and desirous of his removal from office, upon sufficient grounds, that the accession of Mr. Wade to the Presidency might expose the country to perils quite as serious as those involved in the continuance of the present administration eight months longer.

The friends of Mr. Colfax were imperfectly organized, but they were to be found in every delegation, and he had no enemies. Even Mr. Wade's ardent supporters evinced no hostility to him; but they disparaged his popular qualities, and praised their favorite as an elder if not a better soldier. The friends of Curtin or of Fenton raised no objections to Colfax, but professed to believe that the former would poll more votes than any one but Fenton in New York, the latter more than any one but Curtin in Pennsylvania, — an argument counterbalanced by the unanimous support tendered Colfax from New Jersey and Indiana, no less doubtful States. Colfax was known to be the second choice of Maine and of Massachusetts, as he was the first choice of Vermont. Several Western States, that withheld their support from him at first, did so only in order to give no color to a charge that the West claimed both candidates, and waited for the East to lead off in the movement that should insure his nomination. And though it was the change of several Ohio votes from Wade to Colfax, which showed the set of the current, it was the support given by Pennsylvania to the son of Indiana which rendered it so irresistible that the transfer of New Hampshire from Wilson to Wade, partially counterbalanced as it was by the unanimous support of Colfax by Rhode Island, was hardly noticed. The nomination was made upon the fifth ballot, Wade having had a slight plurality over his antagonist on each of the preceding ones.

The distinguishing characteristic of Schuyler Colfax is that saving common sense which in practical affairs is a very good substitute for genius, and is far preferable to unbalanced genius. Though we may admire men who are hurried by feeling, or by an active intellect, into injudicious acts or words, we do not willingly intrust our interests, and should not intrust those of the Republic, to them. Brilliancy of imagination, originality of conception, and even breadth of understanding, are less valuable in the ruler of a free people, than sureness of judgment and a living faith in the truth embodied in the French saying, that mankind is wiser than any man. Should Schuyler Colfax succeed to the Chief Magistracy, confidence could be placed in his uprightness of intention, in his loyalty to principle, in his discretion, and in his deference to an enlightened public opinion; of the suavity of his manners, and the purity of his life and conversation, no doubt exists. As Vice-President, he will be called to preside over the deliberations of the Senate; and his success in the more difficult task devolved upon him by the House of Representatives leads to the assurance that he will bring to his new position rare knowledge of parliamentary law, skill in its application and devotion to business.

The choice of the Convention was a wise one, and was made without unnecessary delay after the ballotings had commenced. But the speeches accompanying the several nominations were, with one or two exceptions, unworthy of the occasion. The rules limited their length in the case of him who presented a name to ten minutes, and in that of those who supported it to five minutes, each. But, even under these restrictions, almost every speaker continued long after he had finished what he had to say. Not one uttered an eloquent sentence, or made a striking point, or related a telling anecdote, or in any other way flashed a light upon the character or the career of his candidate.

The Convention was a failure or a success, according as it is judged by its appearance and its words, or by the work it accomplished. There were no great men, and few notable men, upon the floor. Washington was poorly represented, in or out of the delegations, and its influence counted for

naught. The South was virtually absent. No great speeches were made, and only one or two good ones, and no member showed himself competent to grapple with either of the two serious questions that arose. Awkward pauses in the business occurred, and numerous faults in point of taste were committed. Enthusiasm for men or for principles at no time passed beyond control. But no Republican convention, composed of however capable members, and conducted with however great skill and dignity, could have nominated men stronger with the party than Ulysses S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax, or less likely to injure its prospects of success by writing unwise letters as Henry Clay did, or by making foolish speeches as Winfield Scott did. Nor could any convention have framed a more satisfactory declaration of the principles which should govern the Administration to be inaugurated on the 4th of March next.

ADAMS SHERMAN HILL.

ART. IX.—1. *The Dramatick Works of* JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ. In six volumes. London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, in the Strand. MDCCXXXV. 18mo.

2. *The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose-Works of* JOHN DRYDEN, *now first collected. With Notes and Illustrations. An Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, grounded on Original and Authentick Documents; and a Collection of his Letters, the greatest Part of which has never before been published.* By EDMUND MALONE, ESQ. London: T. Cadell and W. Davies, in the Strand. 4 vols. 8vo.

3. *The Poetical Works of* JOHN DRYDEN. (Edited by MITFORD.) London: W. Pickering. 1832. 5 vols. 18mo.

BENVENUTO CELLINI tells us that when, in his boyhood, he saw a salamander come out of the fire, his grandfather forthwith gave him a sound beating, that he might the better remember so unique a prodigy. Though perhaps in this case the rod had another application than the autobiographer

chooses to disclose, and was intended to fix in the pupil's mind a lesson of veracity rather than of science, the testimony to its mnemonic virtue remains. Nay, so universally was it once believed that the senses, and through them faculties of observation and retention, were quickened by an irritation of the cuticle, that in France it was customary to whip the children annually at the boundaries of the parish, lest the true place of them might ever be lost through neglect of so inexpensive a mordant for the memory. From this practice the older school of critics would seem to have taken a hint for keeping fixed the limits of good taste, and what was somewhat vaguely called *classical* English. To mark these limits in poetry, they set up as Hermæ the images they had made to them of Dryden, of Pope, and later of Goldsmith. Here they solemnly castigated every new aspirant in verse, who in turn performed the same function for the next generation, thus helping to keep always sacred and immovable the *ne plus ultra* alike of inspiration and the vocabulary. Though no two natures were ever much more unlike than those of Dryden and Pope, and again of Pope and Goldsmith, and no two styles, except in such externals as could be easily caught and copied, yet it was the fashion, down even to the last generation, to advise young writers to form themselves, as it was called, on these excellent models. Wordsworth himself began in this school; and though there were glimpses, here and there, of a direct study of nature, yet most of the epithets in his earlier pieces were of the traditional kind so fatal to the poetry of the last century; and he indulged in that alphabetic personification which enlivens all such words as Hunger, Solitude, Freedom, by the easy magic of an initial capital.

> "Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
> And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindliest ray,
> Even here Content has fixed her smiling reign
> With Independence, child of high Disdain.
> Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies,
> Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom flies,
> And often grasps her sword, and often eyes."

Here we have every characteristic of the artificial method, even to the triplet, which Swift hated so heartily as "a vicious way of rhyming wherewith Mr. Dryden abounded, imitated by all the

bad versifiers of Charles the Second's reign." Wordsworth became, indeed, very early the leader of reform; but, like Wesley, he endeavored a reform within the Establishment. Purifying the substance, he retained the outward forms, with a feeling rather than conviction that, in poetry, substance and form are but manifestations of the same inward life, the one fused into the other in the vivid heat of their common expression. Wordsworth could never wholly shake off the influence of the century into which he was born. He began by proposing a reform of the ritual, but it went no further than an attempt to get rid of the words of Latin original where the meaning was as well or better given in derivatives of the Saxon. He would have stricken out the "assemble" and left the "meet together." Like Wesley, he might be compelled by necessity to a breach of the canon; but, like him, he was never a willing schismatic, and his singing robes were the full and flowing canonicals of the church by law established. Inspiration makes short work with the usage of the best authors and ready-made elegances of diction; but where Wordsworth is not possessed by his demon, as Molière said of Corneille, he equals Thomson in verbiage, out-Miltons Milton in artifice of style, and Latinizes his diction beyond Dryden. The fact was, that he took up his early opinions on instinct, and insensibly modified them as he studied the masters of what may be called the Middle Period of English verse.* As a young man, he disparaged Virgil ("we talked a great deal of nonsense in those days," he said when taken to task for it later in life); at fifty-nine he translated three books of the Æneid, in emulation of Dryden, though falling far short of him in everything but closeness, as he seems, after a few years, to have been convinced. Keats was the first resolute and wilful heretic, the true founder of the modern school, which admits no cis-Elizabethan authority save Milton, whose English was formed upon those earlier models. Keats denounced the authors of that style which came in toward the close of the seventeenth century, and reigned absolute through the whole of the eighteenth, as

> "a schism,
> Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,

* His "Character of a Happy Warrior" (1806), one of his noblest poems, has a dash of Dryden in it.

> . . . . . who went about
> Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
> Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
> The name of one Boileau!"

Keats had never studied the writers of whom he speaks so [illegible]uously, though he might have profited by so doing. [illegible]ould at least have taught him that *flimsy* would have [illegible]apter epithet for the *standard* than for the mottoes [illegible] Dryden was the author of this schism against which [illegible]so vehemently asserts the claim of the orthodox teach- [illegible] had displaced. He was far more just to Boileau, of [illegible]n Keats had probably never read a word. "If I would [illegible]y cross the seas," he says, "I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is just. What he borrows from the ancients he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good and almost as universally valuable." *

Dryden has now been in his grave nearly a hundred and seventy years; in the second class of English poets perhaps no one stands, on the whole, so high as he; during his lifetime, in spite of jealousy, detraction, unpopular politics, and a suspicious change of faith, his pre-eminence was conceded; he was the earliest complete type of the purely literary man, in the modern sense; there is a singular unanimity in allowing him a certain claim to *greatness* which would be denied to men as famous and more read, — to Pope or Swift, for example; he is supposed, in some way or other, to have reformed English poetry. It is now about half a century since the only uniform edition of his works was edited by Scott. No library is complete without him, no name is more familiar than his, and yet it may be suspected that few writers are more thoroughly buried in that great cemetery of the "British Poets." If contemporary reputation be often deceitful, posthumous fame may be generally trusted, for it is a verdict made up of the suffrages of the select men in succeeding generations. This verdict has

* On the Origin and Progress of Satire. See Johnson's counter opinion in his Life of Dryden.

been as good as unanimous in favor of Dryden. It is, perhaps, worth while to take a fresh observation of him, to consider him neither as warning nor example, but to endeavor to make out what it is that has given so lofty and firm a position to one of the most unequal, inconsistent, and faulty writers that lived. He is a curious example of what we often remark in living, but rarely of the dead, — that they get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are, and posterity has applied to him one of his own rules of criticism, judging him by the best rather than the average of his achievement, — a thing posterity is seldom wont to do. On the losing side in politics, it is true of his polemical writings as of Burke's, to whom, in many respects, and especially in that supreme quality of a reasoner, that his mind gathers not only heat, but clearness and expansion, by its own motion, — that they have won his battle for him in the judgment of after times.

To us, looking back at him, he gradually becomes a singularly interesting and even picturesque figure. He is, in more senses than one, in language, in turn of thought, in style of mind, in the direction of his activity, the first of the moderns. He is the first literary man who was also a man of the world, as we understand the term. He succeeded Ben Jonson as the acknowledged dictator of wit and criticism, as Dr. Johnson, after nearly the same interval, succeeded him. All ages are, in some sense, ages of transition; but in some the transition is more marked, more rapid; and it is, perhaps, an ill fortune for a man of letters to arrive at maturity during such a period, still more to represent in himself the change that is going on, and to be an efficient cause in bringing it about. Unless, like Goethe, he is of a singularly uncontemporaneous nature, capable of being *tutta in se romita*, and running parallel with his time rather than being sucked into its current, he will be thwarted of that harmonious development of native force which has so much to do with its steady and successful application. Dryden suffered, no doubt, in this way. Though in creed he seems to have drifted backward in an eddy of the general current; yet of the intellectual movement of the time, so far certainly as literature shared in it, he could say, with Æneas, not only that he saw, but that himself was a great part of it. That

movement was, on the whole, a downward one, from faith to scepticism, from enthusiasm to cynicism, from the imagination to the understanding. It was in a direction altogether away from those springs of imagination and faith at which they of Buv-et age had slaked the thirst or renewed the vigor of their contempo-yden himself recognized that indefinable and gre- Boileau w luence which we call now-a-days the Spirit of the been an a he said that "every Age has a kind of universal upon it. * He had also a just notion of that in which he lived; Keats emarks, incidentally, that "all knowing ages are natu- ing it ceptic and not at all bigoted, which, if I am not much who ved, is the proper character of our own."† It may be con- onl ed that he was even painfully half aware of having fallen upon a time incapable, not merely of a great poet, but perhaps of any poet at all; for nothing is so sensitive to the chill of a sceptical atmosphere as that enthusiasm which, if it is not genius, is at least the beautiful illusion that saves it from the baffling quibbles of self-consciousness. Thrice unhappy he who, born to see things as they might be, is schooled by circumstances to see them as people say they are, — to read God in a prose translation. Such was Dryden's lot, and such, for a good part of his days, it was by his own choice. He who was of a stature to snatch the torch of life that flashes from lifted hand to hand along the generations, over the heads of inferior men, chose rather to be a link-boy to the stews.

As a writer for the stage, he deliberately adopted and repeatedly reaffirmed the maxim that

> "He who lives to please, must please to live."

Without earnest convictions, no great or sound literature is conceivable. But if Dryden mostly wanted that inspiration which comes of belief in, and devotion to, something nobler and more abiding than the present moment and its petulant need, he had, at least, the next best thing to that, — a thorough faith in himself. He was, moreover, a man of singularly open soul, and of a temper self-confident enough to be candid even with himself. His mind was growing to the last, his judgment widening and deepening, his artistic sense refining itself more and more. He confessed his errors, and was not ashamed to

* Essay on Dramatick Poesy. † Life of Lucian.

retrace his steps in search of that better knowledge which the omniscience of superficial study had disparaged. Surely an intellect that is still pliable at seventy is a phenomenon as interesting as it is rare. But at whatever period of his life we look at Dryden, and whatever, for the moment, may have been his poetic creed, there was something in the nature of the man that would not be wholly subdued to what it worked in. There are continual glimpses of something in him greater than he, hints of possibilities finer than anything he has done. You feel that the whole of him was better than any random specimens, though of his best, seem to prove. *Incessu patet*, he has by times the large stride of the elder race, though it sinks too often into the slouch of a man who has seen better days. His grand air may, in part, spring from a habit of easy superiority to his competitors; but must also, in part, be ascribed to an innate dignity of character. That this pre-eminence should have been so generally admitted, during his life, can only be explained by a bottom of good sense, kindliness, and sound judgment, whose solid worth could afford that many a flurry of vanity, petulance, and even error should flit across the surface and be forgotten. Whatever else Dryden may have been, the last and abiding impression of him is, that he was thoroughly manly; and while it may be disputed whether he was a great poet, it may be said of him, as Wordsworth said of Burke, that "he was by far the greatest man of his age, not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries."

Dryden was born in 1631. He was accordingly six years old when Johnson died, was nearly a quarter of a century younger than Milton, and may have personally known Bishop Hall, the first English satirist, who was living till 1656. On the other side, he was older than Swift by thirty-six, than Addison by forty-one, and than Pope by fifty-seven years. Dennis says that "Dryden, for the last ten years of his life, was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him more than he ever used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end," being commonly "an extreme sober man." Pope tells us that, in his twelfth year, he "saw Dryden," perhaps at Will's, perhaps in the street, as Scott did Burns. Dryden himself

visited Milton now and then, and was intimate with Davenant, who could tell him of Fletcher and Jonson, from personal recollection. Thus he stands between the age before and that which followed him, giving a hand to each. His father was a country clergyman, of Puritan leanings, a younger son of an ancient county family. The Puritanism is thought to have come in with the poet's great-grandfather, who made in his will the somewhat singular statement that he was "assured by the Holy Ghost that he was elect of God." Dryden tells us that he had read Polybius "in English, with the pleasure of a boy, before he was ten years of age, and yet even then *had some dark notions of the prudence with which he conducted his design.*" The concluding words are very characteristic, even if Dryden, as men commonly do, interpreted his boyish turn of mind by later self-knowledge. We thus get a glimpse of him browsing — for, like Johnson, Burke, and the full as distinguished from the learned men, he was always a random reader — in his father's library, and painfully culling here and there a spray of his own proper nutriment from among the stubs and thorns of Puritan divinity. After such schooling as could be had in the country, he was sent up to Westminster School, then under the headship of the celebrated Dr. Busby. Here he made his first essays in verse, translating, among other school exercises of the same kind, the third satire of Persius. In 1650 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and remained there for seven years. The only record of his college life is a discipline imposed, in 1652, for "disobedience to the Vice-Master, and contumacy in taking his punishment, inflicted by him." Whether this punishment was corporeal, as Johnson insinuates in the similar case of Milton, we are ignorant. He certainly retained no very fond recollection of his Alma Mater, for in his "Prologue to the University of Oxford" he says: —

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother university;
> Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

By the death of his father, in 1654, he came into possession of a small estate of sixty pounds a year, from which, however, a

third must be deducted, for his mother's dower, till 1676. After leaving Cambridge he became secretary to his near relative, Sir Gilbert Pickering, at that time Cromwell's chamberlain, and a member of his Upper House. In 1670 he succeeded Davenant as Poet Laureate, and Howell as Historiographer, with a yearly salary of two hundred pounds. This place he lost at the Revolution, and had the mortification to see his old enemy and butt, Shadwell, promoted to it, as the best poet the Whig party could muster. If William was obliged to read the verses of his official minstrel, Dryden was more than avenged. From 1688 to his death, twelve years later, he earned his bread manfully by his pen, without any mean complaining, and with no allusion to his fallen fortunes that is not dignified and touching. These latter years, during which he was his own man again, were probably the happiest of his life. In 1664 or 1665 he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. About a hundred pounds a year were thus added to his income. The marriage is said not to have been a happy one, and perhaps it was not, for his wife was apparently a weak-minded woman; but the inference from the internal evidence of Dryden's plays, as of Shakespeare's, is very untrustworthy, ridicule of marriage having always been a common stock in trade of the comic writers.

The earliest of his verses that have come down to us were written upon the death of Lord Hastings, and are as bad as they can be, — a kind of parody on the worst of Donne. They have every fault of his manner, without a hint of the subtile and often profound thought that gives it substance and value. As the Doctor himself would have said, here is Donne outdone. The young nobleman died of the small-pox, and Dryden exclaims pathetically, —

> "Was there no milder way than the small-pox,
> The very filthiness of Pandora's box?"

He compares the pustules to "rosebuds stuck i' the lily skin about," and says that

> "Each little pimple had a tear in it
> To wail the fault its rising did commit."

But he has not done his worst yet, by a great deal. What follows is even finer: —

"No comet need foretell his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.
O, had he died of old, how great a strife
Had been who from his death should draw their life!
Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were,
Learned, virtuous, pious, great, and have by this
An universal metempsychosis!
Must all these aged sires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?"

It is said that one of Allston's early pictures was once brought to him, after he had long forgotten it, and his opinion asked as to the wisdom of the young artist's persevering in the career he had chosen. Allston advised his quitting it forthwith as hopeless. Could the same experiment have been tried with these verses upon Dryden, can any one doubt that his counsel would have been the same? It should be remembered, however, that he was barely turned eighteen when they were written. In the next year he appears again in some commendatory verses prefixed to the sacred epigrams of his friend, John Hoddesdon. In these he speaks of the author as a

"Young eaglet, who, thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin."

Here is almost every fault which Dryden's later nicety would have condemned. But perhaps there is no schooling so good for an author as his own youthful indiscretions. After this effort Dryden seems to have lain fallow for ten years, and then he at length reappears in thirty-seven "heroic stanzas" on the death of Cromwell. The versification is smoother, but the conceits are there again, though in a milder form. The verse is modelled after "Gondibert." A single image from nature (he was almost always happy in these) gives some hint of the maturer Dryden: —

"And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow."

Two other verses,

"And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferred,"

are interesting, because they show that he had been studying the early poems of Milton. He has contrived to bury under a rubbish of verbiage one of the most purely imaginative passages ever written by the great Puritan poet.

> "From haunted spring and dale,
> Edged with poplar pale,
> The parting genius is with sighing sent."

This is the more curious because, twenty-four years afterwards, he says, in defending rhyme: "Whatever causes he [Milton] alleges for the abolishment of rhyme, his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it nor the graces of it: which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, ... where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet."* It was this, no doubt, that heartened Dr. Johnson to say of "Lycidas" that "the diction was harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing." It is Dryden's excuse that his characteristic excellence is to argue persuasively and powerfully, whether in verse or prose, and that he was amply endowed with the most needful quality of an advocate, — to be always strongly and wholly of his present way of thinking, whatever it might be. Next we have, in 1660, "Astræa Redux" on the "happy restoration" of Charles II. In this also we can forebode little of the full-grown Dryden but his defects. We see his tendency to exaggeration, and to confound physical with metaphysical, as where he says of the ships that brought home the royal brothers, that

> "the joyful London meets
> The princely York, himself alone a freight,
> The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloster's weight,"

and speaks of the

> "repeated prayer
> Which stormed the skies and ravished Charles from thence."

There is also a certain every-dayness, not to say vulgarity, of phrase, which Dryden never wholly refined away, and which continually tempts us to sum up at once against him as the

* Essay on the Origin and Progress of Satire.

greatest poet that ever was or could be made wholly out of prose.

> "Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive"

is an example. On the other hand, there are a few verses almost worthy of his best days, as these: —

> "Some lazy ages lost in sleep and ease,
> No action leave to busy chronicles;
> Such whose *supine felicity* but makes
> In story chasms, in epochas mistakes,
> O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
> Till with his silent sickle they are mown."

These are all the more characteristic, that Dryden, unless in argument, is seldom equal for six lines together. In the poem to Lord Clarendon (1662) there are four verses that have something of the "energy divine" for which Pope praised his master.

> "Let envy, then, those crimes within you see
> From which the happy never must be free;
> Envy that does with misery reside,
> The joy and the revenge of ruined pride."

In his "Aurengzebe" (1675) there is a passage, of which, as it is a good example of Dryden, I shall quote the whole, though my purpose aims mainly at the latter verses: —

> "When I consider life, 't is all a cheat;
> Yet, fooled with Hope, men favor the deceit,
> Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
> To-morrow 's falser than the former day,
> Lies worse, and, while it says we shall be blest
> With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
> Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
> Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
> And from the dregs of life think to receive
> What the first sprightly running could not give.
> I 'm tired of waiting for this chymic gold
> Which fools us young and beggars us when old."

The "first sprightly running" of Dryden's vintage was, it must be confessed, a little muddy, if not beery; but if his own soil did not produce grapes of the choicest flavor, he knew where they were to be had; and his product, like sound wine, grew better the longer it stood upon the lees. He tells us, evidently thinking of himself, that in a poet, "from fifty to threescore, the balance generally holds even in our colder

climates, for he loses not much in fancy, and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases. His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest, yet, if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigor, and the gleanings of that of Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer." * Since Chaucer, none of our poets has had a constitution more healthful, and it was his old age that yielded the best of him. In him the understanding was, perhaps, in overplus for his entire good fortune as a poet, and that is a faculty among the earliest to mature. We have seen him, at only ten years, divining the power of reason in Polybius.† The same turn of mind led him later to imitate the French school of tragedy, and to admire in Ben Jonson the most correct of English poets. It was his imagination that needed quickening, and it is very curious to trace through his different prefaces the gradual opening of his eyes to the causes of the solitary pre-eminence of Shakespeare. At first he is sensible of an attraction towards him which he cannot explain, and for which he apologizes, as if it were wrong. But he feels himself drawn more and more strongly, till at last he ceases to resist altogether, and is forced to acknowledge that there is something in this one man that is not and never was anywhere else, something not to be reasoned about, ineffable, divine; if contrary to the rules, so much the worse for *them*. It may be conjectured that Dryden's Puritan associations may have stood in the way of his more properly poetic culture, and that his early knowledge of Shakespeare was slight. He tells us that Davenant, whom he could not have known before he himself was twenty-seven, first taught him to admire the great poet. But even after his imagination had become conscious of its prerogative, and his expression had been ennobled by frequenting this higher society, we find him continually dropping back into that *sermo pedestris* which seems, on the whole, to have been his more natural element. We always feel his epoch in him, that he was the lock which let our language

* Dedication of the Georgics.

† Dryden's penetration is always remarkable. His general judgment of Polybius coincides remarkably with that of Mommsen. (Röm. Gesch. ii. 448, *seq.*)

down from its point of highest poetry to its level of easiest and most gently flowing prose. His enthusiasm needs the contagion of other minds to arouse it; but his strong sense, his command of the happy word, his wit, which is distinguished by a certain breadth and, as it were, power of generalization, as Pope's by keenness of edge and point, were his, whether he would or no. Accordingly, his poetry is often best and his verse more flowing where (as in parts of his version of the twenty-ninth ode of the third book of Horace) he is amplifying the suggestions of another mind.* Viewed from one side, he justifies Milton's remark of him, that "he was a good rhymist, but no poet." To look at all sides, and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is, no doubt, the duty of a critic. But how if a certain side be so often presented as to thrust forward in the memory and disturb it in the effort to recall that total impression (for the office of a critic is not, though often so misunderstood, to say *guilty* or *not guilty* of some particular fact), which is the only safe ground of judgment? It is the weight of the whole man, not of one or the other limb of him, that we want. *Expende Hannibalem.* Very good, but not in a scale capacious only of a single quality at a time, for it is their union, and not their addition, that assures the value of each separately. It was not this or that which gave him his weight in council, his swiftness of decision in battle, that outran the forethought of other men, — it was Hannibal. But this prosaic element in Dryden will force itself upon me. As I read him, I cannot help thinking of an ostrich, to be classed with flying things, and capable, what with leap and flap together, of leaving the earth for a longer or shorter space, but loving the open plain, where wing and foot help each other to something that is both flight and run at once.

We have arrived at Dryden's thirty-second year, and thus far have found little in him to warrant an augury that he was ever to be one of the *great* names in English literature, the most perfect type, that is, of his class, and that class a high one, though not the highest. If Joseph de Maistre's axiom, *Qui n'a pas vaincu à trente ans, ne vaincra jamais*, were true,

* "I have taken some pains to make it my masterpiece in English." — Preface to Second Miscellany. Fox said that it "was better than the original."

there would be little hope of him, for he has won no battle yet. But there is something solid and doughty in the man, that can rise from defeat, the stuff of which victories are made in due time, when we are able to choose our position better, and the sun is at our back. Hitherto his performances have been mainly of the *obbligato* sort, at which few men of original force are good, least of all Dryden, who had always something of stiffness in his strength. Waller had praised the living Cromwell in perhaps the manliest verses he ever wrote, — not *very* manly to be sure, but really elegant, and, on the whole, better than those in which Dryden squeezed out melodious tears. Waller, who had also made himself conspicuous as a volunteer Antony to the country squire turned Cæsar,

> ("With ermine clad and purple, let him hold
> A royal sceptre made of Spanish gold,")

was more servile than Dryden in hailing the return of *ex officio* Majesty. He bewails to Charles, in snuffling heroics,

> "our sorrow and our crime
> To have accepted life so long a time,
> Without you here."

A weak man, put to the test by rough and angry times, as Waller was, may be pitied, but meanness is nothing but contemptible under any circumstances. If it be true that "every conqueror creates a Muse," Cromwell was unfortunate. Even Milton's sonnet, though dignified, is reserved if not distrustful. Marvell's "Horatian Ode," the most truly classic in our language, is worthy of its theme. The same poet's Elegy, in parts noble, and everywhere humanly tender, is worth more than all Carlyle's biography as a witness to the gentler qualities of the hero, and of the deep affection that stalwart nature could inspire in hearts of truly masculine temper. As it is little known, a few verses of it may be quoted to show the difference between grief that thinks of its object and grief that thinks of its rhymes.

> "Valor, religion, friendship, prudence died
> At once with him, and all that 's good beside,
> And we, death's refuse, nature's dregs, confined
> To loathsome life, alas! are left behind.
> Where we (so once we used) shall now no more,
> To fetch day, press about his chamber-door,

No more shall hear that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spared the labor of his arm,
No more shall follow where he spent the days
In war or counsel, or in prayer and praise.

. . . . .

I saw him dead; a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigor stretched along,
All withered, all discolored, pale, and wan,
How much another thing! no more That Man!
O human glory! vain! O death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed
That still, though dead, greater than Death he laid,
And, in his altered face, you something feign
That threatens Death he yet will live again."

Such verses might not satisfy Lindley Murray, but they are of that higher mood which satisfies the heart. These couplets, too, have an energy worthy of Milton's friend: —

"When up the armèd mountains of Dunbar
He marched, and through deep Severn, ending war."
"Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse
Shall the English soldier, ere he charge, rehearse."

On the whole, one is glad that Dryden's panegyric on the Protector was so poor. It was purely official verse-making. Had there been any feeling in it, there had been baseness in his address to Charles. As it is, we may fairly assume that he was so far sincere in both cases as to be thankful for a chance to exercise himself in rhyme, without much caring whether upon a funeral or a restoration. He might naturally enough expect that poetry would have a better chance under Charles than under Cromwell, or any successor with Commonwealth principles. Cromwell had more serious matters to think about than verses, while Charles might at least care as much about them as it was in his base good-nature to care about anything but loose women and spaniels. Dryden's sound sense, afterwards so conspicuous, shows itself even in these pieces, when we can get at it through the tangled thicket of tropical phrase.

The authentic and unmistakable Dryden first manifests himself in some verses addressed to his friend Dr. Charlton in 1663. We have first his common sense, which has almost the point of wit, yet with a tang of prose: —

> "The longest tyranny that ever swayed
> Was that wherein our ancestors betrayed
> Their freeborn reason to the Stagyrite,
> And made his torch their universal light.
> *So truth, while only one supplied the state,*
> *Grew scarce and dear and yet sophisticate.*
> *Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares or charms,*
> *Hard words sealed up with Aristotle's arms.*"

Then we have his graceful sweetness of fancy, where he speaks of the inhabitants of the New World: —

> "Guiltless men who danced away their time,
> Fresh as their groves and happy as their clime."

And, finally, there is a hint of imagination where "mighty visions of the Danish race" watch round Charles sheltered in Stonehenge after the battle of Worcester. These passages might have been written by the Dryden whom we learn to know fifteen years later. They have the advantage that he wrote them to please himself. His contemporary Dr. Heylin said of French cooks, that "their trade was not to feed the belly, but the palate." Dryden was a great while in learning this secret, as available in good writing as in cookery. He strove after it, but his thoroughly English nature, to the last, would too easily content itself with serving up the honest beef of his thought, without regard to daintiness of flavor in the dressing of it.* Of the best English poetry, it might be said that it is understanding aerated by imagination. In Dryden the solid part too often refused to mix kindly with the leaven, either remaining lumpish or rising to a hasty puf-

* In one of the last letters he ever wrote, thanking his cousin Mrs. Steward for a gift of marrow-puddings, he says: "A chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings; for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." So of Cowley he says: "There was plenty enough, but ill sorted, whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men." The physical is a truer antitype of the spiritual man than we are willing to admit, and the brain is often forced to acknowledge the inconvenient country-cousinship of the stomach.

finess. Grace and lightness were with him much more a laborious achievement than a natural gift, and it is all the more remarkable that he should so often have attained to what seems such an easy perfection in both. Always a hasty writer,* he was long in forming his style, and to the last was apt to snatch the readiest word rather than wait for the fittest. He was not wholly and unconsciously poet, but a thinker who sometimes lost himself on enchanted ground and was transfigured by its touch. This preponderance in him of the reasoning over the intuitive faculties, the one always there, the other flashing in when you least expect it, accounts for that inequality and even incongruousness in his writing which make one revise his judgment at every tenth page. In his prose you come upon passages that persuade you he is a poet, in spite of his verses so often turning state's evidence against him as to convince you he is none. For example, take this bit of prose from the dedication of his version of Virgil's Pastorals, 1694: "He found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgicks and his Æneis. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long, laborious flight; yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air and singing to the ground, like a lark melodious in her mounting and continuing her song till she alights, still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music." This is charming, and yet even this wants the ethereal tincture that pervades the style of Jeremy Taylor, making it, as Burke said of Sheridan's eloquence, "neither prose nor poetry, but something better than either." Let us compare Taylor's treatment of the same image: "For so have I seen a lark, rising from her bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird

* In his Preface to "All for Love" he says, evidently alluding to himself: "If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, Horace would have taught him to have minced the matter, and to have called it readiness of thought and a flowing fancy." And in the Preface to the Fables he says of Homer: "This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper." He makes other allusions to it.

was beaten back by the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion of an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below." Taylor's fault is that his sentences too often smell of the library, but what an open air is here! How unpremeditated it all seems! How carelessly he knots each new thought, as it comes, to the one before it with an *and*, like a girl making lace! And what a slidingly musical use he makes of the sibilants with which our language is unjustly taxed by those who can only make them hiss, not sing! There are twelve of them in the first twenty words, fifteen of which are monosyllables. We notice the structure of Dryden's periods, but this grows up as we read. It gushes, like the song of the bird itself,

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Let us now take a specimen of Dryden's bad prose from one of his poems. I open the "Annus Mirabilis" at random, and hit upon this: —

"Our little fleet was now engaged so far,
That, like the swordfish in the whale, they fought:
The combat only seemed a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought."

Is this Dryden, or Sternhold, or Shadwell, those Toms who made him say that "dulness was fatal to the name of Tom"? The natural history of Goldsmith in the verse of Pye! His thoughts did not "voluntary move harmonious numbers." He had his choice between prose and verse, and seems to be poetical on second thought. I do not speak without book. He seems to have been conscious of it himself. In the same letter to Mrs. Steward, just cited, he says, "I am still drudging on, always a poet and never a good one"; and this from no mock-modesty, for he is always handsomely frank in telling us whatever of his own doing pleased him. This was written in the

last year of his life, and at about the same time he says elsewhere: "What judgment I had increases rather than diminishes, and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject, to run them into verse or to give them the other harmony of prose; I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit and become familiar to me." * I think that a man who was primarily a poet would hardly have felt this equanimity of choice.

I find a confirmation of this feeling about Dryden in his early literary loves. His taste was not an instinct, but the slow result of reflection and of the manfulness with which he always acknowledged to himself his own mistakes. In this latter respect few men deal so magnanimously with themselves as he, and accordingly few have been so happily inconsistent. *Ancora imparo* might have served him for a motto as well as Michael Angelo. His prefaces are a complete log of his life, and the habit of writing them was a useful one to him, for it forced him to think with a pen in his hand, which, according to Goethe, "if it do no other good, keeps the mind from staggering about." In these prefaces we see his taste gradually rising from Du Bartas to Spenser, from Cowley to Milton, from Corneille to Shakespeare. "I remember when I was a boy," he says in his dedication of the "Spanish Friar," 1681, "I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, and was rapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines: —

> 'Now when the winter's keener breath began
> To crystallize the Baltic oceän,
> To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
> And periwig with snow † the baldpate woods.'

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian." Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," has a ludicrous passage in this style:

* Preface to the Fables.

† *Wool* is Sylvester's word. Dryden reminds us of Burke in this also, that he always quotes from memory and seldom exactly. His memory was better for things than for words. This helps to explain the length of time it took him to master that vocabulary at last so various, full, and seemingly extemporaneous. He is a large quoter, though, with his usual inconsistency, he says, "I am no admirer of quotations." (Essays on Heroic Plays.)

"Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *sea*, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable *beaux;* observe how *sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech*, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch." The fault is not in any inaptness of the images, nor in the mere vulgarity of the things themselves, but in that of the associations they awaken. The "prithee, undo this button" of Lear, coming where it does and expressing what it does, is one of those touches of the pathetically sublime, of which only Shakespeare ever knew the secret. Herrick, too, has a charming poem on "Julia's petticoat," the charm being that he lifts the familiar and the low to the region of sentiment. In the passage from Sylvester, it is precisely the reverse, and the wig takes as much from the sentiment as it adds to a Lord Chancellor. So Pope's proverbial verse,

"True wit is Nature to advantage drest,"

unpleasantly suggests Nature under the hands of a lady's-maid.* We have no word in English that will exactly define this want of propriety in diction. *Vulgar* is too strong, and *commonplace* too weak. Perhaps *bourgeois* comes as near as any. It is to be noticed that Dryden does not unequivocally condemn the passage he quotes, but qualifies it with an "if I am not much mistaken." Indeed, though his judgment in substantials, like that of Johnson, is always worth having, his taste, the negative half of genius, never altogether refined itself from a colloquial familiarity, which is one of the charms of his prose, and gives that air of easy strength in which his satire is unmatched. In his "Royal Martyr" (1669) the tyrant Maximin says to the gods: —

"Keep you your rain and sunshine in the skies,
And I 'll keep back my flame and sacrifice;
Your trade of Heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand," —

* In the *Epimetheus* of a poet usually as elegant as Gray himself, one's finer sense is a little jarred by the

"Spectral gleam their snow-white *dresses.*"

a passage which has as many faults as only Dryden was capable of committing, even to a false idiom forced by the last rhyme. The same tyrant in dying exclaims: —

> "And after thee I 'll go,
> Revenging still, and following e'en to th' other world my blow,
> And, *shoving back this earth on which I sit,*
> *I 'll mount and scatter all the gods I hit.*"

In the "Conquest of Grenada" (1670), we have: —

> "This little loss in our vast body shews
> So small, that half *have never heard the news;*
> *Fame 's out of breath e'er she can fly so far*
> *To tell 'em all that you have e'er made war.*" *

And in the same play,

> "That busy thing,
> *The soul, is packing up*, and just on wing
> Like parting swallows when they seek the spring,"

where the last sweet verse curiously illustrates that inequality (poetry on a prose background) which so often puzzles us in Dryden. Infinitely worse is the speech of Almanzor to his mother's ghost: —

> "I 'll rush into the covert of the night
> And pull thee backward by the shroud to light,
> Or else I 'll squeeze thee like a bladder there,
> And make thee groan thyself away to air."

What wonder that Dryden should have been substituted for Davenant as the butt of the "Rehearsal," and that the parody should have had such a run? And yet it was Dryden who, in speaking of Persius, hit upon the happy phrase of "boisterous metaphors"; † it was Dryden who said of Cowley, whom he elsewhere calls "the darling of my youth," ‡ that he was "sunk in reputation because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way, but swept, like a drag-net, great and

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* This probably suggested to Young the grandiose image in his "Last Day" (B. ii.): —

> "Those overwhelming armies . . . .
> Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
> Roused the broad front and called the battle on."

This, to be sure, is no plagiarism; but we catch the poets of the next half-century oftener with their hands in Dryden's pockets than in those of any one else.

† Essay on Satire.

‡ Ibid.

small." * But the passages I have thus far cited as specimens of our poet's coarseness (for poet he surely was *intus*, though not always *in cute*) were written before he was forty, and he had an odd notion, suitable to his healthy complexion, that poets on the whole improve after that date. Man at forty, he says, "seems to be fully in his summer tropic, ... and I believe that it will hold in all great poets that, though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested." † But artificial heat is never to be digested at all, as is plain in Dryden's case. He was a man who warmed slowly, and, in his hurry to supply the market, forced his mind. The result was the same after forty as before. In "Œdipus" (1679) we find,

> "not one bolt
> Shall err from Thebes, but more be called for, more,
> *New-moulded thunder of a larger size!*"

This play was written in conjunction with Lee, of whom Dryden relates ‡ that, when some one said to him, "It is easy enough to write like a madman," he replied, "No, it is hard to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool," — perhaps the most compendious lecture on poetry ever delivered. The splendid bit of eloquence, which has so much the sheet-iron clang of impeachment thunder (I hope that Dryden is not in the Library of Congress!) is perhaps Lee's. The following passage almost certainly is his: —

* Preface to Fables. Men are always inclined to revenge themselves on their old idols in the first enthusiasm of conversion to a purer faith. Cowley had all the faults that Dryden loads him with, and yet his popularity was to some extent deserved. He at least had a theory that poetry should soar, not creep, and longed for some expedient, in the failure of natural wings, by which he could lift himself away from the conventional and commonplace. By beating out the substance of Pindar very thin, he contrived a kind of balloon which, tumid with gas, did certainly mount a little, *into* the clouds, if not above them, though sure to come suddenly down with a bump. His odes, indeed, are an alternation of upward jerks and concussions, and smack more of Chapelain than of the Theban, but his prose is very agreeable, — Montaigne and water, perhaps, but with some flavor of the Gascon wine left. The strophe of his ode to Dr. Scarborough, in which he compares his surgical friend, operating for the stone, to Moses striking the rock, more than justifies all the ill that Dryden could lay at his door. It was into precisely such mud-holes that Cowley's Will-o'-the-wisp had misguided him. Men may never wholly shake off a vice, but they are always conscious of it, and hate the tempter.

† Dedication of Georgics.

‡ In a letter to Dennis, 1693.

> "Sure t is the end of all things! Fate has torn
> The lock of Time off, and his head is now
> The ghastly ball of round Eternity!"

But the next, in which the soul is likened to the pocket of an indignant housemaid charged with theft, is wholly in Dryden's manner: —

> "No; I dare challenge heaven to turn me outward,
> And shake my soul quite empty in your sight."

In the same style, he makes his Don Sebastian (1690) say that he is as much astonished as "drowsy mortals" at the last trump,

> "When, called in haste, *they fumble for their limbs*,"

and propose to take upon himself the whole of a crime shared with another by asking Heaven *to charge the bill* on him. And in "King Arthur," written ten years after the Preface from which I have quoted his confession about Dubartas, we have a passage precisely in the style he condemned: —

> "Ah for the many souls as but this morn
> Were clothed with flesh and warmed with vital blood,
> But naked now, or *shirted* but with air."

Dryden too often violated his own admirable rule, that "an author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought." *

English prose is indebted to Dryden for having freed it from the cloister of pedantry. He, more than any other single writer, contributed, as well by precept as example, to give it suppleness of movement and the easier air of the modern world. His own style, juicy with proverbial phrases, has that familiar dignity, so hard to attain, perhaps unattainable except by one who, like Dryden, feels that his position is assured. Charles Cotton is as easy, but not so elegant; Walton as familiar, but not so flowing; Swift as idiomatic, but not so elevated, Burke more splendid, but not so equally luminous. That his style was no easy acquisition (though, of course, the aptitude was innate) he himself tells us. In his dedication of "Troilus and Cressida" (1679), in which he seems to hint at the erection of an Academy, he says that "the perfect knowledge of a tongue was never attained by any single person. The Court, the College, and the Town must all be joined in it. And as our English is a composition of the dead and living tongues,

* Preface to Fables.

there is required a perfect knowledge, not only of the Greek and Latin, but of the Old German, French, and Italian, and, to help all these, a conversation with those authors of our own who have written with the fewest faults in prose and verse. But how barbarously we yet write and speak your Lordship knows, and I am sufficiently sensible in my own English.* For I am often put to a stand in considering whether what I write be the idiom of the tongue, or false grammar and nonsense couched beneath that specious name of *Anglicism*, and have no other way to clear my doubts but by translating my English into Latin, and thereby trying what sense the words will bear in a more stable language." *Tantæ molis erat.* Five years later: "The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, *the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes*, and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning." In the passage I have italicized, it will be seen that Dryden lays some stress upon the influence of women in refining language. Swift also, in his plan for an Academy, says: "Now, though I would by no means give ladies the trouble of advising us in the reformation of our language, yet I cannot help thinking that, since they have been left out of all meetings except parties at play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated."† Swift affirms that the language had grown corrupt since the Restoration, and that "the Court, which used to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech, was then, and, I think, has ever since continued, the worst school in England."‡ He lays the

* More than half a century later, Orrery, in his "Remarks" on Swift, says: "We speak and we write at random; and if a man's common conversation were committed to paper, he would be startled *for to* find himself guilty in *so few* sentences of so many solecisms and such false English." I do not remember *for to* anywhere in Dryden's prose. *So few* has long been denizened.

† Letter to the Lord High Treasurer.

‡ Ibid. He complains of "manglings and abbreviations." "What does your Lordship think of the words drudg'd, disturb'd, rebuk'd, fledg'd, and a thousand

blame partly on the general licentiousness, partly upon the French education of many of Charles's courtiers, and partly on the poets. Dryden undoubtedly formed his diction by the usage of the court. The age was a very free-and-easy, not to say a very coarse one. Its coarseness was not external, like that of Elizabeth's day, but the outward mark of an inward depravity. What Swift's notion of the refinement of women was may be judged by his anecdotes of Stella. I will not say that Dryden's prose did not gain by the conversational elasticity which his frequenting men and women of the world enabled him to give it. It is the best specimen of every-day style that we have. But the habitual dwelling of his mind in a commonplace atmosphere, and among those easy levels of sentiment which befitted Will's Coffee-house and the Bird-cage Walk, was a damage to his poetry. He cannot always distinguish between enthusiasm and extravagance when he sees them. But, apart from these influences which I have adduced in exculpation, there was certainly a vein of coarseness in him, a want of that exquisite sensitiveness which is the conscience of the artist. An old gentleman, writing to the Gentleman's Magazine in 1745, professes to remember "plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts at the Mulberry Garden with him and Madam Reeve, when our author advanced to a sword and Chadreux wig." * I always fancy

others?" In a contribution to the "Tatler" (No. 230) he ridicules the use of *'um* for *them*, and a number of slang phrases, among which is *mob*. "The war," he says, "has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns." *Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, pallisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions*, are the instances he gives, and all are now familiar. No man, or body of men, can dam the stream of language. Dryden is rather fond of *'em* for *them*, but uses it rarely in his prose. Swift himself prefers *'t is* to *it is*, as does Emerson still. In what Swift says of the poets, he may be fairly suspected of glancing at Dryden, who was his kinsmen, and whose prefaces and translation of Virgil he ridicules in the "Tale of a Tub." Dryden is reported to have said of him, "Cousin Swift is no poet." The Dean began his literary career by Pindaric odes to Athenian Societies and the like, — perhaps the greatest mistake as to his own powers of which an author was ever guilty. It was very likely that he would send these to his relative, already distinguished, for his opinion upon them. If this was so, the justice of Dryden's judgment must have added to the smart. Swift never forgot or forgave; Dryden was careless enough to do the one, and large enough to do the other.

* Both Malone and Scott accept this gentleman's evidence without question, but

Dryden in the drugget, with wig, lace ruffles, and sword superimposed. It is the type of this curiously incongruous man.

The first poem by which Dryden won a general acknowledgment of his power was the "Annus Mirabilis," written in his thirty-seventh year. Pepys, himself not altogether a bad judge, doubtless expresses the common opinion when he says: "I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war; a very good poem." * And a very good poem, in some sort, it continues to be, in spite of its amazing blemishes. We must always bear in mind that Dryden lived in an age that supplied him with no ready-made inspiration, and that big phrases and images are apt to be pressed into the service when great ones do not volunteer. With this poem begins the long series of Dryden's prefaces, of which Swift made such excellent, though malicious, fun that I cannot forbear to quote it. "I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the *preface* a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers and other retailers of strange sights to hang out a fair picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath; this has saved me many a threepence. . . . . Such is exactly the fate at this time of *prefaces*. . . . . This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He

I confess suspicion of a memory that runs back more than eighty-one years, and recollects a man before he had any claim to remembrance. Dryden was never poor, and there is at Oxford a portrait of him painted in 1664, which represents him in a superb periwig and laced band. This was "before he had paid his court with success to the great." But the story is at least *ben trovato*, and morally true enough to serve as an illustration. Who the "old gentleman" was has never been discovered. Of Crowne (who has some interest for us as a sometime student at Harvard) he says: "Many a cup of metheglin have I drank with little starch'd Johnny Crown; we called him so, from the stiff, unalterable primness of his long cravat." Crowne reflects no more credit on his Alma Mater than Downing. Both were sneaks, and of such a kind as, I think, can only be produced by a debauched Puritanism. Crowne, as a rival of Dryden, is contemptuously alluded to by Cibber in his "Apology."

* Diary, III. 390. Almost the only notices of Dryden that make him alive to me I have found in the delicious book of this Polonius-Montaigne, the only man who ever had the courage to keep a sincere journal, even under the shelter of cipher.

has often said to me in confidence, 'that the world would never have suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently, in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it.' Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points where he never intended they should." * The *monster-mongers* is a terrible thrust, when we remember some of the comedies and heroic plays which Dryden ushered in this fashion. In the dedication of the "Annus" to the city of London is one of those pithy sentences of which Dryden is afterwards so full, and which he lets fall with a carelessness that seems always to deepen the meaning: "I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation; Providence is engaged too deeply when the cause becomes so general." In his "account" of the poem in a letter to Sir Robert Howard he says: "I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us. . . . . The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme. . . . . But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion; for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labor of the poet." A little further on: "They [the French] write in alexandrines, or verses of six feet, such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthening their chain,† makes the sphere of their

* Tale of a Tub, Sect. V. Pepys also speaks of buying the "Maiden Queen" of Mr. Dryden's, which he himself, in his preface, seems to brag of, and indeed is a good play." — 18th January, 1668.

† He is fond of this image. In the "Maiden Queen" Celadon tells Sabina that, when he is with her rival Florimel, his heart is still her prisoner, "it only draws a longer chain after it." Goldsmith's fancy was taken by it; and everybody admires in the "Traveller" the extraordinary conceit of a heart dragging a lengthening chain. The smoothness of too many rhymed pentameters is that of thin ice over shallow water; so long as we glide along rapidly, all is well; but if we dwell a moment on any one spot, we may find ourselves knee-deep in mud. A later poet, in trying to improve on Goldsmith, shows the ludicrousness of the image: —

"And round my heart's leg ties its galling chain."

To write imaginatively a man should have — imagination!

activity the greater." I have quoted these passages because, in a small compass, they include several things characteristic of Dryden. "I have ever judged," and "I have always found," are particularly so. If he took up an opinion in the morning, he would have found so many arguments for it before night that it would seem already old and familiar. So with his reproach of rhyme; a year or two before he was eagerly defending it;* again a few years, and he will utterly condemn and drop it in his plays, while retaining it in his translations; afterwards his study of Milton leads him to think that blank verse would suit the epic style better, and he proposes to try it with Homer, but at last translates one book as a specimen, and behold, it is in rhyme! But the charm of this great advocate is, that, whatever side he was on, he could always find excellent reasons for it, and state them with great force, and abundance of happy illustration. He is an exception to the proverb, and is none the worse pleader that he is always pleading his own cause. The blunder about Chapman is of a kind into which his hasty temperament often betrayed him. He remembered that Chapman's "Iliad" was in a long measure, concluded without looking that it was alexandrine, and then attributes it generally to his "Homer." Chapman's "Iliad" is done in fourteen-syllable verse, and his "Odyssee" in the very metre that Dryden himself used in his own version.† I remark also what he says of the couplet, that it was easy because the second verse concludes the labor of the poet. And yet it was Dryden who found it hard for that very reason. His vehement abundance refused those narrow banks, first running over into a triplet, and, even then uncontainable, rising to an alexandrine in the concluding verse. And I have little doubt that it was the roominess, rather than the dignity, of the quatrain which

* See his epistle dedicatory to the "Rival Ladies" (1664). For the other side, see particularly a passage in his "Discourse on Epic Poetry" (1697).

† In the same way he had two years before assumed that Shakespeare "was the first who, to shun the pains of continued rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank verse!" Dryden was never, I suspect, a very careful student of English literature. He seems never to have known that Surrey translated a part of the "Æneid" (and with great spirit) into blank verse. Indeed, he was not a scholar, in the proper sense of the word, but he had that faculty of rapid assimilation without study, so remarkable in Coleridge and other rich minds, whose office is rather to impregnate than to invent. These brokers of thought perform a great office in literature, second only to that of originators.

led him to choose it. As apposite to this, I may quote what he elsewhere says of octosyllabic verse: "The thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straightens the expression: we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination." *

Dryden himself, as was often the case with him, was well satisfied with his work. He calls it his best hitherto, and attributes his success to the excellence of his subject, "incomparably the best he had ever had, *excepting only the Royal Family*." The first part is devoted to the Dutch war; the last to the fire of London. The martial half is infinitely the better of the two. He altogether surpasses his model, — Davenant. If his poem lack the gravity of thought attained by a few stanzas of "Gondibert," it is vastly superior in life, in picturesqueness, in the energy of single lines, and, above all, in imagination. Few men have read "Gondibert," and almost every one speaks of it as commonly of the dead, with a certain subdued respect. And it deserves respect as an honest effort to bring poetry back to its highest office in the ideal treatment of life. Davenant emulated Spenser, and if his poem had been as good as his preface, it could still be read in another spirit than that of investigation. As it is, it always reminds me of Goldsmith's famous verse. It is remote, unfriendly, solitary, and, above all, slow. Its shining passages, for there are such, remind one of distress-rockets sent up at intervals from a ship just about to founder, and sadden rather than cheer.†

The first part of the "Annus Mirabilis" is by no means clear of the false taste of the time, ‡ though it has some of Dryden's

* Essay on Satire. What he has said just before this about Butler is worth noting. Butler had had a chief hand in the "Rehearsal," but Dryden had no grudges where the question was of giving its just praise to merit.

† The conclusion of the second canto of Book Third is the best continuously fine passage. Dryden's poem has nowhere so much meaning in so small space as Davenant, when he says of the sense of honor that,

"Like Power, it grows to nothing, growing less."

Davenant took the hint of the stanza from Sir John Davies. Wyatt first used it, so far as I know, in English.

‡ Perhaps there is no better lecture on the prevailing vices of style and thought (if thought this frothy ferment of the mind may be called), than in Cotton Mather's

manliest verses and happiest comparisons, always his two distinguishing merits. Here, as almost everywhere else in Dryden, measuring him merely as poet, we recall what he, with pathetic pride, says of himself in the prologue to "Aurengzebe": —

> "Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,
> The first of this, the hindmost of the last."

What can be worse than what he says of comets? —

> "Whether they unctuous exhalations are
> Fired by the sun, or seeming so alone,
> Or each some more remote and slippery star
> Which loses footing when to mortals shown."

Or than this, of the destruction of the Dutch India-ships? —

> "Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
> And now their odors armed against them fly;
> Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall,
> And some by aromatic splinters die."

Dear Dr. Johnson had his doubts about Shakespeare, but here at least was poetry! This is one of the quatrains which he pronounces "worthy of our author."*

But Dryden himself has said that "a man who is resolved to praise an author with any appearance of justice must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions." This is true also of one who wishes to measure an author fairly, for the higher wisdom of criticism lies in the capacity to admire.

> Leser, wie gefall ich dir?
> Leser, wie gefällst du mir?

are both fair questions, the answer to the first being more often involved in that to the second than is sometimes thought. The

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"Magnalia." For Mather, like a true provincial, appropriates only the mannerism, and, as is usual in such cases, betrays all its weakness by the unconscious parody of exaggeration.

* The Doctor was a capital judge of the substantial value of the goods he handled, but his judgment always seems that of the thumb and forefinger. For the shades, the disposition of colors, the beauty of the figures, he has as good as no sense whatever. The critical parts of his life of Dryden seem to me the best of his writing in this kind. There is little to be gleaned after him. He had studied his author, which he seldom did, and his criticism is sympathetic, a thing still rarer with him. As illustrative of his own habits, his remarks on Dryden's reading are curious.

poet in Dryden was never more fully revealed than in such verses as these: —

> "And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,*
> Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand";
>
> "Silent in smoke of cannon they come on";
>
> "And his loud guns speak thick, like angry men";
>
> "The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
> And adds his heart to every gun he fires";
>
> "And, though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
> Whom Rupert led, and who were British born."

This is masculine writing, and yet it must be said that there is scarcely a quatrain in which the rhyme does not trip him into a platitude, and there are too many swaggering with that *expression forte d'un sentiment faible* which Voltaire condemns in Corneille, — a temptation to which Dryden always lay too invitingly open. But there are passages higher in kind than any I have cited, because they show imagination. Such are the verses in which he describes the dreams of the disheartened enemy: —

> "In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
> Or, shipwrecked, labor to some distant shore,
> Or in dark churches walk among the dead";

and those in which he recalls glorious memories, and sees where

> "The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
> And armëd Edwards looked with anxious eyes."

A few verses, like the pleasantly alliterative one in which he makes the spider, "from the silent ambush of his den," "feel far off the trembling of his thread," show that he was begin-

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* Perhaps the hint was given by a phrase of Corneille, *monarque en peinture*. Dryden seldom borrows, unless from Shakespeare, without improving, and he borrowed a great deal. Thus in "Don Sebastian" (of suicide): —

> "Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
> And give them furloughs for the other world;
> But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
> In starless nights and wait the appointed hour."

The thought is Cicero's, but how it is intensified by the "starless nights"! In the same play, by a very Drydenish verse, he gives new force to an old comparison: —

> "And I should break through laws divine and human,
> And think 'em cobwebs spread for little man,
> *Which all the bulky herd of Nature breaks.*"

ning to study the niceties of verse, instead of trusting wholly to what he would have called his natural *fougue*. On the whole, this part of the poem is very good war poetry, as war poetry goes (for there is but one first-rate poem of the kind in English, — short, national, eager as if the writer were personally engaged, with the rapid metre of a drum beating the charge, — and that is Drayton's "Battle of Agincourt"*), but it shows more study of Lucan than of Virgil, and for a long time yet we shall find Dryden bewildered by bad models. He is always imitating — no, that is not the word, always emulating — somebody in his more strictly poetical attempts, for in that direction he always needed some external impulse to set his mind in motion. This is more or less true of all authors; nor does it detract from their originality, which depends wholly on their being able so far to forget themselves as to let something of themselves slip into what they write. Of absolute originality we will not speak till authors are raised by some Deucalion-and-Pyrrha process; and even then our faith would be small, for writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future. Dryden, at any rate, always had to have his copy set him at the top of the page, and wrote ill or well accordingly. His mind (somewhat solid for a poet) warmed slowly, but, once fairly heated through, he had more of that good-luck of self-oblivion than most men. He certainly gave even a liberal interpretation to Molière's rule of taking his own property wherever he found it, though he sometimes blundered awkwardly about what was properly *his;* but in literature, it should be remembered, a thing always becomes his at last who says it best, and thus makes it his own.†

* Not his solemn historical droning under that title, but addressed "To the Cambrio-Britons on their harp."

† For example, Waller had said,

"Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English *make it their abode*;
. . . . . .
We *tread on billows with a steady foot*,"

long before Campbell. Campbell helps himself to both thoughts, enlivens them into

"Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep,"

and they are his forevermore. His "leviathans afloat" he *lifted* from the "Annus Mirabilis"; but in what court could Dryden sue? Again, Waller in another poem calls the Duke of York's flag

Mr. Savage Landor once told me that he said to Wordsworth: "Mr. Wordsworth, a man may mix poetry with prose as much as he pleases, and it will only elevate and enliven; but the moment he mixes a particle of prose with his poetry, it precipitates the whole." Wordsworth, he added, never forgave him. The always hasty Dryden, as I think I have already said, was liable, like a careless apothecary's 'prentice, to make the same confusion of ingredients, especially in the more mischievous way. I cannot leave the "Annus Mirabilis" without giving an example of this. Describing the Dutch prizes, rather like an auctioneer than a poet, he says that

> "Some English wool, vexed in a Belgian loom,
> And into cloth of spongy softness made,
> Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
> To ruin with worse ware our staple trade."

One might fancy this written by the secretary of a board of trade in an unguarded moment; but we should remember that the poem is dedicated to the city of London. The depreciation of the rival fabrics is exquisite; and Dryden, the most English of our poets, would not be so thoroughly English if he had not in him some fibre of *la nation bontiquière*. Let us now see how he succeeds in attempting to infuse science (the most obstinately prosy material) with poetry. Speaking of "a more exact knowledge of the longitudes," as he explains in a note, he tells us that,

> "Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
> And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry."

Dr. Johnson confesses that he does not understand this. Why should he, when it is plain that Dryden was wholly in the dark himself? To understand it is none of my business, but I confess that it interests me as an Americanism. We have hitherto been credited as the inventors of the "jumping-off

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"His dreadful streamer, like a comet's hair";

and this, I believe, is the first application of the celestial portent to this particular comparison. Yet Milton's "imperial ensign" waves defiant behind his impregnable lines, and even Campbell flaunts his "meteor flag" in Waller's face. Gray's bard might be sent to the lock-up, but even he would find bail.

"C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux."

place" at the extreme western verge of the world. But Dryden was beforehand with us. Though he doubtless knew that the earth was a sphere (and perhaps that it was flattened at the poles), it was always a flat surface in his fancy. In his "Amphitryon," he makes Alcmena say: —

> "No, I would fly thee to the ridge of earth,
> And leap the precipice to 'scape thy sight."

And in his "Spanish Friar," Lorenzo says to Elvira that they "will travel together to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next." It is idle for us poor Yankees to hope that we can invent anything. To say sooth, if Dryden had left nothing behind him but the "Annus Mirabilis," he might have served as a type of the kind of poet America would have produced by the biggest-river-and-tallest-mountain recipe, longitude and latitude in plenty, with marks of culture scattered here and there like the *carets* on a proof-sheet.

It is now time to say something of Dryden as a dramatist. In the thirty-two years between 1662 and 1694 he produced twenty-five plays, and assisted Lee in two. I have hinted that it took Dryden longer than most men to find the true bent of his genius. On a superficial view, he might almost seem to confirm that theory, maintained by Johnson, among others, that genius was nothing more than great intellectual power exercised persistently in some particular direction which chance decided, so that it lay in circumstance merely whether a man should turn out a Shakespeare or a Newton. But when we come to compare what he wrote, regardless of Minerva's averted face, with the spontaneous production of his happier muse, we shall be inclined to think his example one of the strongest cases against the theory in question. He began his dramatic career, as usual, by rowing against the strong current of his nature, and pulled only the more doggedly the more he felt himself swept down the stream. His first attempt was at comedy, and, though his earliest piece of that kind (the "Wild Gallant," 1663) utterly failed, he wrote eight others afterwards. On the 23d February, 1663, Pepys writes in his diary: "To Court, and there saw the 'Wild Gallant' performed by the king's house; but it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing

as I never saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name, that, from the beginning to the end, I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the Wild Gallant. The king did not seem pleased at all the whole play, nor anybody else." After some alteration, it was revived with more success. On its publication in 1669 Dryden honestly admitted its former failure, though with a kind of salvo for his self-love. "I made the town my judges, and the greater part condemned it. After which I do not think it my concernment to defend it with the ordinary zeal of a poet for his decried poem, though Corneille is more resolute in his preface before 'Pertharite,'* which was condemned more universally than this. . . . . Yet it was received at Court, and was more than once the divertisement of his Majesty, by his own command." Pepys lets us amusingly behind the scenes in the matter of his Majesty's divertisement. Dryden does not seem to see that in the condemnation of something meant to amuse the public there can be no question of degree. To fail at all is to fail utterly.

"*Tous les genres sont permis, hors le genre ennuyeux.*"

In the reading, at least, all Dryden's comic writing for the stage must be ranked with the latter class. He himself would fain make an exception of the "Spanish Friar," but I confess that I rather wonder at than envy those who can be amused by it. His comedies lack everything that a comedy should have, —lightness, quickness of transition, unexpectedness of incident, easy cleverness of dialogue, and humorous contrast of character brought out by identity of situation. The comic parts of the "Maiden Queen" seem to me Dryden's best, but the merit even of these is Shakespeare's, and there is little choice where even the best is only tolerable. The common quality, however, of all Dryden's comedies is their nastiness, the more remarkable because we have ample evidence that he was a man of modest conversation. Pepys, who was by no means squeamish (for he found "Sir Martin Marall" "the most entire piece of mirth . . . . that certainly ever was writ . . . . very good wit therein, not fooling"), writes in his diary of the 19th June, 1668: "My

* Corneille's tragedy of "Pertharite" was acted unsuccessfully in 1659. Racine made free use of it in his more fortunate "Andromaque."

wife and Deb to the king's playhouse to-day, thinking to spy me there, and saw the new play 'Evening Love,' of Dryden's, which, though the world commends, she likes not." The next day he saw it himself, "and do not like it, it being very smutty, and nothing so good as the 'Maiden Queen' or the 'Indian Emperor' of Dryden's making. *I was troubled at it.*" On the 22d he adds: "Calling this day at Herringman's,* he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play." This was no doubt true, and yet, though Dryden in his preface to the play says, "I confess I have given [yielded] too much to the people in it, and am ashamed for them as well as for myself, that I have pleased them at so cheap a rate," he takes care to add, "not that there is anything here that I would not defend to an ill-natured judge." The plot was from Calderon, and the author, rebutting the charge of plagiarism, tells us that the king ("without whose command they should no longer be troubled with anything of mine") had already answered for him by saying, "that he only desired that they who accused me of theft would always steal him plays like mine." Of the morals of the play he has not a word, nor do I believe that he was conscious of any harm in them till he was attacked by Collier, and then (with some protest against what he considers the undue severity of his censor) he had the manliness to confess that he had done wrong. "It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."† And in a letter to his correspondent, Mrs. Thomas, written only a few weeks before his death, warning her against the example of Mrs. Behn, he says, with remorseful sincerity: "I confess I am the last man in the world who ought in justice to arraign her, who have been myself too much a libertine in most of my poems, which I should be well contented I had time either to purge or to see them fairly burned." Congreve was less patient, and even Dryden, in the last epilogue he ever wrote, attempts an excuse: —

> "Perhaps the Parson stretched a point too far,
> When with our Theatres he waged a war;
> He tells you that this very moral age
> Received the first infection from the Stage,

* Dryden's publisher.

† Preface to the Fables.

> But sure a banished Court, with lewdness fraught,
> The seeds of open vice returning brought.
> . . . . .
> Whitehall the naked Venus first revealed,
> Who, standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
> The strumpet was adored with rites divine.
> . . . . .
> The poets, who must live by courts or starve,
> Were proud so good a Government to serve,
> And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
> Tainted the Stage for some small snip of gain."

Dryden least of all men should have stooped to this palliation, for he had, not without justice, said of himself: "The same parts and application which have made me a poet might have raised me to any honors of the gown." Milton and Marvell neither lived by the Court nor starved. Charles Lamb most ingeniously defends the Comedy of the Restoration as "the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry," where there was no pretence of representing a real world.* But this was certainly not so. Dryden again and again boasts of the superior advantage which his age had over that of the elder dramatists, in painting polite life, and attributes it to a greater freedom of intercourse between the poets and the frequenters of the Court.† We shall be less surprised at the *kind* of refinement upon which Dryden congratulated himself, when we learn (from the dedication of "Marriage à la Mode") that the Earl of Rochester was its exemplar: "The best comic writers of our agé will join with me to acknowledge that they have copied the gallantries of courts, the delicacy of expression, and the decencies of behavior from your Lordship." In judging Dryden, it should be borne in mind that for some years he was under contract to deliver three plays a year, a kind of bond to which no man should subject his brain who has a decent respect for the quality of its products. We should remember, too, that in his day *manners* meant what we call *morals*, that custom always makes a larger part of virtue among average men than they are quite aware, and that the

* I interpret some otherwise ambiguous passages in this charming and acute essay by its title, "On the *artificial* comedy of the last century."

† See especially his defence of the epilogue to the Second Part of the "Conquest of Granada" (1672).

reaction from an outward conformity that had no root in inward faith may for a time have given to the frank expression of laxity an air of honesty that made it seem almost refreshing. There is no such hotbed for excess of license as excess of restraint, and the arrogant fanaticism of a single virtue is apt to make men suspicious of tyranny in all the rest. But the riot of emancipation could not last long, for the more tolerant society is of private vice, the more exacting will it be of public decorum, that excellent thing, so often the plausible substitute for things more excellent. By 1678 the public mind had so far recovered its tone that Dryden's comedy of "Limberham" was barely tolerated for three nights. I will let the man who looked at human nature from more sides, and therefore judged it more gently than any other, give the only excuse possible for Dryden: —

> "Men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
> Do draw the inward quality after them
> To suffer all alike."

Dryden's own apology only makes matters worse for him by showing that he committed his offences with his eyes wide open, and that he wrote comedies so wholly in despite of nature as never to deviate into the comic. Failing as clown, he did not scruple to take on himself the office of Chiffinch to the palled appetite of the public. "For I confess my chief endeavours are to delight the age in which I live. If the humour of this be for low comedy, small accidents, and raillery, I will force my genius to obey it, though with more reputation I could write in verse. I know I am not so fitted by nature to write comedy: I want that gayety of humour which is requisite to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved: In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company or make repartees. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit: Reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend." * For my own part, though I have been forced to hold my nose in picking my way through these ordures of Dryden, I am free to say that I think them far less morally mis-

* Defence of an Essay on Dramatick Poesy.

chievous than that *corps-de-ballet* literature in which the most animal of the passions is made more temptingly naked by a veil of French gauze. Nor does Dryden's lewdness leave such a reek in the mind as the filthy cynicism of Swift, who delighted to uncover the nakedness of our common mother.

It is pleasant to follow Dryden into the more congenial region of heroic plays, though here also we find him making a false start. Anxious to please the king,* and so able a reasoner as to convince even himself of the justice of whatever cause he argued, he not only wrote tragedies in the French style, but defended his practice in an essay which is by far the most delightful reproduction of the classic dialogue ever written in English. Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst), Lisideius (Sir Charles Sidley), Crites (Sir R. Howard), and Neander (Dryden) are the four partakers in the debate. The comparative merits of ancients and moderns, of the Shakespearian and contemporary drama, of rhyme and blank verse, the value of the three (supposed) Aristotelian unities, are the main topics discussed. The tone of the discussion is admirable, midway between bookishness and talk, and the fairness with which each side of the argument is treated shows the breadth of Dryden's mind perhaps better than any other one piece of his writing. There are no men of straw set up to be knocked down again, as there commonly are in debates conducted upon this plan. The "Defence" of the Essay is to be taken as a supplement to Neander's share in it, as well as many scattered passages in subsequent prefaces and dedications. All the interlocutors agree that "the sweetness of English verse was never understood or practised by our fathers," and that "our poesy is much improved by the happiness of some writers yet living, who first taught us to mould our thoughts into easy and significant words, to retrench the superfluities of expression, and to make our rhyme so properly a part of the verse that it should never mislead the sense, but itself be led and governed by it." In another place he shows that by "living writers" he meant Waller and Denham. "Rhyme has all the advantages

* "The favor which heroick plays have lately found upon our theatres has been wholly derived to them from the countenance and approbation they have received at Court." (Dedication of "Indian Emperor" to Duchess of Monmouth.)

of prose besides its own. But the excellence and dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it: he first made writing easily an art; first showed us to conclude the sense, most commonly in distiches, which in the verse before him runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it."* Dryden afterwards changed his mind, and one of the excellences of his own rhymed verse is, that his sense is too ample to be concluded by the distich. Rhyme had been censured as unnatural in dialogue; but Dryden replies that it is no more so than blank verse, since no man talks any kind of verse in real life. But the argument for rhyme is of another kind. "I am satisfied if it cause delight, for delight is the chief if not the only end of poesy [he should have said *means*]; instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights. . . . . The converse, therefore, which a poet is to imitate must be heightened with all the arts and ornaments of poesy, and must be such as, strictly considered, could never be supposed spoken by any without premeditation. . . . . Thus prose, though the rightful prince, yet is by common consent deposed as too weak for the government of serious plays, and, he failing, there now start up two competitors: one the nearer in blood, which is blank verse; the other more fit for the ends of government, which is rhyme. Blank verse is, indeed, the nearer prose, but he is blemished with the weakness of his predecessor. Rhyme (for I will deal clearly) has somewhat of the usurper in him; but he is brave and generous, and his dominion pleasing."† To the objection that the difficulties of rhyme will lead to circumlocution, he answers in substance, that a good poet will know how to avoid them.

It is curious how long the superstition that Waller was the refiner of English verse has prevailed since Dryden first gave it vogue. He was a very poor poet and a purely mechanical versifier. He has lived mainly on the credit of a single couplet,

* Dedication of "Rival Ladies."

† Defence of the Essay. Dryden, in the happiness of his illustrative comparisons, is almost unmatched. Like himself, they occupy a middle ground between poetry and prose, — they are a cross between metaphor and simile.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made,"

in which the melody alone belongs to him, and the conceit, such as it is, to Samuel Daniel, who said, long before, that the body's

"walls, grown thin, permit the mind
To look out through and his frailty find."

Waller has made worse nonsense of it in the transfusion. It might seem that Ben Jonson had a prophetic foreboding of him when he wrote: "Others there are that have no composition at all, but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall, in what they write. It runs and slides and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors.

They write a verse as smooth, as soft, as cream,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

You may sound these wits and find the depth of them with your middle-finger." * It seems to have been taken for granted by Waller, as afterwards by Dryden, that our elder poets bestowed no thought upon their verse. "Waller was smooth," but unhappily he was also flat, and his importation of the French theory of the couplet as a kind of thought-coop did nothing but mischief.† He never compassed even a smoothness approaching this description of a nightingale's song by a third-rate poet of the earlier school, —

"Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear, unwrinkled song," —

one of whose beauties is its running over into the third verse. Those poets indeed

"Felt music's pulse in all her arteries";

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* Discoveries.

† What a wretched rhymer he could be we may see in his *alteration* of the "Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher: —

"Not long since walking in the field,
My nurse and I, we there beheld
A goodly fruit; which, tempting me,
I would have pluck'd; but, trembling, she,
Whoever eat those berries, cried,
In less than half an hour died!"

What intolerable seesaw! Not much of Byron's "fatal facility" in *these* octosyllabics!

and Dryden himself found out, when he came to try it, that blank verse was not so easy a thing as he at first conceived it, nay, that it is the most difficult of all verse, and that it must make up in harmony, by variety of pause, and modulation for what it loses in the melody of rhyme. In what makes the chief merit of his later versification, he but rediscovered the secret of his predecessors in giving to rhymed pentameters something of the freedom of blank verse, and not mistaking metre for rhythm.

Voltaire, in his Commentary on Corneille, has sufficiently lamented the awkwardness of movement imposed upon the French dramatists by the gyves of rhyme. But he considers the necessity of overcoming this obstacle, on the whole, an advantage. Difficulty is his tenth and superior muse. How did Dryden, who says nearly the same thing, succeed in his attempt at the French manner? He fell into every one of its vices, without attaining much of what constitutes its excellence. From the nature of the language, all French poetry is purely artificial, and its high polish is all that keeps out decay. The length of their dramatic verse forces the French into much tautology, into bombast in its original meaning, the stuffing out a thought with words till it fills the line. The rigid system of their rhyme, which makes it much harder to manage than in English, has accustomed them to inaccuracies of thought which would shock them in prose. For example, in the "Cinna" of Corneille, as originally written, Emilie says to Augustus, —

> "Ces flammes dans nos cœurs dès longtemps étoient nées,
> Et ce sont des secrets de plus de quatre années."

I say nothing of the second verse, which is purely prosaic surplusage exacted by the rhyme, nor of the jingling together of *ces*, *dès*, *étoient*, *nées*, *des*, and *secrets*, but I confess that *nées* does not seem to be the epithet that Corneille would have chosen for *flammes*, if he could have had his own way, and that flames would seem of all things the hardest to keep secret. But in revising, Corneille changed the first verse thus, —

> "Ces flammes dans nos cœurs *sans votre ordre* étoient nées."

Can anything be more absurd than flames born to order? Yet Voltaire, on his guard against these rhyming pitfalls for the

sense, does not notice this in his minute comments on this play. Of extravagant metaphor, the result of this same making sound the file-leader of sense, a single example from "Heraclius" shall suffice: —

> "La vapeur de mon sang ira grossir la foudre
> Que Dieu tient déjà prête à le reduire en poudre."

One cannot think of a Louis Quatorze Apollo except in a full-bottomed periwig, and the tragic style of their poets is always showing the disastrous influence of that portentous comet. It is the *style perruque* in another than the French meaning of the phrase, and the skill lay in dressing it majestically, so that, as Cibber says, "upon the head of a man of sense, *if it became him*, it could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one." It did not become Dryden, and he left it off.*

Like his own Zimri, Dryden was "all for" this or that fancy, till he took up with another. But even while he was writing on French models, his judgment could not be blinded to their defects. "Look upon the 'Cinna' and the 'Pompey,' they are not so properly to be called plays as long discourses of reason of State, and 'Polieucte' in matters of religion is as solemn as the long stops upon our organs; . . . . their actors speak by the hour-glass like our parsons. . . . . I deny not but this may suit well enough with the French, for as we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our plays, so they, who are of an airy and gay temper, come thither to make themselves more serious." † With what an air of innocent unconsciousness the sarcasm is driven home! Again, while he was still slaving at these bricks without straw, he says: "The present French poets are generally accused that, wheresoever they lay the scene, or in whatever age, the manners of their heroes are wholly French. Racine's Bajazet is bred at Constantinople, but his civilities are conveyed to him by some secret passage from Versailles into the Seraglio." It is curious that Voltaire, speaking of the *Bérénice* of Racine, praises a passage in it for precisely what Dryden condemns: "Il semble qu'on entende

* In more senses than one. His last and best portrait shows him in his own gray hair.

† Essay on Dramatic Poesy.

Henriette d'Angleterre elle-même parlant au marquis de *Vardes*. La politesse de la cour de *Louis XIV.*, l'agrément de la langue Française, la douceur de la versification la plus naturelle, le sentiment le plus tendre, tout se trouve dans ce peu de vers." After Dryden had broken away from the heroic style, he speaks out more plainly. In the Preface to his "All for Love," in reply to some cavils upon "little, and not essential decencies," the decision about which he refers to a master of ceremonies, he goes on to say: "The French poets, I confess, are strict observers of these punctilios; .... in this nicety of manners does the excellency of French poetry consist. Their heroes are the most civil people breathing, but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense. All their wit is in their ceremony; they want the genius which animates our stage, and therefore 't is but necessary, when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend..... They are so careful not to exasperate a critic that they never leave him any work, ... for no part of a poem is worth our discommending where the whole is insipid, as when we have once tasted palled wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials..... For my part, I desire to be tried by the laws of my own country." This is said in heat, but it is plain enough that his mind was wholly changed. In his discourse on epic poetry he is as decided, but more temperate. He says that the French heroic verse "runs with more activity than strength.* Their language is not strung with sinews like our English; it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight, and *pondere, non numero*, is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language, and a masculine vigor is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, — light and trifling in comparison of the English."

* A French hendecasyllable verse runs exactly like our ballad measure: —

A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall, ...
La raison, pour marcher, n'a souvent qu'une voye.

(Dryden's note.)

The verse is not a hendecasyllable. "Attended watchfully to her recitative (Mlle. Duchesnois), and find that, in nine lines out of ten, 'A cobbler there was,' &c., *is* the tune of the French heroics." — *Moore's Diary*, 24th April, 1821.

Dryden might have profited by an admirable saying of his own, that "they who would combat general authority with particular opinion must first establish themselves a reputation of understanding better than other men." He understood the defects much better than the beauties of the French theatre. Lessing was even more one-sided in his judgment upon it.* Goethe, with his usual wisdom, studied it carefully without losing his temper, and tried to profit by its structural merits. Dryden, with his eyes wide open, copied its worst faults, especially its declamatory sentiment. He should have known that certain things can never be transplanted, and that among these is a style of poetry whose great excellence was that it was in perfect sympathy with the genius of the people among whom it came into being. But the truth is, that Dryden had no aptitude whatever for the stage, and in writing for it he was attempting to make a trade of his genius, — an arrangement from which the genius always withdraws in disgust. It was easier to make loose thinking and the bad writing which betrays it pass unobserved while the ear was occupied with the sonorous music of the rhyme to which they marched. Except in "All for Love," "the only play," he tells us, "which he wrote to please himself," † there is no trace of real passion in any of his tragedies. This, indeed, is inevitable, for there are no characters, but only personages, in any except that. That is, in many respects, a noble play, and there are few finer scenes, whether in the conception or the carrying out, than that between Antony and Ventidius in the first act.

As usual, Dryden's good sense was not blind to the extravagances of his dramatic style. In "Mac Flecknoe" he makes his own Maximin the type of childish rant,

> "And little Maximins the gods defy";

but, as usual also, he could give a plausible reason for his own mistakes by means of that most fallacious of all fallacies which is true so far as it goes. In his Prologue to the "Royal Martyr" he says: —

> "And he who servilely creeps after sense
> Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.

* Diderot and Rousseau, however, thought their language unfit for poetry, and Voltaire seems to have half agreed with them.

† Parallel of Poetry and Painting.

. . . . .

But, when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loosed the reins and let his muse run mad,
And, though he stumbles in a full career,
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear;

. . . . .

They then, who of each trip advantage take,
Find out those faults which they want wit to make."

And in the Preface to the same play he tells us: "I have not everywhere observed the equality of numbers in my verse, partly by reason of my haste, but more especially because I *would not have my sense a slave to syllables.*" Dryden, when he had not a bad case to argue, would have had small respect for the wit whose skill lay in the making of faults, and has himself, where his self-love was not engaged, admirably defined the boundary which divides boldness from rashness. He was thinking of himself, I fancy, when he makes Ventidius say of Antony, —

"He starts out wide
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills;
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as man he did
Because his other parts are more than man."

But bad though they nearly all are as wholes, his plays contain passages which only the great masters have surpassed, and to the level of which no subsequent writer for the stage has ever risen. The necessity of rhyme often forced him to a platitude, as where he says, —

"My love was blind to your deluding art,
But blind men feel when stabbed so near the heart." *

But even in rhyme he not seldom justifies his claim to the title of "glorious John." In the very play from which I have just quoted are these verses in his best manner: —

"No, like his better Fortune I 'll appear,
With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,
Just flying forward from her rolling sphere."

---

* Conquest of Grenada, Second Part.

His comparisons, as I have said, are almost always happy. This, from the "Indian Emperor," is tenderly pathetic: —

> "As callow birds,
> Whose mother 's killed in seeking of the prey,
> Cry in their nest and think her long away,
> And, at each leaf that stirs, each blast of wind,
> Gape for the food which they must never find."

And this, of the anger with which the Maiden Queen, striving to hide her jealousy, betrays her love, is vigorous: —

> "Her rage was love, and its tempestuous flame,
> Like lightning, showed the heaven from whence it came."

The following simile from the "Conquest of Granada" is as well expressed as it is apt in conception: —

> "I scarcely understand my own intent;
> But, silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,
> That I am lost in my own web of thought."

In the "Rival Ladies," Angelina, walking in the dark, describes her sensations naturally and strikingly: —

> "No noise but what my footsteps make, and they
> Sound dreadfully and louder than by day:
> They double too, and every step I take
> Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make."

In all the rhymed plays * there are many passages which one is rather inclined to like than sure he would be right in liking them. The following verses from "Aurengzebe" are of this sort: —

> "My love was such it needed no return,
> Rich in itself, like elemental fire,
> Whose pureness does no aliment require."

This is Cowleyish, and *pureness* is surely the wrong word; and yet it is better than mere commonplace. Perhaps what oftenest turns the balance in Dryden's favor, when we are weighing his claims as a poet, is his persistent capability of enthusiasm. To the last he kindles, and sometimes *almost* flashes out that supernatural light which is the supreme test of poetic genius. As he himself so finely and characteristically says in "Aurengzebe," there was no period in his life when it was not true of him that

> "He felt the inspiring heat, the absent god return."

---

* In most, he mingles blank verse.

The verses which follow are full of him, and, with the exception of the single word *underwent*, are in his luckiest manner: —

> "One loose, one sally of a hero's soul,
> Does all the military art control.
> While timorous wit goes round, or fords the shore,
> He shoots the gulf, and is already o'er,
> And, when the enthusiastic fit is spent,
> Looks back amazed at what he underwent." *

Pithy sentences and phrases always drop from Dryden's pen as if unawares, whether in prose or verse. I string together a few at random: —

> "The greatest argument for love is love."
> "Few know the use of life before 't is past."
> "Time gives himself and is not valued."
> "Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
> To be we know not what, we know not where."
> "Love either finds equality or makes it;
> Like death, he knows no difference in degrees."
> "That 's empire, that which I can give away."
> "Yours is a soul irregularly great,
> Which, wanting temper, yet abounds in heat."
> "Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."
> "Poor women's thoughts are all extempore."
> "The cause of love can never be assigned,
> 'T is in no face, but in the lover's mind." †
> "Heaven can forgive a crime to penitence,
> For Heaven can judge if penitence be true;
> But man, who knows not hearts, should make examples."
> "Kings' titles commonly begin by force,
> Which time wears off and mellows into right."
> "Fear 's a large promiser; who subject live
> To that base passion, know not what they give."
> "The secret pleasure of the generous act
> Is the great mind's great bribe."
> "That bad thing, gold, buys all good things."
> "Why, love does all that 's noble here below."
> "To prove religion true,
> If either wit or sufferings could suffice,
> All faiths afford the constant and the wise."

---

* Conquest of Granada.

† This recalls some charming verses of Alfred de Musset: —

> "La muse est toujours belle,
> Même pour l'insensé, même pour l'impuissant,
> *Car sa beauté pour nous, c'est notre amour pour elle.*"

But Dryden, as he tells us himself,

> "Grew weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme;
> Passion 's too fierce to be in fetters bound,
> And Nature flies him like enchanted ground."

The finest things in his plays were written in blank verse, as vernacular to him as the alexandrine to the French. In this he vindicates his claim as a poet. His diction gets wings, and both his verse and his thought become capable of a reach which was denied them when set in the stocks of the couplet. The solid man becomes even airy in this new-found freedom: —

> "'How I loved,' says Antony;
> Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours
> That *danced away with down upon your feet.*"

And what image was ever more delicately exquisite, what movement more fadingly accordant with the sense, than in the last two verses of the following passage?

> "I feel death rising higher still and higher,
> Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
> Shuts up my life within a shorter compass,
> *And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less*
> *And less each pulse, till it be lost in air.*"*

Nor was he altogether without pathos, though it is rare with him. The following passage seems to me tenderly full of it: —

> "Something like
> That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard;
> But floods of woe have hurried it far off
> Beyond my ken of soul."†

And this single verse from "Aurengzebe": —

> "Live still! oh live! live even to be unkind!"

with its passionate eagerness and sobbing repetition, is worth a ship-load of the long-drawn treacle of modern self-compassion.

Now and then, to be sure, we come upon something that makes us hesitate again whether, after all, Dryden was not grandiose rather than great, as in the two passages that next follow: —

> "He looks secure of death, superior greatness,
> Like Jove when he made Fate and said, Thou art
> The slave of my creation."‡

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* Rival Ladies. † Don Sebastian. ‡ Ibid.

"I'm pleased with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push and see it roll
Along the vast abyss." *

I should say that Dryden is more apt to dilate our fancy than our thought, as great poets have the gift of doing. But if he have not the potent alchemy that transmutes the lead of our commonplace associations into gold, as Shakespeare knows how to do so easily, yet his sense is always up to the sterling standard; and though he has not added so much as some have done to the stock of bullion which others afterwards coin and put in circulation, there are few who have minted so many phrases that are still a part of our daily currency. The first line of the following passage has been worn pretty smooth, but the succeeding ones are less familiar: —

"Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up and casts it outward
In the world's open view." †

The image is mixed and even contradictory, but the thought obtains grace for it. I feel as if Shakespeare would have written *seeing* for *viewing*, thus gaining the strength of repetition in one verse and avoiding the sameness of it in the other. Dryden, I suspect, was not much given to correction, and indeed one of the great charms of his best writing is that everything seems struck off at a heat, as by a superior man in the best mood of his talk. Where he rises, he generally becomes fervent rather than imaginative; his thought does not incorporate itself in metaphor, as in purely poetic minds, but repeats and reinforces itself in simile. Where he *is* imaginative, it is in that lower sense which the poverty of our language, for want of a better word, compels us to call *picturesque*, and even then he shows little of that finer instinct which suggests so much more than it tells, and works the more powerfully as it

* Cleomenes. † All for Love.

taxes more the imagination of the reader. In Donne's "Relic" there is an example of what I mean. He fancies some one breaking up his grave and spying

> "A bracelet of bright hair about the bone," —

a verse that still shines there in the darkness of the tomb, after two centuries, like one of those inextinguishable lamps whose secret is lost.* Yet Dryden sometimes showed a sense of this magic of a mysterious hint, as in the "Spanish Friar": —

> "No, I confess, you bade me not in words;
> The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
> And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

This is perhaps a solitary example. Nor is he always so possessed by the image in his mind as unconsciously to chose even the picturesquely imaginative word. He has done so, however, in this passage from "Marriage à la Mode": —

> "You ne'er must hope again to see your princess,
> Except as prisoners view fair walks and streets,
> And careless passengers going by their grates."

But, after all, he is best upon a level, table-land, it is true, and a very high level, but still somewhere between the higher peaks of inspiration and the plain of every-day life. In those passages where he moralizes he is always good, setting some obvious truth in a new light by vigorous phrase and happy illustration. Take this (from "Œdipus") as a proof of it: —

> "The gods are just,
> But how can finite measure infinite?
> Reason! alas, it does not know itself!
> Yet man, vain man, would with his short-lined plummet
> Fathom the vast abyss of heavenly justice.
> Whatever is, is in its causes just,
> Since all things are by fate. But purblind man
> Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest links,
> His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
> That poises all above."

From the same play I pick an illustration of that ripened sweetness of thought and language which marks the natural

* Dryden, with his wonted perspicacity, calls Donne "the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our nation." (Dedication of Eleonora.) Even as a poet Donne

> "Had in him those brave translunary things
> That our first poets had."

To open vistas for the imagination through the blind wall of the senses, as he could sometimes do, is the supreme function of poetry.

vein of Dryden. One cannot help applying the passage to the late Mr. Quincy: —

> "Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
> But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
> E'en wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
> Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
> Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
> Till, like a clock worn out with eating Time,
> The wheels of weary life at last stood still."*

Here is another of the same kind from "All for Love": —

> "Gone so soon!
> Is Death no more? He used him carelessly,
> With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,
> Ran to the door and took him in his arms,
> As who should say, You're welcome at all hours,
> A friend need give no warning."

With one more extract from the same play, which is in every way his best, for he had, when he wrote it, been feeding on the bee-bread of Shakespeare, I shall conclude. Antony says: —

> "For I am now so sunk from what I was,
> Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.
> The rivers that ran in and raised my fortunes
> Are all dried up, or take another course:
> What I have left is from my native spring;
> I've a heart still that swells in scorn of Fate,
> And lifts me to my banks."

This is certainly, from beginning to end, in what used to be called the *grand* style at once noble and natural. I have not undertaken to analyze any one of the plays, for (except in "All for Love") it would have been only to expose their weakness. Dryden had *no* constructive faculty; and in every one of his longer poems that required a plot, the plot is bad, always more or less inconsistent with itself, and rather hitched-on to the subject than combining with it. It is fair to say, however, before leaving this part of Dryden's literary work, that Horne Tooke thought "Don Sebastian" "the best play extant."† Gray admired the plays of Dryden, "not as dramatic compositions, but as poetry."‡ Of their rant, their fustian, their bom-

* My own judgment is my sole warrant for attributing these extracts from Œdipus to Dryden rather than Lee.

† Recollections of Rogers, p. 165.

‡ Nicholls's Reminiscences of Gray. Pickering's edition of Gray's Works, Vol. V. p. 35.

bast, their bad English, of their innumerable sins against Dryden's own better conscience both as poet and critic, I shall excuse myself from giving any instances.* I like what is good in Dryden so much, and it *is* so good, that I think Gray was justified in always losing his temper when he heard "his faults criticised." †

It is as a satirist and pleader in verse that Dryden is best known, and as both he is in some respects unrivalled. His satire is not so sly as Chaucer's, but it is distinguished by the same good-nature. There is no malice in it. I shall not enter into his literary quarrels further than to say that he seems to me, on the whole, to have been forbearing, which is the more striking as he tells us repeatedly that he was naturally vindictive. It was he who called revenge "the darling attribute of heaven." "I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me." It was this feeling of easy superiority, I suspect, that made him the mark for so much jealous vituperation. Scott is wrong in attributing his onslaught upon Settle to jealousy because one of the latter's plays had been performed at Court, — an honor never paid to any of Dryden's.‡ I have found nothing like a trace of jealousy in that large and benignant nature. In his vindication of the "Duke of Guise," he says, with honest confidence in himself: "Nay, I durst

* Let one suffice for all. In the "Royal Martyr," Porphyrius, awaiting his execution, says to Maximin, who had wished him for a son-in-law: —

> "Where'er thou stand'st, I'll level at that place
> My gushing blood, and spout it at thy face;
> Thus not by marriage we our blood will join;
> Nay, more, my arms shall throw my head at thine."

"It is no shame," says Dryden himself, "to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one."

† Gray, *ubi supra*, p. 38.

‡ Scott had never seen Pepys's Diary when he wrote this, or he would have left it unwritten: "Fell to discourse of the last night's work at Court, where the ladies and Duke of Monmouth acted the 'Indian Emperor,' wherein they told me these things most remarkable, that not any woman but the Duchess of Monmouth and Mrs. Cornwallis did anything but like fools and stocks, but that these two did do most extraordinary well; that not any man did anything well but Captain O'Bryan, who spoke and did well, but above all things did dance most incomparably." — 14th January, 1668.

almost refer myself to some of the angry poets on the other side, whether I have not rather countenanced and assisted their beginnings than hindered them from rising." He seems to have been really as indifferent to the attacks on himself as Pope pretended to be. In the same vindication he says of the "Rehearsal," the only one of them that had any wit in it, and it has a great deal: "Much less am I concerned at the noble name of Bayes; that 's a brat so like his own father that he cannot be mistaken for any other body. They might as reasonably have called Tom Sternhold Virgil, and the resemblance would have held as well." In his Essay on Satire he says: "And yet we know that in Christian charity all offences are to be forgiven as we expect the like pardon for those we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Lord's Prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked." * And in another passage he says, with his usual wisdom: "Good sense and good-nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good-nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason, which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind." In the same Essay he gives his own receipt for satire: "How easy it is to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! . . . . This is the mystery of that noble trade. . . . . Neither is it true that this fineness of raillery is offensive: a witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner, and a fool feels it not. . . . . There is a vast difference between the slovenly butchering of a man and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, of a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was only be-

* See also that noble passage in the "Hind and Panther" (1573–1591), where this is put into verse. Dryden always thought in prose.

longing to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my 'Absalom' is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem. It is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough, and he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury. . . . . I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides and little extravagances, to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious."

Dryden thought his genius led him that way. In his elegy on the satirist Oldham, whom Hallam, without reading him, I suspect, ranks next to Dryden,* he says: —

> "For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
> Cast in the same poetic mould with mine;
> One common note in either lyre did strike,
> And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike."

His practice is not always so delicate as his theory; but if he was sometimes rough, he never took a base advantage. He knocks his antagonist down, and there an end. Pope seems to have nursed his grudge, and then, watching his chance, to have squirted vitriol from behind a corner, rather glad than otherwise if it fell on the women of those he hated or envied. And if Dryden is never dastardly, as Pope often was, so also he never wrote anything so maliciously depreciatory as Pope's unprovoked attack on Addison. Dryden's satire is often coarse, but where it is coarsest, it is commonly in defence of himself against attacks that were themselves brutal. Then, to be sure, he snatches the first ready cudgel, as in Shadwell's case, though even then there is something of the good-humor of conscious strength. Pope's provocation was too often the mere opportunity to say a biting thing, where he could do it safely. If his victim showed fight, he tried to smooth things over, as with Dennis. Dryden could forget that he had ever had a quarrel, but he never slunk away from any, least of all from one provoked by himself.† Pope's satire is too much occupied with the

* Probably on the authority of this very epitaph, as if epitaphs were to be believed even under oath! A great many authors live because we read nothing but their tombstones. Oldham was, to borrow one of Dryden's phrases, "a bad or, which is worse, an indifferent poet."

† "He was of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, easily forgiving

externals of manners, habits, personal defects, and peculiarities. Dryden goes right to the rooted character of the man, to the weaknesses of his nature, as where he says of Burnet: —

> "Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
> Invulnerable in his impudence,
> He dares the world, and, eager of a name,
> He thrusts about and *justles into fame.*
> So fond of loud report that, not to miss
> Of being known (his last and utmost bliss),
> *He rather would be known for what he is.*"

It would be hard to find in Pope such compression of meaning as in the first, or such penetrative sarcasm as in the second of the passages I have underscored. Dryden's satire is still quoted for its comprehensiveness of application, Pope's rather for the elegance of its finish and the point of its phrase than for any deeper qualities.* I do not remember that Dryden ever makes poverty a reproach.† He was above it, alike by generosity of birth and mind. Pope is always the *parvenu*, always giving himself the airs of a fine gentleman, and, like Horace Walpole and Byron, affecting superiority to professional literature. Dryden, like Lessing, was a hack-writer, and was proud, as an honest man has a right to be, of being able to get his bread by his brains. He lived in Grub Street all his life, and never dreamed that where a man of genius lived was not the best quarter of the town. "Tell his Majesty," said sturdy old Jonson, "that his soul lives in an alley."

Dryden's prefaces are a mine of good writing and judicious criticism. His *obiter dicta* have often the penetration, and

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njuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere reconciliation with them that had offended him." — Congreve.

* Coleridge says excellently: "You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius, — whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's Achitophel and Zimri; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a-building up to the very last verse; whereas in Pope's Timon, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be that is satirized." (Table-Talk, 192.) Some of Dryden's best satirical *hits* are let fall by seeming accident in his prose, as where he says of his Protestant assailants, "Most of them love all whores but her of Babylon." They had first attacked him on the score of his private morals.

† That he taxes Shadwell with it is only a seeming exception, as any careful reader will see.

always more than the equity, of Voltaire's, for Dryden never loses temper, and never altogether qualifies his judgment by his self-love. "He was a more universal writer than Voltaire," said Horne Tooke, and perhaps it is true that he had a broader view, though his learning was neither so extensive nor so accurate. My space will not afford many extracts, but I cannot forbear one or two. He says of Chaucer, that "he is a perpetual fountain of good sense," * and likes him better than Ovid, — a bold confession in that day. He prefers the pastorals of Theocritus to those of Virgil. "Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato"; "there is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses, somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins"; † "Theocritus is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in his clownishness, like a fair shepherdess, in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone." ‡ Comparing Virgil's verse with that of some other poets, he says, that his "numbers are perpetually varied to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles different from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground." § What a dreary half-century would have been saved to English poetry, could Pope have laid these sentences to heart! Upon translation, no one has written so much and so well as Dryden in his various prefaces. Whatever has been said since is either expansion or variation of what

* Preface to Fables.
† Dedication of the Georgics.
‡ Preface to Second Miscellany.
§ Ibid.

he had said before. His general theory may be stated as an aim at something between the literalness of metaphrase and the looseness of paraphrase. "Where I have enlarged," he says, "I desire the false critics would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but either *they are secretly in the poet*, or may be fairly deduced from him." Coleridge, with his usual cleverness of *assimilation*, has condensed him in a letter to Wordsworth: "There is no medium between a prose version and one on the avowed principle of *compensation* in the widest sense, i. e. manner, genius, total effect." *

I have selected these passages, not because they are the best, but because they have a near application to Dryden himself. His own characterization of Chaucer (though too narrow for the greatest but one of English poets) is the best that could be given of himself: "He is a perpetual fountain of good sense." And the other passages show him a close and open-minded student of the art he professed. Has his influence on our literature, but especially on our poetry, been on the whole for good or evil? If he could have been read with the liberal understanding which he brought to the works of others, I should answer at once that it had been beneficial. But his translations and paraphrases, in some ways the best things he did, were done, like his plays, under contract to deliver a certain number of verses for a specified sum. The versification, of which he had learned the art by long practice, is excellent, but his haste has led him to fill out the measure of lines with phrases that add only to dilute, and thus the clearest, the most direct, the most manly versifier of his time became, without meaning it, the source (*fons et origo malorum*) of that poetic diction from which our poetry has not even yet recovered. I do not like to say it, but he has sometimes smothered the childlike simplicity of Chaucer under feather-beds of verbiage. What this kind of thing came to in the next century, when everybody ceremoniously took a bushel-basket to bring a wren's egg to market in, is only too sadly familiar. Dryden, as usual, had a good reason to urge for what he did: "I will not excuse, but justify myself for one pretended crime for which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this trans-

* Memoirs of Wordsworth, Vol. II. p. 74 (American edition).

lation, but in many of my original poems, — that I Latinize too much. It is true that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin or any other language; but when I want at home I must seek abroad. If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. . . . . Therefore, if I find a word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized by using it myself, and if the public approve of it the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry; every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate." * This is admirably said, and with Dryden's accustomed penetration to the root of the matter. The Latin has given us most of our canorous words, only they must not be confounded with merely sonorous ones, still less with phrases that, instead of supplementing the sense, encumber it. It was of Latinizing in this sense that Dryden was guilty. Instead of stabbing, he "with steel invades the life." The consequence was that by and by we have Dr. Johnson's poet, Savage, telling us, —

> "In front, a parlor meets my entering view,
> Opposed a room to sweet refection due";

Dr. Blacklock making a forlorn maiden say of her "dear," who is out late, —

> "Or by some apoplectic fit deprest
> Perhaps, alas! he seeks eternal rest";

and Mr. Bruce, in a Danish war-song, calling on the vikings to "assume their oars."

Dryden has also been blamed for his gallicisms.† He tried

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* "If the *public* approve." "On ne pent pas admettre dans le développement des langues aucune révolution artificielle et sciemment executée; il n'y a pour elles ni conciles, ni assemblées délibérantes; on ne les réforme pas comme une constitution vicieuse." — Renan, De l'Origine du Langage, p. 95.

† This is an old complaint. Puttenham sighs over such innovation in Eliza-

some, it is true, but they have not been accepted. I do not think he added a single word to the language, unless, as I suspect, he first used *magnetism* in its present sense of moral attraction. What he did in his best writing was to use the English as if it were a spoken, and not merely an inkhorn language; as if it were his own to do what he pleased with it, as if it need not be ashamed of itself.* In this respect, his service to our prose was greater than any other man has ever rendered. He says he formed his style upon Tillotson's (Bossuet, on the other hand, formed *his* upon Corneille's); but I rather think he got it at Will's, for its great charm is that it has the various freedom of talk.† In verse, he had a pomp which, excellent in itself, became pompousness in his imitators. But he had nothing of Milton's ear for various rhythm and interwoven harmony. He knew how to give new modulation, sweetness, and force to the pentameter; but in what used to be called pindarics, I am heretic enough to think he generally failed. His so much praised "Alexander's Feast" (in parts of it, at least) has no excuse for its slovenly metre and awkward expression, but that it was written for music. He himself tells us, in the epistle dedicatory to "King Arthur," "that the numbers of poetry and vocal music are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been obliged to cramp my verses and make them rugged to the reader that they may be harmonious to the hearer." His renowned ode suffered from this constraint, but this is no apology for the vulgarity of conception in too many passages.

Dryden was short of body, inclined to stoutness, and florid of complexion. He is said to have had "a sleepy eye," but

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beth's time, and Carew in James's. A language grows, and is not made. Almost all the new-fangled words with which Jonson taxes Marston in his "Poetaster" are now current.

* Like most idiomatic, as distinguished from correct writers, he knew very little about the language historically or critically. His prose and poetry swarm with locutions that would have made Lindley Murray's hair stand on end. *How* little he knew is plain from his criticising in Ben Jonson the use of *ones* in the plural, of "Though Heaven should speak with all *his* wrath," and *be* "as false English for *are*, though the rhyme hides it." Yet all are good English, and I have found them all in Dryden's own writing! Of his sins against idiom I have a longer list than I have room for. And yet he is one of our highest authorities for *real* English.

† To see what he rescued us from in pedantry on the one hand, and vulgarism on the other, read Feltham and Tom Brown — if you can.

was handsome and of a manly carriage. He still reigns in literary tradition, as when at Will's his elbow-chair had the best place by the fire in winter, or on the balcony in summer, and when a pinch from his snuff-box made a young author blush with pleasure as would now-a-days a favorable notice in the "Saturday Review." What gave and secures for him this singular eminence? To put it in a single word, I think that his qualities and faculties were in that rare combination which makes character. This gave *flavor* to whatever he wrote, — a very rare quality.

Was he, then, a great poet? Hardly, in the narrowest definition. But he was a strong thinker who sometimes carried common sense to a height where it catches the light of a diviner air, and warmed reason till it had wellnigh the illuminating property of intuition. Certainly he is not, like Spenser, the poets' poet, but other men have also their rights. Even the Philistine is a man and a brother, and is entirely right so far as he sees. To demand more of him is to be unreasonable. And he sees, among other things, that a man who undertakes to write should first have a meaning perfectly defined to himself, and then should be able to set it forth clearly in the best words. This is precisely Dryden's praise, and amid the rickety sentiment looming big through misty phrase which marks so much of modern literature, to read him is as bracing as a northwest wind. He blows the mind clear. In ripeness of mind and bluff heartiness of expression, he takes rank with the best. His phrase is always a short-cut to his sense, for his estate was too spacious for him to need that trick of winding the path of his thought about, and planting it out with clumps of epithet, by which the landscape-gardeners of literature give to a paltry half-acre the air of a park. In poetry, to be next-best is, in one sense, to be nothing; and yet to be among the first in any kind of writing, as Dryden certainly was, is to be one of a very small company. He had, beyond most, the gift of the right word. And if he does not, like one or two of the greater masters of song, stir our sympathies by that indefinable aroma so magical in arousing the subtile associations of the soul, he has this in common with the few great writers, that the winged seeds of his thought imbed themselves in the memory and germinate there.

Perhaps no man has summed him up so well as John Dennis, one of Pope's typical dunces, a dull man outside of his own sphere, as men are apt to be, but who had some sound notions as a critic, and thus became the object of Pope's fear and therefore of his resentment. Dennis speaks of him as his "departed friend, whom I infinitely esteemed when living for the solidity of his thought, for the spring and the warmth and the beautiful turn of it; for the power and variety and fulness of his harmony; for the purity, the perspicuity, the energy of his expression; and, whenever these great qualities are required, for the pomp and solemnity and majesty of his style." *

J. R. Lowell.

Art. X. — Commercial Immorality and Political Corruption.

Are not all the great communities of the Western World growing more corrupt as they grow in wealth? In other words, Is not the power of money over human conduct increasing with alarming rapidity? If it is, what are the chances of change, or reformation? Where are we to look for the means of arresting this tendency, and purifying the commercial and political atmosphere? These are questions which many thoughtful men are asking themselves, in England, America, and France, but much more earnestly and constantly in England and America than in France, because the commercial spirit in the former countries is much stronger, and the power of money much greater, than it is in the latter.

It is not necessary to dwell on the phenomena which suggest these inquiries. Everybody is familiar with them. Foremost amongst them is the prevailing love of luxury. The luxury of this age, too, differs from that of all preceding ages, in that it is not, as it used to be, a thing appropriated to one class in society, and which other classes can only enjoy as a spectacle. The idea that certain modes of liv-

* Dennis in a letter to Tonson, 1715.

ing, and no others, are suitable to certain callings or conditions, is one which modern democracy has destroyed, or is destroying. The advice of Polonius to his son, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can bear," was, in Shakespeare's age, a good rule for a gentleman; in our day it is considered a good rule for everybody. And, not only is all the luxury which anybody can reach considered legitimate, but every one has a secret belief that luxury is within his reach. The rising commercial tide of the last hundred years, and the innumerable examples which within this period have been afforded, in every country, of a phenomenon, previously rarely witnessed, — the rise of men of low beginnings into great opulence, — have diffused through all classes such hope of material enjoyment as has never pervaded human society before. Although the class which is in the actual possession of luxury, and whose revellings in it attract most attention, and give point to most of the denunciations directed against it by moralists is a very small one, and, in fact, can hardly be said to exist outside the large cities, there is no portion of the population of the great commercial countries which is not influenced by luxury, which does not long for it, and half expect to attain it.

This love of luxury, combined with the great quickening which all commercial processes have received from steam, machinery, the electric telegraph, and the opening of new continents, has greatly increased the impatience of prolonged effort, and the indifference to distant results, which all men naturally feel. So many great fortunes are now made, every year, by lucky strokes, or by a sudden rise in the value of property over the vast field opened, in our day, to enterprise and speculation, and the feeling already referred to, that what is possible to one is possible to all, is so widely diffused, that the old mode of achieving wealth and reputation in business, by slowly "working one's way up," by the practice of industry and frugality, by the display of punctuality and integrity merely, may be said to have fallen into disrepute. I do not say this as part of a commonplace lament over "the degeneracy of the age." The decline of these virtues, considered simply as commercial instruments, and

not as moral qualities, has a good foundation in reason. It must not be forgotten, that the ideal trader, who has furnished young business men with a model down to our day, and whom Franklin had constantly in his mind, was formed in the walled towns of the Middle Ages, when commerce and manufactures began to revive. The artisan's or dealer's career then lay in a narrow street, under the eye of his neighbors. Neither the city nor the country nor the state of society afforded him any opportunity for either enterprise or speculation. The road to fortune lay through patient, steady plodding, through early rising, plain living, small economies, and the watchful subjugation of restlessness. As usual, therefore, a code of morals grew up for his assistance, which sweetened his lot, and in which he educated his children, and which, as usual, promised worldly success, as the reward of obedience.

But the practice of these old-fashioned virtues will not bring success now as it once did. In the present state of society, a man who relies on them solely, as his ancestors did, is pretty sure to be left behind in the race. The prizes of commercial life — nay, even a fair amount of distinction in it — are won by quickness of perception, activity, and courage. Five out of six of the great fortunes are made rapidly, by happy hits, or bold and ingenious combinations. This increased facility in making money, too, has shortened the period within which a man must make it, in order to be deemed, in the popular estimation, successful. What was formerly expected of a man of sixty is now expected of a man of forty; and a man whose avowed object in life is to accumulate a fortune, and who depends only on industry and frugality, respectable though he may be considered in the forum of morals, is justly regarded as wanting in some of the higher qualities of his profession. Love of small savings, for instance, — the habit of collecting and preserving odds and ends, which played so prominent a part amongst the means of commercial success in old London and old Amsterdam and old Ghent, — can hardly be said to be any longer a commercial virtue. It would, in our day, if fully indulged, be a vice, because the time spent in saving, and the atten-

tion devoted to it, could be better employed; and the man who gave much time to it would be pretty sure to be outstripped by his competitors.

In short, the changes which have taken place in the art of making money, within the last century, are even greater than those which have taken place in the art of war. The old merchant's training in youth was naturally also different from that received by his successor in our time. It was a kind of training which is now almost impossible, owing to the changes in the processes of business. Little is done for boys who are being prepared for mercantile life, in these days, beyond the communication to them of knowledge of details. Habits there is no attempt to teach them; and yet the major part of the old merchant's education consisted in the acquisition of habits, rather than of knowledge. A long apprenticeship, in which he was treated with considerable severity, and during a large portion of which he was engaged in repulsive drudgery, taught him obedience and patience. He was literally "broken in." He was, day by day, for years, exercised in punctuality, in frugality, in order, in toiling for distant results; and in these things, and these only, he was taught to put his faith. The consequence was, that the commercial education really moulded his character. It was severe, to be sure; and it was not suited to everybody. It was essentially heroic treatment. It made young men either saints or devils. The apprentice who had gone through it was, by the time he was ready to set up for himself, a model of virtue, or an abandoned scamp. Like the examples drawn by Hogarth, he either married his master's daughter, and succeeded to his business, or died on the gallows.

The modern merchant cannot be said to undergo any *discipline* at all. He gets in his youth a large amount of instruction on various subjects, but he is not launched on life with habits ready formed, and opinions and feelings tolerably well settled, as his grandfather was. Apprenticeship can no longer be said to exist, or exists only in name. Even in those callings in which manual dexterity as well as theoretical knowledge are necessary, it is found almost impossible to get boys to serve a real

apprenticeship. They remain in the condition of apprentices long enough to acquire the rudiments of the art, and then, setting up as journeymen, begin to do their share of the bad work which is one of the curses of the day. In mercantile business, properly so called, apprentices are unknown; and not only this, but young men learning the business are not brought into close personal relations with their employers, and do not acquire from them any ways of thinking or feeling which may in after life serve as a rule of action. They see, too, from the very outset, that the prizes of their calling are won by quickness and audacity, rather than by patient industry, and that, in fact, fixed habits of any kind, instead of helping a man, hinder him; so that restlessness, which was a commercial vice in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is now actually cultivated as a virtue, and is the most prominent characteristic of what is called, in the slang of the day, "a live man."

Bad habits have attracted so much of the attention of moralists, that the value of good habits, or in fact of indifferent habits, as aids to law and morality, has rarely been duly appreciated, although the "force of habit" is a sufficiently commonplace subject of declamation. How much of the work of government is done by habit we could not understand, without seeing a people suddenly released from the control of those political and social habits, which, and not the formula of words on paper, in nearly every country make up the "constitution" under which they live. One of the finest and wisest passages in Carlyle's "French Revolution" is that in which he calls attention to the fact, that it was in this breaking up of old habits that the Revolution mainly consisted. But this we all know, in a general way, that, were the habit of obedience to the law in which people are bred, and which sits so lightly on them that they do not feel it, to be greatly weakened or destroyed, no amount of physical force on the side of the law would suffice to preserve order and save civilization. If a people once loses it, and has not sufficient mental and moral culture to take its place, the result, as we see in Mexico, is anarchy, until long suffering has roused the social instinct into activity.

We are, at present, witnessing in the immorality which pervades the commercial world, and taints nearly every branch

of business, the results of the decline of habit as a social force, before mental and moral culture has reached a sufficiently advanced stage to take its place. Every man at present may be said literally to live by his wits; hardly anybody lives by tradition, or authority, or under the dominion of habits acquired in youth. The result is a kind of moral anarchy, from which we are learning, for the first time, how much the old bonds did to supplement and aid both the law and the gospel. Of course, it would be absurd to say that the decline of the old discipline is responsible for all that is repulsive or discouraging in the present condition of affairs. But it has removed one powerful barrier to immorality, in lessening the power of self-restraint which all discipline communicates. If the old merchant's training did not fit a man for making money in the way required in our day, it supplied him with a kind of artificial conscience, which, if not virtue itself, was a powerful help to virtue. The ways of making money that it prescribed were ways that strengthened some very valuable moral qualities.

Another striking change which has occurred in the commercial world, and which is doing something to promote unscrupulousness, is what may be called the diminished value of character. Of course I do not mean to say that character is still not valuable, is not in fact the most valuable of a trader's possessions; but it does not do so much as it once did for him, or, to state it more correctly, he can get on better without it than he once could. Character is valuable in proportion as public opinion is powerful. When towns were small, every trader knew all about every other trader; when intercourse between places even a short distance apart was costly and difficult, a man required very strong inducements to make him leave the place of his birth, and as long as he remained in it he lived under a supervision to which nobody is now subjected. In our day, the growth of population, the facilities which exist for change of abode, and the number and variety of objects by which every one's attention is attracted, have greatly increased individual freedom of action, and correspondingly diminished social checks on conduct. Opinion is not nearly so intense as it was, because it is not nearly so concentrated. Nobody's happiness or

success is nearly as much dependent, therefore, on what his neighbors think of him as it used to be, and nobody's neighbors think nearly as much about him as they used to think. The result is, that both here and in England the outer edge of the well-established and respectable circle of the commercial world swarms with adventurers whom no one knows, and to whom character is not necessary in order to do a considerable amount of business, and whom no number of failures seems to daunt or drive from the field. At meetings held recently, in Manchester and Liverpool, to discuss the best mode of repressing the prevalent recklessness and unscrupulousness, the indifference of these people to the opinion of the commercial world — that is, their carelessness about their "standing" — was admitted to be one of the great difficulties of the case. It was urged as worthy of consideration, whether greater stringency in the bankruptcy laws was not needed to make up for the increasing indifference of this class to the social penalties attaching to fraud.

There is one other feature of the commercial democratic age which is probably doing a good deal to increase the power of money over conduct, and it is one which we are generally in the habit of regarding with satisfaction, namely, the doctrine which we are all taught, and which has done much to overthrow feudalism, that all employments not immoral are honorable, and that all labor is worthy of pecuniary reward. The effect of this doctrine in promoting industry, in making idleness discreditable, and in fostering a spirit of manly independence, cannot well be overrated. It is, in fact, a necessary doctrine in modern society; but, like other useful things, it may be and is abused. It has done much, and is doing much, to make all rewards but pecuniary rewards seem worthless, and, what is more mischievous, to make every service seem worthy of a pecuniary reward. The practice of paying commissions, for instance, is a perfectly harmless one, within certain limits. It is, in fact, the only good mode of remunerating certain commercial services; but it has been carried out of its legitimate field into almost every relation of life. Men now charge commissions unblushingly, not simply for doing what they would not have done without a commission, but for doing their ordi-

nary duty. There can hardly be a doubt, too, that the constant familiarity in which young men now grow up, with the idea that money is an appropriate and sufficient reward for all kinds of services, and that all kinds of services deserve money, does much to familiarize them also with the idea that money is the best kind of reward, and that he who has it has all. The commercial age has yet to provide an adequate substitute for that large class of motives to exertion of what may be called the imponderable kind, such as "honor," class pride, decorations, dignities, titles, and rank, by which men in all other ages have been powerfully influenced. The only proper substitute for them, of course, is to be found in high religious and moral culture; but there is little question that the world is discarding them before the substitute is ready, and that we are passing through a period in which the strongest motive to exertion of ordinary life — I put periods of excitement out of the question — will be supplied by a much baser, even if more substantial agent.

The connection of commercial immorality, that is, of haste and unscrupulousness in money-getting, with political corruption, hardly needs explanation or illustration. The form taken by the latter in free countries seems to depend mainly on the constitutional arrangements. If the constituencies are small, and the legislators are not paid, it will prevail mainly amongst the voters, as in England. If the constituencies are large, and the legislators are paid, it will prevail mainly amongst the legislators, as here, provided always the "commercial spirit," that is, the general belief that money is the most desirable thing in life, be widely spread. In England the non-payment of members of the legislature excludes poor men from it; the social distinction conferred by a seat in it attracts rich men who are not accessible to pecuniary bribes, but are very easily influenced by the prospect of a rise in the social scale. The constituencies, on the other hand, at least the boroughs, being small and the voters poor, the bribing of them has been hitherto comparatively easy work, and the hostility of the public to the practice has been intellectual rather than moral, and the attempts to suppress it feeble and ineffective.

In France, where, in spite of the material progress of the

last twenty years, the commercial spirit is still very feeble, pecuniary corruption may be said to be almost unknown. Under the Orleans dynasty, the Ministers kept their majority in the Chambers by a gigantic system of jobbing in offices and decorations; but the use of direct bribery as a means of influencing votes, either in or out of doors, is a charge which is scarcely heard, even in the fiercest political contests. At present the government has too many ways of rewarding its adherents to make the coarser forms of corruption necessary to secure them, and the liberal cause is still too weak and lowly to attract to its service any but men of high principle. One of the peculiar characteristics of the Cæsarist *régime* is, that the demagogues are all on the side of the Cæsar. In the civil and military service, the system of accountability is so perfect, that cases of fraud or peculation are very rare. Moreover, the love of luxury among the French, and the perfection to which they have carried the art of material enjoyment, render them, strange to say, fonder of spending a little than of gaining much, — a feature in French character which makes an enormous difference between the spirit of French and that of English or American society. French society may be said to be comparatively free from that love of money-getting as a pursuit, and as a road to distinction, by which all Anglo-Saxon communities are devoured. This passion has no doubt received a great stimulus since the establishment of the Empire, but its effects are as yet mainly confined to Paris. Enterprise — that is, willingness to run great risks for distant results, and to sacrifice present ease in the game of speculation — is not a marked characteristic as yet of any Continental nation. Frenchmen think there has been a great change in this respect since the Revolution. M. de Barante, the recently deceased Academician, speaking of his early days and of the narrow means of his parents, — narrow, that is, for persons in their social position, — says: "Tout dans l'ordre de société était alors reglé de telle façon que le désir d'ambition ne pouvait pas être aiguisé par l'espérance; on ne pouvait pas changer sa situation, et sa fortune, du jour au lendemain; les positions sociales n'étaient point, comme elles l'ont été depuis soumises sans cesse aux chances de la loterie des événemens." Yet Englishmen and Americans,

who have had an opportunity of comparing French society with that of their own countries, find difficulty in conceiving of greater calm than it still enjoys or labors under. They are astonished by the cheerfulness with which the great mass of the people resign themselves to run in fixed grooves worn by tradition, at the resignation with which they accept hereditary social position, however humble, and rely on small savings for accumulation, and at the eagerness with which they embrace present certainty, however small, in lieu of all chance of gain, however great, and with which, for this reason, the lowest government offices are competed for, even at the present day.

The comparison suggests one or two other reflections as to the differences between French and Anglo-Saxon society, in the matter of commercial or rather pecuniary morality, which are worth consideration. French traders have never stood high in the estimation of Englishmen, as regards integrity. This has been partly due, no doubt, to national antipathy, but in a great measure to the fact that, in a country which is wanting in the commercial spirit, its merchants, like its emigrants, never come from the *élite* of the population, and never are controlled by public opinion to the same extent as in the countries in which this spirit reigns. Where there is no taste for trade, and where the traditions of trade are not respectable or inspiring, many of the persons who engage in it will be persons who have been unable to secure a firm footing in the more regular and honorable walks of life. The army, and the bench and bar, for centuries absorbed all that was best in the French society, — using the word in its large sense, — and to their keeping French honor was committed. The merchants were little better than hucksters, struggling for existence in a few ports under government surveillance, and blighted by the sense of social inferiority, while their brethren in England were building up a great empire in the East, and carrying their flag, sword in hand, to every corner of the world, — flattered by the monarch, taken into council by the ministers, and every year sending fresh blood into the veins of the aristocracy. But it is very doubtful whether, after all, the general feeling of French society, with regard to fraud and peculation, is not healthier than ours. I believe it is, although my opinion is not based on

practical experience, and I therefore express it with diffidence; and yet French honesty is mainly based on honor, that is, sensitiveness to the opinion of others, while ours is based on conscience, or sense of responsibility to God.

Nothing can be further from my intention than to put these two rules of life on the same footing; but I think it is unquestionably true, that, in the present day, the former, in regard to all pecuniary transactions, acts with much more force than the latter. A Frenchman of the bourgeoisie, who has lost his honor, has no refuge for himself or his children: he is literally a ruined man. He has been drilled, both by his own family and by the world, from his earliest years, into regarding his honor as the highest and dearest of earthly possessions, the loss of which is the loss of all. Now, among us, honor, that is, the good opinion of one's neighbors, does act also with considerable force. But if it breaks down in any particular case, the defaulter, or deceiver, or trickster, or peculator has still a retreat open to him, in which he is often able to find, not only an anodyne for his own conscience, but even the means of setting the world at defiance, — I mean the Church. The extent to which the Church is still in our day made a sanctuary of fugitives from social justice is at this moment one of the most discreditable features of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Cases not only abound, but increase, in which men who, having in the commercial arena lost most of the things which made life comely or respectable, including the good opinion of their neighbors, find in connection with a prominent ecclesiastical organization, and in zealous devotion to its interests, not only a sedative for their own moral sense, but a tolerably strong shield against public opinion. Did not church organizations play the part they do in society, and did they exercise no more influence over the imagination of Americans than over that of the French, tainted speculators, or trustees, or officials would more frequently be compelled to make terms with the world, as the Frenchman is at the moment of his fall, — that is, not only to admit their fault, but come down from the plane of respectability. A more demoralizing spectacle, especially for the young, than the one frequently witnessed in our great cities, of men sitting in front pews, and taking an active

part in church work, and treated by pastor and people as their equal, while out of doors their credit is gone, their name tarnished, and they have made neither confession nor reparation, and have taken no steps towards reform, can hardly be conceived of. It is a spectacle the like of which, I venture to assert, is impossible in France; and I am inclined to believe that, taking everything into consideration, a stouter resistance to fraud, which seems to be the peculiar vice of this age, has thus far been offered by what is called *honor* than by what is called *religion*. Religion is, in fact, doing more just now for humanity than for honesty. Honor is cruel and unfeeling, and it never lifts its eyes from the earth, and its heart may be full of impurity, but it pays its debts and discharges its trusts with great punctuality; and yet, after all, no society is in a sound or healthy state in which morality is not under the guardianship of something higher.

When we come to ask ourselves where the remedy for all this is to be found, we get, as every one knows who has considered the subject at all, to the difficult part of it. We are met on the threshold of this inquiry, however, by one encouraging fact, and this is, that, as far as we can learn, luxury does not produce in our day the evil effects, either moral or physical, which are alleged of it in the ancient world. Of the *luxuria sævior armis* to which the Roman satirist ascribed the ruin of the Empire we know nothing. The wildest of wealthy voluptuaries in our time are far from displaying the depraved ingenuity, the beastly excess, the inane absorption in trifles, the sloth and effeminacy and animal selfishness, which seem to have characterized the possessors of great fortunes in the ancient world, and which made wealth the canker of every state in which it was accumulated, and the great bugbear of the philosophers. The causes of this are of course various. We might sum them up by saying that the modern rich man is a more highly civilized man, in the best sense of the word, than his classical prototype. Society, travel, books, art, science, and a certain atmosphere of self-sacrifice, by which all Christian communities, however far removed from the Christian ideal, are pervaded, have made the most besotted votary of luxury in our day a far superior being to the Domitians or Crassuses of antiquity.

It is one of the familiar facts of modern life, too, that the classes most given up to luxury respond as readily as any others to great demands on their endurance, and meet danger and suffering with even greater readiness. Consequently, the military spirit, instead of declining as it did in ancient states, with the growth of wealth, in our day seems to rise. The modern horror of war, if indeed there be such a thing, is rather an intellectual than a physical feeling. It flows rather from a rational disapproval of it, a mental perception of its evils, than from personal fear of its burden or hardships. In fact, the more highly civilized communities of our time, if they are convinced of the necessity or justice of a war, rush into it with an ardor which was unknown in antiquity, and sacrifice life in it with a prodigality which has certainly never been surpassed. What is even more remarkable is, that the city population, which in the decline of Rome became worthless for military purposes, is found in modern times to be the most valuable. The Londoners, the Viennese, the Parisians, make better troops than the peasantry, are more ardent under fire, and endure the ordinary hardships of active service with much less injury. Some very striking testimony to the same effect, as regards the comparative merits as soldiers of the American population, has just been furnished in the medical reports of the United States Sanitary Commission.

On the other hand, it is a fact, that no great social reformation has taken place, in any society, without some new agent or element being brought into play. Corruption, for instance, whether in manners or in politics, has never been got rid of by the mere disgust or repentance of the persons or class affected by it. Some external influence has had to be brought to bear on them, either in the shape of exposure to a new set of circumstances, or to the action of a new set of ideas. Powerful as Christianity proved as a moral agent, it was not equal to the political salvation of Rome. It did nothing, or next to nothing, in spite of its effect on manners, to drive away the moral languor under which the Empire finally perished.

The moral renovation of European society was only effected by the influx of a fresh population, whose social education was still to be begun, and who, under the influence of Chris-

tianity, constructed an entirely new framework of ideas on political and social subjects. From the state of debasement in which the decline of chivalry, and the loss of the rough vigor of the barbaric period left it at the close of the Middle Ages, it was, in like manner, lifted by the combined action of the Reformation, the revival of learning, and the extinction of the great fiefs. It may, of course, be said, that these things were amongst the consequences or accompaniments of the general progress of society, but the important point is, that they brought to bear on society a new set of agents, which had not previously been at work.

The corruption of the English government, — that is, the purchase of votes of the members of the House of Commons, for money, by the minister of the day, — was, during fifty years preceding the close of the American War, deep and notorious. What with members holding places, or receiving pensions, at the pleasure of the Crown, and members receiving a certain sum, in pounds, for their vote at certain divisions, from the minister of the day, the people's representatives in the House were, during a greater part of that period, in a miserable minority. Measures were seldom decided on their merits, the debates were an unmeaning farce, and it is hardly extravagant to say that political morality was extinct. Now, a great number of persons among us, when mention is made of the corruption in the American government, are in the habit of consoling themselves with the reflection that, inasmuch as the English government has worked itself pure, and got rid of the canker which was eating it away, in the last century, so, in due course of time, will ours, without the aid of extraordinary means. But this does not follow. The long wars of William and Anne left England completely exhausted. There was no middle class; there was no press; and public opinion, in so far as it existed at all, was feeble and inactive. The Crown was practically omnipotent. But in the following thirty years of peace, the country rapidly recovered; wealth accumulated; the middle class grew; the press began to assert its power; the House of Commons was exposed to the action of public opinion, by the publication of its debates; and the Puritan element in the population, which had kept

alive, both during the coarse profligacy of the Stuart period, and the philosophical indifferentism of the Anne-Augustan period, the fires of religious and moral feeling, began to show itself on the surface of affairs, and to exert a real influence on the government. By the close of the American War, the practice of pecuniary corruption had died out, and the government found itself under the eye of a new England, which fifty years later wrested the control of affairs from the hands of the oligarchy, and proceeded to administer them in its own way. The work of purification was done by the appearance on the scene of a new social force, and not by any voluntary effort to mend their ways on the part of the corruptionists themselves.

In France, before the Revolution, owing to the absence of a legislature, the precise form of corruption which flourished in England under Walpole was unknown. The king held the purse, and he was the supreme legislator; but in the administration of the government everything that could be sold was salable. The judicial offices were salable, the military commissions were salable, and the collection of the taxes was farmed out. A place of honor or profit could not be had, or could be had only with great difficulty, unless it was paid for. The judicial offices were hereditary; no one could hold a commission in the army who could not show four generations of noble ancestors. The court circle swarmed with jobbers, and dealers in places and pensions. In fact, it was composed of little else. Thirty years later, and the French service, both military and civil, was one of the purest in the world; but the reformation had not come from the penitential exertions of the corrupt classes. It had been effected by a tremendous social and political convulsion, which had swept them out of sight, and put the government into the hands of a totally different order of men, — different in character and training, in history, and even in blood. The *Tiers État* reformed France.

Now it seems, at first sight, as if these examples opened rather a melancholy prospect, not simply for democratic society in this country, but for democratic society everywhere. It seems as if it had no reserves to call up, no matter how hard pressed it might be. It has no class shut out from participation in, or influence on, public affairs, whose voice, if allowed to

make itself heard, might prove useful for warning or instruction, or whose self-interest, if allowed free play, might let light in on the dark places of politics. All its forces — liberty, equality, publicity, pulpit, press, and schools — are constantly and actively at work. If these do not save it, whither shall it look for succor? It cannot look for a new religion; and if it could, no religion could supply stronger incentives to purity than Christianity. The newest of the new philosophies is simply stoicism slightly retouched, and the Stoics have been preaching for two thousand years the vanity of both earthly pains and pleasures. Moreover, for some time to come, the main source of distinction, in new countries at least, must be wealth. The owners of wealth will be the possessors of real power. Birth will never again have much chance. Learning, in the nature of things, cannot count for much, both because the wide diffusion of education will make the possession of a little learning common, and because the possessors of great learning will always be too few in number, and too much given to seclusion, to make much figure in society, to say nothing of the frequency with which high intellectual attainments are dissociated from the moral qualities which give men weight amongst their fellows. Nor will there be any class or organization, the membership of which will be a clear and generally recognized title to distinction. In short, it is reasonable to expect that for a long while, in new countries, owing to the nature of the work the people have to do, and in old ones, owing to the prodigious impetus given by science to the work of production, wealth will command a more general recognition as the great test and sign of success in life than anything else. He who acquires it will be a winner in the race in which everybody is engaged, and will prove himself possessed of the one talent which the majority of mankind try to cultivate. We consequently can hardly look for much immediate help in the work of mere commercial or political purification from material progress. Some special effort directed to this end will undoubtedly be necessary.

What the nature of this effort should be, or how originated and how directed, it is very difficult to say with any confidence. Of course the ordinary work of education must be relied on for a great deal of what can ever be done by tak-

ing thought. The feelings and practices of every man, in money matters, must largely depend on what he learns at school, and what he hears and sees at home in his boyhood. But one thing is certain, that, in the absence of any course of discipline, the mere communication of oral instruction on questions of morals, either by teacher, preacher, or parents, will do little to beget a horror either of commercial or political corruption, so long as boys see that neither one nor the other is visited by severe social penalties. Children take less on trust, or in deference to naked authority, than they used to do; and when a boy sees his father in habits of friendly intercourse, as many a New York boy does, with persons whose knaveries and peculation he has heard him discuss and describe times without number, general homilies on honesty will not convince him of its value. The good-nature which is cultivated in society, and which, during the last forty years, for reasons which it is not necessary to go over here, has taken an inordinately, I might add mischievously, high rank amongst the virtues, besides offering a great obstacle to the work of reform, has done and is doing much to blunt the moral sense of the young, — how much cannot be known till the generation now growing up assumes the control of affairs. No one, therefore, who wants to aid the work of reform can begin better than by displaying in his walk and conversation a sincere and hearty detestation, not of corrupt practices alone, but of those whom he and others know to be engaged in them, and of the newspapers which gloss over ill-deeds and defend evil-doers. This is an indispensable supplement to all teaching and preaching. The denunciations of the pulpit and the press have lost or are losing, their power through iteration. Nay, like heavy artillery turned against earthworks, in many cases they seem only to harden corruption into a denser and more compact mass. The most thorough-paced knaves expose themselves to this sort of fire with great readiness, and even pursue their schemes under cover of it.

We must also by our legislation give human nature a fair chance to improve. This is not done now. To point out how much we do to discourage efforts towards improvement, how much to throw temptations in the way of the weak or the

wicked, — temptations more insidious and hardly less debasing than the class legislation of feudalism, — would require an article in itself. The elective judiciary furnishes one illustration. It is a fountain of corruption, sending its poison through every portion of the body politic. Experience has shown, that, if a lawyer of good character and education is put on the bench as a judge, his office made independent and surrounded with dignity, and his services fairly paid, not only will his good tendencies be strengthened, but his bad ones will be arrested. Temptation is removed from his path, and his interest to be virtuous is made so strong that, in the vast majority of cases, he will be virtuous. In electing judges for short terms, experience in this matter has been entirely disregarded. For the sake of securing a trifling good, — greater courtesy to suitors, — we place the character of judges under a continued strain, furnish them with the strongest temptation to be dishonest, and diminish the inducements to be upright and independent.

Another and even more striking illustration is to be found in the organization of the civil service. Steady, faithful men, of real business capacity, cannot, as a general rule, get appointments in it; if, by chance, they do get into it, they find their honesty not only of no value to them, but a positive hindrance and source of poverty and insecurity. In fact, it may be said, without exaggeration or misrepresentation, that the civil service of the United States is so arranged as to afford strong encouragement to dishonesty of nearly every degree. The loss of money to the government is but a small part of the evil which flows from the system. Instead of proving, as the service of every great nation should, a school of order, economy, exactness, integrity, to which every private individual might look for instruction and example, and by which whatever is good in the natural character should be stimulated and developed, the chief influence it exerts is exerted on the side of vice and immorality. What makes its condition the more striking, is the contrast it offers to the military and naval services. In these organizations human nature gets a fair chance. A man can, in either of them, find constant use for all his good qualities. If he has not brilliancy, he may have honesty, and his honesty tells; if

he has not ability, he may have steadiness, and it tells. They call into activity one of the most powerful incentives to the elevation of character, next to pure religious and moral culture, that is, professional pride, — the feeling that a man belongs to an honorable calling, the respectability of which reflects credit on him, and exacts from him in return some aid in maintaining it. Mr. Jenckes, in his late speech on the reform of the civil service, dwells most impressively and instructively on the waste of moral power involved in the disregard displayed in the civil service of the means of confirming self-respect and nourishing integrity. Frauds are almost unknown in the army and navy, and yet the opportunities of peculation are great, and the officers are generally poor; but they are influenced by a generous pride in their calling, and a generous anxiety for the fair fame of the brotherhood to which they belong; and though they are drawn from the same race and the same rank of society as the officers of the civil service, they are as much a credit and protection to the nation as the others are, as a class, a disgrace and a canker.

After all, then, we have instruments of reform lying unused. Many others might be enumerated beside those already pointed out. Social improvement depends on the application of obvious remedies. Even those who are most despondent about the future of society may find comfort in the assurance afforded by a careful reading of history, that there is always a force at work, as constant as that which makes the grass grow and the sun shine, which, whatever appearance of retrogression may meet the eye in this century, or in that country, nevertheless, on the whole, carries the race forward, and leaves each generation in a position which it would not willingly exchange for that of the generation preceding. The world can hardly be said to have recognized the existence and activity of this force till after the downfall of the Roman Empire; but ever since then it has filled the earth with a hope, the very strength and luxuriance of which often make special efforts towards reform seem too puny to be important; and this has a tendency to paralyze individual exertion. It is in this that the modern reformer finds his greatest stumbling-block.

E. L. Godkin.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce,* — 1609. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." In Four Volumes. Vol. III., 1590–1600; Vol. IV., 1600–1609. *With Portraits.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1868.

These volumes contain an account of the events of the last twenty years of the war which followed the rise of the Dutch Republic, and which ended with the Twelve Years' Truce. The most important characters of the period are Philip II., Henry of Navarre, Elizabeth, James I., Olden-Barneveld, Maurice of Nassau, Alexander Farnese, and Spinola. In the next rank may be placed the names of the German Archduke Albert, nephew and son-in-law of Philip II., the Spanish Duke of Lerma, the French Turenne, Duke of Bouillon, the Duke of Mayenne, De Béthune, Duke of Sully, the English Vere, the Dutch Heemskerk, Jeannin, President of the Parliament of Burgundy, and Réchardot, President of Artois; for these men, though not the heads of great states or great armies, had much to do with the history of the time.

The history is that of the growing prosperity and power of the United Provinces, and of the waning prosperity and power of Spain. Its most interesting episodes are the successful efforts of Henry of Navarre to secure the crown of France, and the maritime expeditions of the Netherlanders towards the North Pole and around the Southern capes of each hemisphere. The most important tendency of the period is the tendency towards liberty. The century which closed half-way through it — the most important, save the first, of the sixteen centuries which followed the coming of Christ — must always be the object of the profoundest attention. The Reformation, and the wars which followed it, invest it with an enduring interest. Between the years 1590 and 1610 the long contest between the Netherlands and the great empire which Charles V. bequeathed to Philip II. ended in the success of the former. For the first time for ages the rights of the people were vindicated and acknowledged. The divine right of kings received a blow from which it never recovered. The determined inhabitants of the Low Countries made the free principles which they advocated triumph over every obstacle. Reforming the military system of Europe, improving in martial science, campaigning patiently

and fearlessly in a flooded country against the best soldiers and generals of the time, besieging and besieged, fighting as bravely and with more uniform success on sea than on land, taxing themselves with unstinting patriotism and self-sacrifice, increasing their means not only by industry and skill at home, but by the boldest enterprises at the ends of the earth, resisting with equal firmness and skill the violence and treachery of the open enemy and the wiles of the pretended friend, the boors and burghers proved themselves a nation, and stood in all evil hours till their final perseverance ended in securing their independence and extorting recognition from the crowned heads of all the countries that warred against them or coveted their territory. The skill and spirit of the participants may make the events of war and diplomacy interesting, though no great principles should be involved, and the contest promise no other issue than an increase of power or territory to one of the contending parties,— or the struggle may be such in itself as to attract attention, though all its characters and incidents be commonplace; but a double interest attaches to the drama in which Maurice and Barneveld played leading parts. The stage was limited only by the geographical knowledge of the time. The actors were kings and accomplished soldiers and able statesmen. They stood surrounded by disciplined armies and earnest peoples, while the ocean beyond was covered by their fleets. The prizes for which they contended were the greatest for which men can contend. Territorial aggrandizement, strengthening of frontiers, increase of revenue, were among the smallest of the interests involved. The rights of man were at stake, and civil and religious liberty hung on the issue.

A historian does wisely who seeks his theme in such a period. The interest inherent in his subject will lend his work a certain charm, though his task be but passably performed. If he be a man whose resolute industry enables him to lay his foundation strong and wide and deep, and who adds to that essential quality imagination, eloquence, quick perceptions, and ready sympathies, he is likely to confer a benefit on his kind by writing, and is sure to earn for himself an ample reward of gratitude and fame.

Mr. Motley has shown such wisdom and has earned such a reward. His success in treating his subject has been almost as brilliant as its selection was judicious. His temperament and his character are both singularly propitious to the purpose of his life. His tenacity of purpose is as thorough as his pulse is full. His place among historians is high and sure. The time has gone by when there was need to dwell upon his general characteristics as a historian. They are familiarly known. It remains to give such brief account as space permits of the contents of

these volumes, and to make such remarks upon their composition as may seem appropriate.

The first volume (Volume III. of the whole work) begins with the year 1590, when Henry III. of France had just been assassinated, and succeeded, in name, by Charles X., but really by the League, with the Duke of Mayenne at its head. The throne of France was claimed by Henry of Navarre, and coveted by Philip II., who was concentrating his forces for an invasion of the country, and giving his general, Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, directions to do his utmost to conquer it, under pretence of assisting the Holy League. Elizabeth was pursuing her usual policy of giving the rebellious Netherlanders just so much help as might suffice to prevent their subjugation by Philip, and no more. The civil affairs of the Netherlands were, for the most part, directed by Barneveld, and their armies were commanded by Maurice of Nassau. It was fortunate for the young Republic that she possessed such men. The consummate statesman was working harmoniously with the young soldier, and the latter was soon to prove that his military capacity was of the highest order of the period. He had studied his profession with the utmost diligence, and his practical capacity was equal to his theoretical knowledge. He had brought the patriot army to a condition of great excellence, and he soon began to use it with effect; for, while Alexander was busy with his preparations for the French campaign, he surprised the city of Breda, and took many other towns and strong places.

While monarchs schemed and intrigued, and soldiers fought, the young republic, feeling the genial influence of freedom, made rapid progress in the development of industry, and enjoyed a prosperity unknown in Spain or France, or the obedient provinces. Neighboring nations, though not directly interested in the war, felt some of the inconveniences which are inseparable from its existence, and, holding the old-fashioned notions as to the rights of sovereigns, were disposed to complain of the unreasonable persistence of the Netherlanders in the strife which vexed them; but their complaints led to nothing more than respectful, but manly, replies.

In the month of March, 1590, Henry of Navarre defeated the Leaguers, under Mayenne, at Ivry. His victory enabled him to lay siege to Paris, and, by midsummer, he had reduced the city to great straits. Farnese was ordered, by Philip, to march to its relief; and he obeyed, though against his judgment, and most unwillingly. He exerted his remarkable abilities to the utmost, in overcoming the difficulties in which his sovereign had permitted want of money and want of credit to involve him, and led an army across the frontier, in the beginning

of August, and reached the neighborhood of Paris near the end of the month. Henry reluctantly suspended the siege at his coming, and advanced to meet him. He desired a battle, which Farnese equally desired to avoid. A fortnight was sufficient to determine the result of the expedition. By the middle of September, Henry found himself completely outgeneralled by the skilful Italian. Paris was relieved, and the disappointed army of Henry fell to pieces. Farnese gave his army a fortnight's rest, and then returned, with his laurels, to the Netherlands.

The successes of Maurice, in the campaigns of 1591, were numerous and important. He besieged and took many important cities and fortresses, and secured the control of valuable strategic points, river-courses, and communications. He thus secured great direct gains to the Commonwealth; but it might well be considered that a more important service than any other he had rendered was his showing the world that the Republic possessed a soldier who could play the game of war, on equal terms, against the greatest living master of the art.

Meanwhile, war raged in France, and all over France, where baron fought with viscount in one province, and duke with marshal, constable, or prince, in another and another. Henry, aided in men by Elizabeth, and in money by the States, made head in Brittany and Normandy against the League and the Spaniards; and, before the end of the year, had laid siege to Rouen, and was fast reducing the place to extremities. Paris, freed from the pressure of siege, was suffering from the despotism of the sixteen lords of the market-halls, who ruled in the name of the populace, and as representatives of the League. Their tyranny culminated in the execution of Brisson, president of the Parliament of Paris, in November; and their power was destroyed within less than thirty days by the decided conduct of Mayenne, who hung four of their leaders.

In the year 1592 Henry continued the siege of Rouen, and had carried it almost to a successful completion, when Farnese again appeared upon the scene, again outgeneralled Henry, again raised the siege, and so saved the whole coast of Normandy for his master and for the League. In the same year, Maurice, availing himself of the opportunity afforded him by Farnese's French expedition, besieged and took Steenwyck and Coeworden. His great opponent, Farnese, the most dangerous enemy in the field of the young Republic, died at the end of this year. The States were much disturbed, at this period, by depredations committed by the English upon their commerce, and the substantial impossibility of obtaining any redress. After much delay and infi-

nite pains, the Republic succeeded in exciting the wrath of Elizabeth at these outrages, and a somewhat better state of things succeeded.

The principal military events of the years 1593 and 1594 were the capture of Gertruydenburg and Greningen by Maurice. But the conversion of Henry to the Catholic faith, his elevation to the throne of France, and the downfall of the League, overshadowing military failures and successes, made these years an epoch in the history of the time, while the steady advance of the principles of religious toleration, and the retreat of the Inquisition, keeping pace with the successes of the Netherlanders, give a special moral interest to the period. The relations of Henry and the Republic were growing closer, much to the dissatisfaction of Elizabeth, but the interests of all three continued to make opposition to Spain a necessity. The political and military events of the years 1595 and 1596 were not especially interesting or important. In 1595 Henry declared war against Philip, and some indecisive hostilities followed. In 1596 the Cardinal-Archduke Albert, brother of the Emperor Rudolph, was appointed by Philip to the command of the obedient provinces, a post which he continued to hold until the Twelve Years' Truce. In the same year the Spaniards took Calais, and the Dutch fleet destroyed a great Spanish fleet in the harbor of Cadiz, and took the city, but unwisely neglected, in obedience to the urgency of the commander of the English naval contingent, to hold the place. A treaty was entered into, by England, France, and the Dutch Republic which outwardly was fair to the eye, but inwardly was full of duplicity, on the part of the French and English. Within three months of its ratification Henry was intriguing for his own ends with Philip. The close of this year was signalized by an extraordinary act of Philip. He publicly and solemnly made a general repudiation of his immense debts.

1597 was a busy year. It opened with a brilliant victory, gained by Maurice over a small but picked army of the Archduke. In less than an hour, with immensely inferior numbers, and a loss, in killed, of only nine or ten, he actually destroyed the force opposed to him. Two thousand of them lay dead upon the field, and five hundred prisoners were taken. In March the Spaniards surprised Amiens, which Henry retook in September. In August, September, and October Maurice conducted a campaign in which he "took nine strongly fortified cities and five castles, opened the navigation of the Rhine, and strengthened the whole eastern bulwarks of the Republic." The close of the year found Henry negotiating a peace with Spain, in spite of the indignation of Elizabeth and the strenuous opposition of Barneveld. In the year 1598 there was much diplomacy, much discussion, much delay, and at

last a treaty was concluded between Elizabeth and the States, and peace was made between France and Spain. Henry signed the Edict of Nantes at about the same time.

Philip died on the 13th of September, 1598, and the event is made the occasion of a review of his reign, and of an admirable sketch of the Spain of that time. The last chapter but one of volume three is one of the most interesting of all. It contains an account of Netherland commerce, and of the most remarkable voyages of the period, especially of Barendz's endeavor to discover a northeast passage to the Indies, and of the southern expedition in which Dirk Gerrits sailed nearer the south pole than man had ever been before.

The volume closes with a chapter made up of accounts of certain military operations and political dealings, none of which possessed much interest, or were followed by any important immediate results.

The military interest of the fourth volume centres in the battle of Nieuport and the siege of Ostend. The year 1599 was for the Republic, a year of defensive and uneventful campaigning. In the early summer of 1600, Maurice, in obedience to the States-General, but against his own judgment, invaded the obedient province of Flanders, and began the investment of Nieuport. He carried with him an admirable army, the flower of the troops of the Republic. The siege was not formed when he learned, to his infinite surprise, that the Archduke was upon him. He ordered his fleet to put to sea at once, and arrayed his army on the sands for a battle in which defeat would be its destruction, and perhaps the destruction of the Republic. Retreat was impossible, for they had only the barren sea behind them. The forces were nearly equal. The battle began at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till near nightfall. Though the struggle was long and doubtful, yet things seemed to promise victory to the Spaniards till near the end, when the fortunes of the day changed as if by magic. The Catholics were broken in an instant by a charge of cavalry, and a compact army became a throng of runaways. Three thousand Spaniards were slain, which must have been more than a quarter of their force engaged. Maurice won a great victory, but his expedition, as an invasion, was a failure. Circumstances promised ill for renewing the attempt on Nieuport, and he withdrew his army into Holland on the last day of July.

The account of this important battle would be more satisfactory, if the reasons justifying Maurice's action in sending away the ships were developed, and if the failure of the garrison of Nieuport to make an attack or demonstration on Maurice's rear during the battle were explained.

In 1601 Ostend was the only possession of the Republic in Flanders. It was thoroughly fortified, and it was a base from which so much damage was inflicted on the Flemings, that it was called a thorn in the Belgic lion's foot. On the 5th of July, 1601, the Archduke came before the town, and began the siege. It lasted for three years and seventy-seven days. Every effort was made by the States to retain the place, and their command of the sea enabled them to furnish it with abundant supplies, and as many men as space permitted to be used to advantage. There, till the place was taken, the war was substantially concentrated. The greatest valor, industry, skill, endurance, and determination were displayed on both sides. At the end of the first quarter of the third year of the siege, the Marquis Spinola was appointed to the command of the operations against Ostend and of the foreign armies in the Netherlands. He was high-born and wealthy, but he had had no military training, and was in no way distinguished, except by birth and fortune. He owed his appointment to his readiness to furnish a large sum of money for the expenses of the siege, and the Spanish cabinet, weary of the slow progress of the undertaking, were willing to try a man who offered them money instead of asking for it. It soon appeared that his confidence in himself was not ill-founded. He saw that to take the city "he would be obliged to devour it piecemeal as he went on," and he acted accordingly. In spite of the obstinacy of the besieged, in spite of Maurice's endeavors to relieve the place, he ate his way into the heart of the city, until at last on the 20th day of September, 1604, when more than a hundred thousand men had laid down their lives in the attack and defence, and nothing but a mass of ruin was left to surrender, the garrison marched out with the honors of war, and the Archduke and his bride grasped their valueless prize.

"Ostendæ fatalis evasit Spinola spinam."

During the continuance of the siege the Netherlanders had been vigorously pushing their commercial enterprises, and their armed fleets had won many victories over the subjects and allies of Spain in the East Indies. The determined sailors of the Republic turned these successes to the best account. Impressing the feeble natives with a deep sense of the power of the nation to which they belonged, they led many of them to throw off all connection with the Spanish power, and to form alliances and business relations with the States. Trade with the East Indies grew steadily and rapidly, and proved most profitable. In 1603 it was systematized by the formation of the Dutch East India Company. The Republic was also more than compensated, in advance, for the loss of Ostend, by the capture of

the excellent seaport of Sluys, which surrendered to Maurice in August, 1604.

Almost the whole of that part of the fourth volume which follows the account of the surrender of Ostend, is devoted to the protracted and tedious negotiations which ended in the Twelve Years' Truce. Before Ostend fell, Elizabeth had died, and England under James, and Spain under Philip III., were not what England and Spain had been under Elizabeth and Philip the Prudent. The able man who was on the throne of France knew that the interests of his kingdom demanded an interval of peace. Spain was far advanced in a decline, though the symptoms had not yet attracted general attention. War pressed very heavily on the Republic, and the high spirit of the people did not prevent them from being sensible of the weight of the burden. The tendency of the time was toward peace. So, though there was plenty of fighting, by land and sea, in the years which intervened between the surrender of Ostend and the conclusion of the arrangement for the truce, the relative position of the parties was not materially affected by force of arms. One great victory alone gave a lustre to the Dutch navy, and its magnitude probably had an influence upon the issue of the struggle. It was the victory gained by the Dutch fleet, under Heemskerk, on the 25th of April, 1607, in the Bay of Gibraltar, over a Spanish fleet commanded by Avila, — a victory so complete that the Spanish fleet was entirely destroyed.

During all this period the Spanish power declined with increasing rapidity, while the Dutch, notwithstanding that the question of making peace divided them into two parties and led to the unfortunate quarrel between Barneveld and Maurice, grew steadily stronger. Spain was in the hands of priests and courtiers, but as if the crippling of her commerce and destruction of her fleets by the Dutch abroad and every form of misgovernment at home were not sufficient, the expulsion of the Moors was ordered and executed in 1607, and thus a final blow was given to the productive power of the kingdom by the banishment of the most important part of her industrial population. The Dutch, on the other hand, though the defects in their form of government were serious, managed their affairs with great skill and success. All sorts of profitable industry were practised at home, and the nation was constantly pursuing a gainful traffic to all ports to which the four winds of heaven could waft their ships. Their navy was without an equal in the world, and their army, though small, was the best in Europe. Their financial system had the best of bases, — the ready submission of the people to taxation, and their making its burden easy to be borne by well-directed, unremitting industry.

But, whatever the spirit of a people and whatever its resources, there comes a time when they weary of war. The Netherlanders had been fighting since 1566, and forty years is a long time for any people to be at war. So they were ready for peace, provided it could be admitted that they had conquered it, and provided they could retain the advantages they had won by downright hard fighting and obstinate persistence. Spain was far less able than they to continue the war, and was beginning to be dimly conscious of the fact. So first there came armistices and resumptions of hostilities, with discussions, conferences, correspondences; then terms would seem to be agreed upon; then there would be a rupture; then the work would be all done over again. The negotiations were endless. The inadmissible demands came from Spain, the delays came from Spain, the chicane, the ruptures, the everything unreasonable, came from Spain. The Republic would not give up the India trade, she would not permit the public exercise of the Roman Catholic religion within her borders, and she insisted on being acknowledged by Spain as absolutely independent.

At last the end came. No treaty was made, but a Twelve Years' Truce was declared, and the United Netherlands gained substantially all they had been so many years fighting for. The agreement was signed on the 9th of April, 1609, and thus the Republic was formally admitted into the family of nations.

The volumes which treat of the events thus succinctly stated are full of interest, and yet we experienced a certain feeling of disappointment as we read them and laid them down. This might be, and no doubt was, partly owing to the fact that the persons and events of the closing period of the forty years' war are somewhat inferior in interest to those of its earlier periods; partly to the fact that the substantial sameness in the character of the struggle gives a shade of monotony to the advancing story; and partly to the fact that there is not so much new material employed in these volumes as there was in those which were enriched by the author's access to the long-closed archives of Simancas. But it must be confessed that these are not the only reasons. The style of these volumes is less brilliant than that of their predecessors, and it is disfigured by more frequent instances of carelessness, familiarity, exaggeration, and the excessive use of the ironic method. They need a revision by their author, and then another by a skilful and thorough proof-reader. And it still remains to be said that the books themselves do not belong to the most satisfying class of writing. They are rather the work of the graphic narrator than of the philosophic historian. They inform rather than instruct. In proportion as we become accus-

tomed to Mr. Motley's brilliant and vigorous style, his quick and true sympathies, his vivid conceptions, strong outlines, and warm colors, we begin to be conscious that his books are things "wherein we feel there is some hidden want." It is true that the age has gone by in which history required a certain dignity and state, but it is of comparatively little worth if it possess only the excellences, sustained through many volumes, which insure the success of a magazine article or a lyceum lecture. To select the leading persons and events of an interesting period, to study faithfully all the facts and details that can be known about them, to reproduce the story with all the charms that can be added by a lively imagination and a glowing style, to apply the most vigorous epithets of praise and blame as the author's sympathies direct, is the popular and easy, but not the best way to write history. Moreover, it is to be remembered that when a writer goes to the contemporary chronicles of a bygone period, and there seeks the earliest and most authentic information as to what men said and did, and what other men said about their sayings and doings, and fills his canvas from the materials so gathered, he does well, and his picture must have truth, but that if he be a man of an ardent temperament, and not largely endowed with the power of projecting himself into the past, it may prove that he has selected what to him, the child of the latest civilization, seems most salient and characteristic, and so has, in some respects, done more or less than justice to the characters, tendencies, and events of a past century, in holding them up to the gaze of the present.

To substantiate the charge of carelessness in composition is an easy task. Thus we read in Vol. III., on p. 30: "This result . . . . made the downfall of the Commonwealth probable whenever it should be attacked by an overwhelming force from without." On p. 318: "Unless Henry was prepared to abdicate his hardly earned title to the throne of France." On p. 361: "He was not more likely to acquire the confidence of the Cardinal than he had done that of his predecessors." On p. 230 of Vol. IV., the two paragraphs which conclude the description of the destruction of Sarmiento's fleet begin respectively as follows: "Thus at least one half of the legion perished." "Thus nearly the whole of the Spanish legion perished." On p. 387 of the third volume we find the amount of the booty obtained at Cadiz stated at "not more than five hundred thousand ducats," and on p. 391, as "some millions of plunder." On p. 523 of Vol. IV. we read: "Other princes made not the slightest difficulty in recognizing it [the Dutch Republic] for an independent power." On p. 525: "The Republic now requested from France and Great Britain a written recognition of its indepen-

dence, and both France and England refused." Such instances might easily be multiplied.

Another proof of carelessness is found in contradictions and omissions, which we have no means of explaining or supplying. Thus, we read of Parma's complaint, when proceeding to the relief of Paris, that the country round it was eaten bare of food and forage, and that it was impossible for him to undertake to transport supplies for his army from the starving Netherlands to starving France; and yet, nine pages after, when he has raised the siege, we read that, in an incredibly short space of time, provisions and munitions were poured into the city, two thousand boat-loads arriving in a single day. The regular army of the Netherlands, in 1590, is described, on p. 5 of Vol. III., as composed of twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse; on p. 93, as composed of ten thousand foot and two thousand horse. The Cardinal-legate receives fifty thousand crowns from Pope Sixtus after Ivry; and the same Pope is soon after spoken of as dying without ever having bestowed on the League any of his vast accumulated treasures to help it in its utmost need. As an instance of an omission, it may be mentioned that no explanation is given of the means by which the credit of Spain was revived, after Philip's act of repudiation; and yet it appears (p. 333, Vol. IV.) that, in 1607, the kingdom had got credit to the extent of many millions, and pledged its income, for many years, to secure the debt. Then there are puzzling sentences, like that about the Turkish Empire (Vol. III. p. 413), and another (Vol. IV. p. 467) about the paltriness of the Netherlands, as a prize, if secured by Spain. Then there are statements that make the reader ask himself, "Why?"—statements that excite doubts as to their accuracy. We find the following incomprehensible sentence (Vol. IV. p. 621): "Matelieff succeeded, at last, in inspiring all the men of his command with an enthusiasm superior to sordid appeals, and made a few malcontents." The general reader may well be at a loss to understand why the treaty of Vervins should be declared to be as utterly disgraceful to Spain as that of Câteau Cambresis had been to France, when he reads, in another place, that the basis of the treaty of Vervins was that of the treaty of Câteau Cambresis, and is not told that the restoration of the *status quo ante bellum* was the principle of each treaty.

As instances of a too familiar style, we may mention that the Archduke Ernest is spoken of as "the podagric Perseus"; that we read as follows: "Spinola never reached Brussels until . . . ." i. e. "did not reach Brussels," &c.; and that fifty pages after a description of the death of Farnese, and his burial in the robe and cowl of a Capu-

chin monk, we read: "On the death of brother Alexander the Capuchin Fuentes produced a patent . . . ."

To support the charge, that these volumes are disfigured by exaggeration, we will only refer to the statement, on p. 15, of Vol. III. in relation to the capture of Breda: "As an example of daring, patience, and complete success, it has served to encourage the bold spirits of every generation, and will always inspire emulation in patriotic hearts of every age and clime." It is much to be doubted whether many among the bold spirits and patriotic hearts of America ever so much as heard of this exploit, before these volumes were published; and it is much to be wondered at that such a scholar and writer as Mr. Motley should not only pen, but print, a sentence which he would have noted as extravagant, had he found it in a school-boy's theme.

Another fault, which is far too common, is the fault of repetition. Pet words and phrases, like "the Béarnese," as a synonyme for Henry IV., and "world-empire" are used over and over and over again, and it often happens that the same idea is presented frequently, when iteration is not needed to impress it on the mind. It is a pity, too, that one of the most popular, and justly popular, writers of the nineteenth century should use such phrases as "secundogenitures," "consultative bodies," the "Philippian policy," and "Hispaniolated counsellors," and speak of William as "the Taciturn," and of certain tribes as "internecine savages"; but one can easily pardon the slip to which we owe the amusing statement that "select crews of *entirely unmarried* men volunteered for the enterprise." Such phrases as a "humble, effaced existence," and "resuming all the arguments," are French, and not English. The phrase, "every well-stricken field of that age, between liberty and despotism," belongs to no language.

There might be noticed other faults, in the way of inappropriate digressions and apostrophes, bad arrangement of matter, by which the order of time is abandoned, with no apparent gain, and with more or less confusion to the reader, flippancies, and what may best be described as flatnesses, and especially the extremely frequent recurrence of the statement that, if some circumstance had been different, the result would or might have been different; but fault-finding is an ungrateful task; and we leave it, with the single additional remark, that we cannot think it in good taste to speak of Elizabeth, especially in a history of the United Netherlands, where her private character is not at issue, as "a queen who to loose morals, imperious disposition, and violent temper united as inordinate a personal vanity as was ever vouchsafed to woman."

It may seem that this censorious strain has been sustained too long.

It is not the expression of any want of sympathy with Mr. Motley's theories and principles, or distaste to his general style. On the contrary, we honor him heartily for his devotion to the cause of religious and political liberty, and we admire his genius. It does, however, seem matter of just regret that one on whom the literary reputation of this country so largely rests and whose influence on younger American writers is likely to be so powerful, should not take the little additional pains that would remove so many blemishes from his honorable work. It is very far from our intention to give the impression that these blemishes are so numerous as seriously to lessen the pleasure to be derived from these volumes. They are flaws, it is true, but flaws in a brilliant and precious jewel. All deductions made, it yet is true that the work is characterized throughout by clearness and precision of statement, by affluence of fine images and passages of genuine eloquence. The descriptions of battles, though something wanting in the order and accuracy which military experience would have enabled their author to give them, are picturesque and impressive. The exposition of those attributes of the Puritan character which gave it peculiar fitness for doing, daring, and suffering, is very striking. The account of the organized mutinies in the Spanish armies, which were among the most important incidents of the warfare of the period, is well worth the space the author has given to it. From his extensive reading he has drawn much interesting illustration of the degree to which the principles of religious toleration were taking root in men's minds at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. The liberal Christianity of the pronunciamiento of the Spanish mutineers, in 1602, may be noted as an extraordinary phenomenon.

Much more might well be said of this admirable history of some of the closing years of the great period of transition, when the fire of resistance to kings and priests refused to be stamped out, and burned the brighter for being fanned by the breath of war, when chivalry and the whole feudal system were yielding to the advance of that order to which we are accustomed in these latter days, when the sea was no longer whitened by the timorous sails of coastwise navigators only, but rolled its long swells beneath the mighty pinions that bore fearless sailors along the watery ways, to the very limits of the known world, and when, most wonderful of all, a little Republic of plain men, whose territory was coveted by the three most powerful monarchs of the time, and claimed as his incontestable right by not the least powerful of the three, of whose dominions it had long formed part, was able to secure its independence in spite of the heavy swords

and hardly less heavy purses that were brought against it. The nearly universal bribery of that age is almost beyond belief, but the Netherlanders seem to have been creditably and singularly free from the taint.

Of Mr. Motley's accounts of the peoples and the commerce of that age there is nothing to be said except in terms of cordial praise. How far his portraits of individuals are to be accepted as faithful likenesses is a difficult question. We are inclined to think that his delineations of men with whom he is in sympathy are more to be depended on than his portrayal of those whom he dislikes. It may be remarked, however, that he hardly succeeds in showing, in his third volume, that Barneveld, during the period therein comprised, was as useful and important to the Netherlands as he there claims that he was. His full-length picture of Lerma, the favorite of Philip III., presents such an extraordinary personage that it is hard to believe that it is free from exaggeration. He does scant justice to Henry of Navarre, except as a soldier. He barely mentions his publication of the Edict of Nantes. But his representation of Philip II. is the one which demands to be most carefully scrutinized. That the character of Philip is one of the most odious recorded in history is not to be denied, and the atrocity of his persecutions is made worse by the fact that he sometimes relaxed their rigor to gain a temporal advantage; and yet, when we reflect that he was fully possessed with the doctrine of exclusive salvation, with all its attendant consequences, that he lived in an age of especial and exceptional indifference to human suffering, that "it was his enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics," * and read how he bore himself on his death-bed, as Mr. Motley tells the story, it is not easy to avoid the doubt whether the language of virulent denunciation is the only proper language to be used in speaking of him. There is a strict connection between guilt and the consciousness of guilt; and if Philip could wake to-day from a sleep of two hundred and seventy years, and read these volumes, and know that they expressed the opinion of him entertained by the majority of the most intelligent and educated classes of England and America, it is probable that his surprise would be even greater than his indignation.

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* Rise of the Dutch Republic, Vol. II. pp. 178, 179.

2. — *Theological Index. References to the Principal Works in every Department of Religious Literature. Embracing nearly Seventy Thousand Citations, alphabetically arranged under Two Thousand Heads.* By HOWARD MALCOM, D.D., LL. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 488.

VERY characteristically, the first page of this Index contains some statements so loosely expressed that they have the effect of misstatements. "So far as I know, the work is unique, so that, whatever may be its deficiencies, it will be useful as far as it goes. There are bibliothecas, each of which was received favorably by the learned, but all so different in design from this, that it will lose none of its value when placed by their side. Few of them can now be had, and nearly all of them were published more than a century ago, when there were few valuable theological books in the English language." The work is, indeed, unique in various respects, in some of which we hope it will remain so; but Dr. Malcom hardly does justice to his recent predecessors. The exact state of the case can be shown in a few words.

No book of this kind, of any importance, has been published in the English language, since Lowndes's "British Librarian" was left unfinished in 1842. The "subject" volume of Darling's valuable "Cyclopaedia Bibliographica," London, 1859, unfortunately refers only to works illustrating the Scriptures. Another volume, which was to include the remaining subjects of theology, and to be ready for the press in a few months, never appeared, in consequence of the author's death. The third edition of Winer's useful "Handbuch," 2 vols., was published at Leipzig in 1838 – 40; and the first and only supplement in 1842. The latest general theological index, Danz's "Universal-Wörterbuch," was published twenty-five years ago. Pérennès's badly arranged "Dictionnaire de Bibliographie Catholique," 4 vols., Paris, 1858 – 60, is confined to "ouvrages *pour* et *sur* le Catholicisme"; and the "Thesaurus Librorum Rei Catholicæ," Würzburg, 1848 – 50, is similarly limited in its scope. On the other hand, Zuchold's "Bibliotheca Theologica," Göttingen, 1862 – 64, contains only the Protestant or anti-Protestant writings published in the German language, between 1830 and 1862, and is arranged in the alphabetical order of the authors' names, *with no index of subjects.* The theological part of Brunet's index is of little value, because it refers to works distinguished, not for their scientific or literary value, but for their rarity, or high price, — the last principle upon which most ministers can select their libraries. The theological references in Denis, Pinçon, and Martonne's "Manuel de Bibliographie Universelle," Paris, 1857, are, of course, buried in a mass of other matter.

An Index, therefore, such as Dr. Malcom professes to have made, was very much needed, and his work will be of considerable use, especially to those who have other books of reference, by which to correct its errors and supply its deficiencies. It is a pity that the author did not take sufficient pains with it to make it a standard work. But Dr. Malcom is no bibliographer. His Preface shows that he does not understand the principles of the art; and his whole book, that he has not been trained to its practice. Those principles require, for instance, that just so much information shall be given, when practicable, about each book mentioned, as will enable the reader to determine whether it is likely to suit his purpose, and as will assist him in procuring it, if he makes the attempt. If the title is so much abridged as to afford no indication of the character of the work, if the author's name is given so incorrectly that it cannot be found on the catalogue of a library, or guessed at by the bookseller from whom the book is ordered, the bibliography is, so far, useless. The Theological Index will often disappoint its readers in this way. To those consulting a catalogue of any extent, such mistakes as Blaney for Blayney, Bournouf for Burnouf, Cellier for Ceillier, Chaupefied for Chaufepié, Eilesley for Elsley, Frazier for Fraser, Fuestkingii for Feustkingii, Glocker for Glöckler, Heylot for Helyot, Japsis for Jaspis, Mater for Matter, Mempriss for Mimpriss, Richner for Richter, Schulteti for Sculteti, Uden for Uhden, Van Bolen for Von Bohlen, Voigt for Vogt, must cause doubt and delay; and certainly very few persons would recognize Forshall in Torshell, Flacius in Illyricus, Noack in Roack, Triglandus in Friglandus, Hegel in Hekel, or Czolbe in Ezalbe.

These are faults of execution, however, and unintentional. Although highly disagreeable to any one who has the slightest regard for accuracy, although very numerous, and certain to lead occasionally to serious embarrassment, they do not impair the usefulness of the Index so much as the defects which proceed from a faulty plan. We mean the general failure to give sufficient information as to the character of the works cited, owing partly to the omission of the imprint, and partly to the excessive abridgment of titles. This abridgment, we are assured, "is the result of much reflection, and has cost much labor. To have given them in full would have trebled the cost of the book, without increasing its value." The last statement is extravagant. Even a little lengthening would often have been very useful, and it would seldom be necessary to give titles *in full*. But this is not the point on which we wish chiefly to insist. If it is once granted that the abridgment shall be carried to the last degree, it is, on the whole, not badly done, except that very little attention is paid to the gram-

matical propriety of the words that are left. Dr. Malcom's greatest mistake consists in always omitting the imprint, that is, the place and date of publication, the number of volumes, and the form, which ought certainly to be given when quarto or folio. "Guild," he says, "discriminates between intellectual and natural bibliography. The former term he applies to the consideration of the contents of books, the latter to notices of the number of volumes, dates, size, price, and rarity of editions, or of particular copies. My tastes do not lead me to the latter class of inquiries; and if they did, I should not mingle both in one book." Why should not these inquiries be mingled in one book, when they are undertaken for the same end? A bibliography states the subject of a book, that the reader may know whether he wants it. Why should it not also state its date, price, and, in some cases, its rarity, that he may know whether he can afford to buy it, or is likely to find it? Suppose that a minister of limited means is interested in some subject a little out of his ordinary line of reading, and consults this Theological Index. He finds a score of references, but has none of the works. He would like to buy the best, but he has no means of knowing which is the best, and he cannot afford to buy at a venture, and keep on buying, till he gets something worth his money. Moreover, the book he selects may be a folio, or in ten volumes, and beyond his means, or not procurable in this country. He would know what to do at once, if each title had a few brief additions, as Lips. 1610, 4 vols. 4to, or N. Y. 1867, 8vo, pp. 275. He would know that the latter book could be quickly procured at a moderate price; that for the former he must probably wait six weeks, and pay dearly, to get at last, it may be, only some unwieldy tomes of extinct Lutheran theology. These little details of "natural bibliography" are not mere pedantry, but of practical, money-saving utility.

Indeed, the date often gives considerable indication of the character of a book, and this Dr. Malcom partly acknowledges. Under a few heads he has given dates, — very incorrectly, — and also "whenever a book relates to 'the present time,' or the state of the country at a certain period." "In law, medicine, or science, the date of a publication may be useful; but theology has a positive basis in revelation, and he who, in any age, writes well on sacred subjects, writes for all ages." Here a promise is implied that is not performed, and an excuse is offered that is not sound. Equivocal generation one would suppose to be a scientific subject; yet, under that head, there is a list of eleven works *pro*, and twenty-three *con*, and in only one case is there anything but his general knowledge of literary history to show a student whether the authors represent the latest views, or wrote under the influence of

the exploded theories of the last or earlier centuries. Aristotle, Pliny, Boerhaave, Lamarck, Lyell, are familiar to every one; but how many persons know when Plott, Ettmüller, Harris (what Harris?), Lister, lived? Nor is the "positive basis" argument worth much. The structures raised on the foundation of Scripture are of the most diverse architecture, according to the country in which they stand, and the generation which erected them. One would think, from Dr. Malcom's words, that only one set of doctrines had ever been drawn from Scripture, and that theological writers differed only in their style.

Before undertaking to buy, borrow, or even study a work, one likes to know whether the author was a Father of the Church or a Latter-Day Saint. Did he live when no one doubted the Pope's Supremacy, or believed in the Immaculate Conception, or does he live now when the Pope's Supremacy is tottering to its fall, and the Immaculate Conception is an accepted doctrine of the Church? Were Luther and Calvin and Zwingle his probable teachers or opponents, or were Lessing and Paulus, or Strauss and Baur? These are questions which it behooves a guide through the wilderness of theological literature to answer. Shall I, a country minister, send to the nearest large library and pay the expressman for bringing me a work which may turn out to be by an early Calvinist, when I want to learn the modern Catholic view of the matter? I may buy two or three other theological bibliographies, and from them get the information which Dr. Malcom does not afford, but would it not have been cheaper for me to pay three times as much for his Index, if, by trebling its bulk, he had enabled me to decide these questions? It is not certain, however, that it would be necessary to make his book so much larger. The mere addition of the date in all cases would have doubled the value of the Index, without adding much to its cost. The titles are generally compressed into less than a line each, so that there is plenty of room for the imprint. A little additional abbreviation, and perhaps a slightly increased width of page, would have made room in nearly all cases. For example, under Fanaticism, instead of

Stinstra's Wärnung von dem Fanaticismus,

why not print, correcting the errors,

Stinstra, Warnung vor dem F. Berol. 1752?

Of course it would have cost Dr. Malcom much trouble to ascertain such particulars, but readers are not ready to forgive an author who causes them trouble by shirking it himself.

The few details that are given are unfortunately not to be depended upon. "Bornemanni Scholia" was not published in 1700, but in 1830. Bock's "Historia Antitrinitariorum," and what Dr. Malcom calls Crenius's "Collectiones," are said to be in folio; they are in octavo. "Tolowic's [meaning Jolowicz's] Bibliotheca Ægyptiaca," instead of being "in two large volumes," is in one volume of 252 pages, with a supplement of 79 pages. And Salmasius's two little dissertations, "De manna" and "De saccharo," one of ten and the other of three pages, printed at the end of his "Exercitationes Plinianæ," are described as "two volumes, folio"! Under each subject the author has made a useful division, putting works in foreign languages first, and then, in a second alphabet, English works and translations. But the separation is carelessly done, and we have often noticed in the English list, foreign books which, so far as we can ascertain, have never been translated, and in the foreign lists works which, although they have Latin catch-titles, are written in English.

Another very useful division, that into *pro* and *con*, under various controverted subjects, has led Dr. Malcom into his worst blunders. Among the advocates of Materialism, we find "Spinoza, Opera posthuma," "Martineau's (J.) Rationale of relig. enquiry," and "Parker (T.) on Matters in relation to religion." Spinoza, James Martineau, Theodore Parker, materialists! How can a man who knows anything of these writers make such a statement? And, if he does not know, what right has he to put such a stigma upon them? If Dr. Malcom were more accurate, we should think that this was one of the too common instances of an attempt to conquer a theological opponent by the aid of the *odium theologicum*. We are sure he did not intend this, but his carelessness has produced exactly the same results as the most deliberate unfairness. He has attributed to able men opinions which they would have indignantly repudiated, opinions which might prevent some of those who consult him from reading their writings and discovering his misrepresentation. On such points no one has a right to be careless. The subjects of Atheism, Deism, Materialism, deserved the most thorough investigation, the most scrupulous attention to truth; their treatment here is wholly unsatisfactory. Dr. Malcom appears to think that all the works of a Hegelian must be defences of Atheism, and under "Atheism, Pro," cites Baur's "Ges. des Christenthums" and "Kritische untersuchungen," by which he means his "Kritische Untersuchungen über die kanonischen Evangelien, ihr Verhältniss zu Einander, ihren Charakter und Ursprung," — a work which we will venture to say does not contain a paragraph on the subject. At the end of the list we are told, "Several of these writers are by some ranked as Deists." Now

Atheism and Deism being diametrically opposed to one another, the author might have been expected to take some pains to ascertain the truth regarding "some of these writers." Far from it. Seven of the works classed as atheistical reappear under Deism, and the perplexed reader is left in doubt to what circle of the Inferno their authors ought to be consigned.

The sparing introduction of observations on the comparative value of books is also a defect. The author attempts to show that little reliance can be placed on such notices by giving a list of the contradictory opinions of well-known men on well-known books. Some of the instances, however, are not much to the point. Milner's "Church History" one writer calls "eminently pious"; another says, "Milner was destitute of the information necessary to an ecclesiastical historian." If Dr. Malcom supposes that these are contradictory opinions, his experience of "eminently pious" works has been different from ours. But even were it possible to find exactly opposite critical judgments of the value of every book, that would not be a reason for never giving any judgment. A book must have some degree of merit or demerit. Select the criticism which best expresses this degree, or, if necessary, quote opposing criticisms with the critics' names, that we may be on our guard against their prejudices. Of course the Tory Dr. Johnson would speak ill of Burnet's "History of the Reformation." But on such a point Professor Smyth's opinion would outweigh that of a dozen Johnsons.

Dr. Malcom would have better illustrated the worthlessness of the notes of an incompetent critic by quoting some of his own. We do not wonder that the man who, after calling Haldane's "Exposition of Romans" a "treasure of sound theology and able criticism," can apply no epithet to Jowett but "unsafe critic"; who calls Schott's "Isagoge historico-critica" (which is an *introduction* to the New Testament) "a very valuable supplement to Lightfoot" (referring to the "Horæ Hebraicæ, a *commentary*, a work of entirely different scope); who says that Bloomfield's "Synoptica" (he means Recensio Synoptica) is "a critical digest of numerous eminent works, especially Wetstein's exegetical remarks," Wetstein having made scarcely any exegetical remarks; who calls Thomson's "Tr. of the LXX." "the only English translation," though four pages before he had mentioned "Brenton's Translation," which, being later, is probably better; who speaks of Schmid's "Greek Concordance of the N. T." as "the best," though including in his list that of Bruder, which wholly supersedes it; who says that John Jones, in his "Ecclesiastical Researches," "proves Philo to be a historian of Christ"; who speaks of Suicer's "Thesaurus Eccle-

siasticus" as "a complete Index to the Greek Fathers"; who twice calls Schwegler's edition of Clemens Romanus "the most esteemed," although Schwegler never edited Clemens Romanus, and his edition of the *Clementine Homilies* is superseded by those of Dressel and Lagarde; who thinks "McKnight's New translat. and notes" "great," and Nolan's "Integrity of the Greek Vulgate" an "excellent work," — we neither wonder nor regret that this writer does not think it desirable to insert many notes.

Perhaps Dr. Malcom was impressed with the untrustworthy character of critical opinions by reading the "commendatory notices from distinguished scholars" which he has printed at the end of his Index. These are not so unguarded and extravagant as American scholars have often hastened to bestow on unworthy books; yet one of them awards him the praise of "industry, skill, and scholarship." The industry of a man who, during his professional life, hastily jots down in his note-book the titles of works which he likes or sees praised, and then prints them, revised perhaps, but revised in a style which produces such a bibliography as we have shown this to be! The skill of a man who arranges some of his references under "Enoch," and some under "Apocrypha, Enoch," and some under both; who, having such headings as "*Destruction* of Sodom," "*Seat* of the Soul," "*Use* of the Roman Alphabet," does not think it necessary to have cross-references from Sodom, and Soul, and Language or Alphabet; who tries to distinguish between Neology and Rationalism; who makes a reference to the Acta Eruditorum (in 117 vols.) without specifying the volume! The scholarship of a man who supposes that Creuzer's "Symbolik und Mythologie der alten Völker" treats of Christian creeds; who thinks that Neander's "Leben Jesu" was "written against *Eichhorn*, but not much more orthodox"; who makes Philo Alexandrinus and Philo Judæus two persons!

The proof-reading has been very carelessly done, and there are more errors than topics. We have never seen so many out of a bookseller's or an auction catalogue. Kurzer Begri*e*f, Thesaurus Jur*u*s, Kirchrechts, Deut*c*hen, Athenæ Oxoniens*i*s, Specim*e*na, are only specimens. One is continually finding such elegant French as Manuale du libraire, du langue Françoais, Eglisses, provinceaux, concils; such German as Einleitung in des Bucher A. T., Vörlesung (five times), Erklauterung, im Zammenhange, and, for complete titles, Hitzig's Kurzgefasstes exegetisches, Hupfeld's Uebersetzt. und Augelegt., Kern's Untersuchtung und Erklärt; such Latin as diaconisses, Reliquæ sacræ, Historia hæreticos, De C[oncilio] Francofurtensis, and ad Conc. Francofurtensim, de Fœderus naturæ. et gratiæ, Consciones, quartuor,

Patres apostolicæ. There is an almost total disregard of the German *umlaut*, and we had supposed that the French accents were systematically omitted until we met compléte, bibliothéque, sacrès, conformitè, viè, traitè. French plural adjectives are generally deprived of their final *s;* German adjectives, on the other hand, are constantly favored with initial capitals stolen from neighboring nouns. Of course the unfortunate Germans whose names end in *nn*, or contain *ü*, or *ö*, or *sch*, or *ie*, or *ei*, could not expect to have justice done them, but Dr. Burnap or Julia Kavanagh might well complain of appearing as Durnap and Kavenaugh. No eminence is sufficient to protect an author from this maltreatment. Gesenius becomes "Gessenius"; Griesbach, "Greisbach"; Pascal, "Paschall"; Ducange, "Cang."

We have not space to speak of the numerous instances in which books are wrongly classified. It may suffice to mention that the list of commentators on Luke includes Gregory Nazianzen, Epiphanius, and Theodoret, not one of whom wrote any commentary on Luke, the nearest approach to one being nine lines quoted from Theodoret in an anonymous catena. "Lücke's (F.) Kommentar, 1820," is also placed here (Lücke never wrote a commentary on Luke, but on John), and, worst of all, "Weberi Authentia, &c., 1823," which neither relates to Luke nor is a commentary. Under Essenes we are referred to De Quincey's "Theological Essays," instead of to his "Historical and Critical Essays," to Athanagoræ Πρεσβεια περι χριστιανων, and to Herodoti Historia. Lib. II.! What "Monblet, Description de l'Egypt" has to do with the Essenes it is impossible to say, especially as there certainly never was a book with *that* title. At least, it has hitherto baffled all our researches. It is easy to see how such mistakes may have arisen, — sometimes from inserting a note, in a hurry, under the wrong heading, sometimes from accidentally mixing memoranda, sometimes from copying the incorrect references of others, or supposing that works cited by them in support of a single detail contain important matter relating to a whole subject. But that these false references should so often have escaped detection, and been suffered to find their way into print, does not speak well either for the industry, the acuteness, or the literary knowledge of the author. No class of mistakes ought to have been more carefully guarded against, because none will interfere more with the profitable use of the Index.

We will conclude with a good illustration of the way in which a bibliographer may dig pitfalls for himself and his readers when he despises accuracy and avoids investigation. Ægidius or Jillis Afhakker published at Keulen, in 1618, under the pseudonym of Salomo Theodotus, a work entitled Ἐνωτικον dissecti Belgii. To this Dr. Malcom refers three times, under "Arminians, Hist. of," and each time wrongly.

"Salomo Theodoctus [Ægidius] de Secti Belgii."

"Theodoti (sive Afhacker) Ενωτικον."

"Salomonis Theodoctus [his real name is Ægidius] in his Secti Belgii, professes to give a complete list of the writers on both sides."

A very little research would have shown that the Ἑνωτικον and the De Secti Belgii (!) were the same work, and the other mistakes might have been prevented by a slight reminiscence of Latin grammar.

This waste of space by referring twice or oftener to the same work, under the same topic, is not uncommon, inconsistent as it is with the stress laid upon the abridgment of titles. Thus a book is ascribed to Du Moulin and a few lines below to Molinæus, — the Latin form of the name; another to Amyraldus, and in the next line to Amyrant, — a misprint for Amyraut. So we suppose, that, under the headings Apocrypha and Enoch, one and the same work is meant by "Hoffmann's Enleit. überset. und com.," "Hoffman's Ueberset. mit Commentar. 1838," "Hoffman's Trans. and commentary" (never translated, as is implied by giving the title in English), and "Henock's Vollständiger übersetzung." Imagine the bewilderment of an attendant at the British Museum, on being asked for "Henock's Vollständiger übersetzung"! And a note of three lines on Mills's New Testament, p. 203, is repeated verbatim on p. 204. In the room thus lost mention might have been made of the greatly improved edition of Orme's "Memoir of the Controversy respecting the Three Heavenly Witnesses" (Bost. 1866), of which Dr. Malcom cites only the edition of 1830, and omits to state that it was published under the pseudonym of Criticus.

Dr. Malcom seems perfectly satisfied with what he has done, and, in a rather amusing strain, warns critics not to find fault with his plan or its execution. We think we have shown sufficient reason for complaining of both. It would have been easy to increase the list of blunders. They can be counted by hundreds. For instance, under "Affiliation of Languages," in 111 lines there are at least 40 errata. It is extremely difficult, we know, to make a work of this kind correct, requiring an amount of patient labor of which few persons have any conception. Perhaps we ought to be grateful to a man who has done anything in a branch of literature which so few find attractive; and if our author were a poor booksellers' hack, working against time for a living, much might be pardoned; but a work which he describes as having grown by daily additions for over forty years, without any sensible deduction of time from his proper pursuits, and as affording in its completion pleasant occupation since his retirement from professional life, can claim no such indulgence. For the honor of American scholarship, if for no other reason, he ought to have made a better book.

3. — *Ornithology and Oölogy of New England, containing full Descriptions of the Birds of New England, and adjoining States and Provinces, arranged by a long-approved Classification and Nomenclature; together with a complete History of their Habits, Times of Arrival and Departure, their Distribution, Food, Song, Time of Breeding, and a careful and accurate Description of their Nests and Eggs; with Illustrations of many Species of the Birds, and accurate Figures of their Eggs.* By Edward A. Samuels, &c. Boston: Nichols and Noyes. 1867. 8vo. pp. 584.

It is now a little more than a century since, in 1766, the last edition of the *Systema Naturæ* of the great Linnæus appeared, and it is less than a century since the issue, in 1786, of Buffon's "Natural History of Birds." The enthusiastic Frenchman, when he had completed a work in which are described only eight hundred recognized species of birds, declared with amusing self-complacency that his subject was completed for all future time. Nothing more of any moment could be added to it! What would the Comte de Buffon have thought, had any one foretold to him that, within eighty years, a collection of birds, numbering nearly ten times as many species as he had described, would be formed in one of the provinces of his own country;* and be thence transferred to what was then, if known to him at all, only known as an obscure and rebellious little provincial town in America! It is indeed true, that the species of birds now recognized as distinct are numbered by thousands, in place of the hundreds known less than a century since.

We are not to infer from this, however, that our knowledge of the natural history of birds has even approached its complete development as a science. There can be no doubt that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of species remain to be discovered, and little is as yet known in regard to the general habits, the variations caused by age, sex, or season, the modes and forms of reproduction, the geographical distribution, and the internal anatomy of a very large proportion of the species with which we have acquaintance. And, even in regard to those species best known to us, on how many points do our chief authorities disagree!

While, therefore, we may congratulate ourselves upon the great progress made in our knowledge of species, we must admit that we are but upon the threshold of the science. Even in regard to the birds of

* In 1866 the late Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, purchased and presented to the Society of Natural History, in that city, a magnificent collection of birds numbering nine thousand specimens and nearly seven thousand species. It was one of the largest in Europe, and had been formed by Baron La Fresnaye, an eminent French ornithologist, in the city of Falaise, in Normandy.

our own country, it must be many years, and only after many laborers in various fields have patiently and carefully investigated different points, before anything like a complete history of the birds of America can be written. When are we to know when, where, or how the Wilson's Petrel breeds? Who is to solve for us the mystery of the Carbonated Warbler, the Bonaparte Flycatcher, or the Blue-Mountain Warbler? or tell us what has become of the Swainson's Warbler?

A very large proportion of what has been made known in regard to the birds of this country, during the first half of the present century, is due to the investigations of three distinguished votaries of the science. Two of these consecrated their lives to the study and illustration of ornithology; and the third divided between it and its kindred science, botany, his rare powers of observation and all his hours of leisure. To their great zeal, untiring industry, and patient research, do we owe the present foundations for an American ornithology. Their work, as a whole, was done well; yet in no science has the propensity of man to err been more apparent than in that of ornithology. We say this kindly and even reverently when we speak of Alexander Wilson, John James Audubon, and Thomas Nuttall. Each of these men, laboring to advance and to increase our ornithological knowledge, left behind him his full proportion of errors.

Wilson was the great pioneer, who plunged into the hitherto unexplored wilderness of American ornithology. A foreigner both by birth and education, confining his investigations almost exclusively to the Middle and Southern States, it was not possible that his work should be other than incomplete. It is, on the contrary, even wonderful that one man, so situated, should have been able to do so much, and to do that so well. While we freely admit all this, while we should and do make all possible allowance for the many errors and mistaken conclusions and inferences which we find in his writings, we can but admit that they exist, and are so many stumbling-blocks in the path of the young students, who depend chiefly upon his teaching for their guidance. This is especially true of nearly all he has written in reference to the song of the migratory birds, not resident in the Central States. Making his observations chiefly within the limits of the State of Pennsylvania, and having no opportunity for appreciating the true character of such birds as the Water Thrush, the Black-poll Warbler, the Purple Finch, the Red-poll Warbler, and many others of this numerous class, except as they passed rapidly by him in their semi-annual migrations, it did not occur to him that in their summer homes they could possess any of those wonderful powers of harmony, which all who have been privileged to hear them so much admire. Because to him they appeared

unmated and alone, and as yet unstimulated to song, he has characterized as songless many of our most exquisite musicians.

Less important perhaps in itself, yet calculated to mislead, is his frequent misapplication of local names that convey a wrong impression as to the habitat of the birds thus indicated. It was, perhaps, natural, that a bird met with for the first time in the southern portion of New Jersey should be, by him, called the Cape May Warbler. Yet it is to be regretted that a bird little known to that locality should have thus received a name which gives an incorrect impression as to its true habitat. Another bird, whose most southern limit in the United States, except as a bird of passage, is Massachusetts, is called the Nashville Warbler, because a single specimen was obtained near the capital of Tennessee. And yet another, living and breeding in even more hyperborean regions, has been known, since Wilson first so called it, as the Tennessee Warbler.

Such errors as these may have been a necessary part of the early twilight of the science. Nuttall transferred many of them to his own pages; and while he corrected some mistakes and supplied many data that were wanting, he also left behind him for future correction other wrong conclusions and erroneous statements of his own. He made his observations from a more northern locality, and was thus enabled to add much information which his predecessor had not the opportunity to learn. He published his first editions in 1832 and 1834. He continued his ornithological labors by his investigations among the birds of the Pacific coast, and closed them by publishing, in 1840, a revised edition of his "Land Birds."

Following closely upon, and even in part contemporaneous with, Nuttall's, came the ornithological writings and illustrations of Audubon. These works are his "Ornithological Biography," accompanying his magnificent plates, his "Synopsis of the Birds of America," published in London, and his "Birds of America." These were certainly remarkable works for one man to achieve. They embody the accumulated results of a lifetime devoted to the close and intimate study of the birds therein described. Their author wrote with the great advantages possessed by one who had made extensive journeys in order to study the birds and their habits in their native haunts from Florida to Labrador, and in the then unexplored regions of the Yellowstone. Many of our birds were made known to us, for the first time, in his pages, and much also was added to our knowledge of the habits and distribution of others previously described.

Since Audubon's publications — a period of nearly a quarter of a century — no general work has appeared which combines individual

or specific history with technical descriptions and scientific classification. During this time the laborers in the field of ornithology have not been idle; but with a single important exception, none of them has produced other than isolated, incomplete, or partial contributions to the science.

The addition of New Mexico, California, and Arizona to our territorial limits, and the rapid development of our Pacific States, have both added many new species to our ornithological fauna and increased our knowledge of the previously known species. Mr. John Cassin, of Philadelphia, a most careful and thorough student of the science, stimulated by the addition of so many new species to our list, commenced the publication of a supplementary work designed to include all those birds that had been omitted in Audubon's latest writings. Its pages were marked by many rare excellences, and especially by great familiarity with both the principles of scientific classification and generic and specific distinctions. It reached only a single volume, and the design has never been carried out.

Dr. William Gambel, also of Philadelphia, by his explorations, and his published notes on the Birds of California, had already furnished substantial additions to our knowledge, as well as given bright promise of rare gifts as an ornithologist of the highest rank, when his early death, on the very threshold of his career, too soon closed his valuable labors.

The explorations and surveys for a railroad route to the Pacific called into active exertions several of our younger ornithologists, who have contributed more or less valuable additions to our previous knowledge. Among these we should mention Drs. Cooper, Suckley, Kennerly, Newberry, and Heermann. Robert Kennicott, of Chicago, although he lived to publish but little, contributed directly by his courageous and self-sacrificing devotion, by his great zeal and remarkable enterprise, and, indirectly, by stimulating and encouraging the co-operation of others, to the accumulation of a vast amount of important ornithological information. Mr. George N. Lawrence, of New York, has made this science the study of his leisure hours, and his many published papers evince a thorough acquaintance with the subject. The lamented Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, by his investigation and his published papers, did his part, and that not a small one, in adding to our knowledge of the birds of North America. And Dr. Elliott Coues, a young and aspiring naturalist, should not be omitted in the enumeration of those who have added to the great store of information, from whose accumulated gatherings future systematic writers must obtain their means for constructing a complete work upon American ornithology.

We referred, in passing, to one work as exceptional in its character; this was the valuable system of American ornithology contained in the ninth volume of the Pacific Railroad Reports, the joint production of Professor S. F. Baird, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. John Cassin, and Mr. George N. Lawrence. It is a work of the greatest scientific value and importance, and one that must serve as the basis for all succeeding works upon the ornithology of this country. It was published about ten years since, and has been since issued as a separate work, with colored illustrations of all species that were new to our fauna or were undescribed. Without giving the history of their habits, this work furnishes a complete scientific classification and arrangement, with full specific descriptions of all the birds of North America known at the time of its publication. The general geographical distribution is given in this work so far as it had been ascertained. It contains descriptions of nearly two hundred and fifty birds not given by Audubon.

Since the completion, in 1844, of Audubon's last work, no other general system has appeared, and no work which furnishes full accounts of the habits of our birds. Meanwhile the writings of Wilson and Nuttall have passed out of print. The few copies which occasionally find their way into the auction-room command a high price. Audubon's "Birds of America," though still on sale, is so costly as not to be within the general reach. We greatly need a compendium, or manual of American ornithology, — a synopsis, in some respects resembling that compiled by Mr. Audubon, with the assistance of Mr. Macgillivray, which was never republished in this country. We have the materials ready for the work, and there are among us several competent and thorough systematists, any one of whom is well fitted for its preparation. A single volume of about five or six hundred pages would include all that is necessary. It should contain a concise, systematic arrangement, giving the principles of classification, generic distinctions, with brief specific descriptions, inclusive of variations caused by age or sex, and geographical distribution.

A more general work, giving a full account of what is actually known relative to all the species, their generic and specific peculiarities, habits, distribution, and general manner of life, is also much to be desired. Such a work relative to our own ornithology, as Yarrell's and Macgillivray's are to that of Great Britain, illustrating with the best wood engravings all that is requisite for a full understanding of the subject, would not fail to be welcomed as a great acquisition.

The volume the title-page of which we have quoted at the head of this article purports to have accomplished for the birds of New England

that which we desire to see done, as far as is possible, for all North America. Insomuch as its author claims to have given us that which, in the present condition of our ornithological knowledge, is simply impossible, the title-page, of necessity, prepares the readers to be disappointed. The world does not at the present moment possess the means of giving full descriptions of all the birds of New England, and still less a complete history of their habits, etc. Many facts will yet have to be discovered before such an undertaking can be accomplished.

Mr. Samuels, in his present volume, includes as among the birds of New England two hundred and sixty-six species, or a little more than one third of all the species now known to belong to North America, which are estimated as amounting in all to about seven hundred and fifty, and this does not include any birds exclusively Mexican. We must object to his list, both that it omits several important birds of New England, and that it includes as among the species belonging to this section several the claims of which to be so regarded we are disposed to question.

We are well aware that it is not a very easy task to establish fixed and determinate rules, consistent with themselves, by which we shall form a local list of the birds for any given limits. Accidents, or causes not easily explained, may bring within those limits species which may never appear there again. We do not object to the exclusion, from a work confined to the birds of New England, of those species whose appearance here is purely accidental. But the author apparently follows no such rule of exclusion, but admits as among the birds of New England several species for whose even accidental appearance here he furnishes no authority, and which, at the best, can only be regarded as mere chance visitors. We object to including, even as accidental visitors, without good authority, such birds as *Nyctale richardsonii*, *Picoides hirsutus*, *Helmitherus vermivorus*, *Myiodioctes mitratus*, *Corvus ossifragus*, *Ægialitis wilsonianus*, *Recurvirostra americana*, *Rallus elegans*, *Sterna caspia*, and *Hydrochelidon plumbeus*. If the above have ever been noticed within the limits of New England, this occurrence is an event so rare and interesting that the omission to mention it is a serious neglect. If they are included without good authority, we have still more serious grounds for complaint. A writer of a work of natural science cannot be too careful to avoid giving as fact that which he has not the best authority for so giving.

Other species are also included which are admitted to have no other claim to be counted as birds of this section than their irregular or accidental occurrence, such as the *Helminthophaga pinus*, *Rallus crepitans*, and *Garzetta candidissima*. If these and other species, whose presence

must have been the result of some accident, are to take their place as New England birds, the same rule which admits them must also include the *Cathartes aura*, the *Cathartes atratus*, the *Protonotaria citrea*, the *Chondestes grammaca*, the *Helminthophaga celata*, the *Melospiza lincolnii*, the *Cardinalis virginianus*, the *Guiraca cærulea*, the *Florida cærulea*, the *Gallinula galeata*, the *G. martinica*, the *Anser gambellii*, the *Bernicla hutchinsii*, the *Fulix collaris*, the *Procellaria glacialis*, the *Camptolæmus labradorius*, the *Puffinus fuliginosus*, the *Thalessidroma pelagica*, the *Stercorarius cepphus*, the *Sterna aranea*, and the *Colymbus arcticus*, the presence of which in New England, though more or less rare, is still a matter of record.

Nor is this all. Not only are these birds omitted, but we do not find several species referred to which are *bona fide* birds of New England, some of them even residents all the year round. The Wild Turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*), once so common in Western Massachusetts, and still lingering in Montague and other parts of Franklin County; both species of the Jerfalcon (*Falco candicans* and *Falco islandicus*), which are found every winter in the northern and northeastern portions of New England; the Yellow-bellied Fly-catcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*), which regularly passes through New England in its migrations, and stops to breed in the eastern parts of Maine; the Red Phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*), found throughout the season on the coast and breeding in Eastern Maine; the White-winged Gull (*Larus leucopterus*), which is found on the coast of the same State the greater part of the year; the *Larus delawarensis*, which is seen in our waters every winter; the Roseate Tern (*Sterna paradisea*), which breeds abundantly on our Southern coast, from Nantucket to New York; the Thick-billed Guillemot, found abundantly in our Atlantic waters throughout the winter, — are at least genuine New England birds, and deserve a place in a complete list quite as much as any that are there given.

About one half of this volume, estimating it by the actual amount of matter, furnishes a well-condensed summary of classification, generic distinctions, and specific descriptions. It has been compiled from the ninth volume of the Pacific Railroad Reports, for which due credit is candidly given. Being in finer type, it only occupies two fifths of the pages of the volume. This is, by far, the most valuable portion of the book, and supplies to the student of New England birds the most recent and most complete *résumé* of generic and specific distinctions.

About one fifth more in bulk of this volume is taken up with copious extracts from the published writings of Wilson, Audubon, and Nuttall, and other ornithologists. Quotations from manuscript contributions by other writers are also freely given, and are both germane and

valuable. We cannot, however, as a general thing, commend the judgment shown in the voluminous extracts from the published works referred to. They occupy too much space, and most of them could have been abridged with great advantage. Some of them are admitted by the compiler to contain what is incorrect. These have no legitimate place in a book, the object of which is to furnish us only with that which is exact, not to occupy valuable space with what is known to be wrong, in order to correct the errors.

In some instances long extracts from these writers furnish us with familiar descriptions and well-known facts illustrative of the habits of our most common birds. For this there seems to be no good reason. We expect the compiler to turn to the pages of others for that information in regard to the least common of our birds which he did not possess from his own knowledge, for habits he may never have studied, for nests he may never have met with, or for eggs he may not have seen. But there was no occasion for him to copy from Nuttall a description of the nest of our most common warbler, when he must be able to give us one much better and more complete, nor to transfer from Wilson almost the whole of his account of our common Purple Martin. His work in this respect lacks originality, where, too, his own descriptions and narrations might be more interesting, and would certainly be more fresh.

Instead of being a complete history of the habits of our birds, the work is frequently inexcusably meagre. This is especially true of two classes, the most and the least common birds. Of the former, the author too frequently tells us that their "habits are so well known that any description is hardly needed." Of the latter, he sometimes contents himself with saying, "of its habits I know nothing," but does not add all that he might from the observations of those better informed.

If, for instance, we look for an account of that lovely harbinger of summer, the *Dendroica æstiva*, — than which most attractive species we have among us no bird whose familiar habits invite to a more full, or suggest a more interesting narrative, — we find it dismissed with some thirty lines, one third of which are quoted. Not the slightest reference is made to that wonderful intelligence, so closely bordering upon reason, which our favorite always displays whenever there is any occasion to avoid the uncongenial task of rearing the young of the parasitic *Molothrus pecoris*.

The habits of our Barn Swallow, so replete with interest, we are told are so well known that a description is hardly needed, and a single page only is given to it. Of the Cliff Swallow he says, that it has "all the habits and characteristics" of the same Barn Swallow, so curtly

dismissed, — which is by no means the fact, — and less than a page is given to the account of a bird whose story abounds in extraordinary interest. The same want of fulness may be observed in the author's treatment of the Bank Swallow, the Goldfinch, the Grass-finch, the Field Sparrow, the Chipping Sparrow, the Song Sparrow, and very many others whose history nine tenths of his readers will be most interested to learn, but in regard to whom his pages are strangely barren.

In regard to the other class, that of birds least familiar to us, and concerning which we expect to be informed of all that has been made public, of interest, since the days of Audubon, the author is in some cases even more remiss. We will only refer to one instance, and that one the most noticeable. The *Dendroica tigrina* is dismissed with three lines of text, stating that it is so rare in New England as to be regarded as only a straggler. He does not even give us the little that Wilson told us of its habits, as observed by him. Yet a very little pains taken to collate the facts and observations relative to this bird given in communications accessible to all, and to some of which the author frequently refers at other times, would have supplied a suggestive and interesting outline sketch of this warbler. The Pacific Railroad Reports (IX. 287), the communications of Putnam, Allen, and Boardman, all show that this bird is a regular visitant of New England, passing through it in the middle of May. The last writer states that it is a common summer visitant, and that it breeds in these States, proving that he at least did not regard it either as "very rare" or as only a "straggler." Something more of its anomalous habits, too, might have been gathered from the interesting paper of Mr. W. T. March, on the Birds of Jamaica (Proceedings of Acad. Nat. Sc. Philadelphia, 1863, p. 293), and also from the published observations of Western naturalists, showing it to be a regular spring visitant of Illinois and Wisconsin.

In other cases we have the opposite fault to find, that the author's accounts are too voluminous and extended. Ten pages are given to the Duck Hawk, more than nine of which are quoted from other writers. All of any moment for such a work as this might, with great advantage, have been condensed into less than half this space, and, at the same time, present a much clearer, more interesting, and a better account of this bird and its habits. The same may be said of all that relates to the Mocking-Bird, which, as a bird of New England, can only be regarded as occasional and very rare. Five pages are given to this bird, as much as that allotted in all to the six most common birds, and of these five pages four are filled with a familiar extract from Wilson, and that not especially valuable or appropriate.

The remaining two fifths of Mr. Samuels's volume is composed of

original notes, descriptive and narrative, and relating to the measurements of eggs. Some of these are new, and most of them are both interesting and valuable. But our commendation of the original portions of this volume must be given with qualification. The author's accounts are replete with careless and inaccurate statements, as it seems to us, as well as with hasty and often unwarrantable generalizations from limited or imperfect data. Thus, when he states that the Great-footed Hawk "is nowhere a common species"; that the Sparrow Hawk "is a not very common species" in any part of New England, "hardly a half-dozen birds being seen in these States through the year"; that the Gos Hawk "is not a very common visitor in the New England States"; that the Cooper Hawk was formerly "a rare species"; that nests of the Sharp-tailed Hawk have "until quite recently been rarely found"; that the habits of the Red-tailed and Red-shouldered Hawks are so nearly alike that the description of the one will answer also for that of the other; or that the Rough-legged Hawk "is rarely seen in New England," — he makes sweeping statements in conflict with the observations of some of our most experienced observers.

Some of his assertions are in direct conflict with our best authorities. Thus, for instance, when he tells us that the Black-headed Gull is a resident on our coast through the year, he not only states that for which he can have had no good authority, but he falls into an error which the accurate observations of Wilson should have taught him to avoid. This bird, so far from being on our coast all the year, rarely comes north of Cape Cod, leaves the coast entirely in September, and does not reappear until the following May. This is nearly true in regard to the entire Atlantic coast, it being seldom seen north of Florida, except during its breeding season.

Mr. Samuels devotes a large space to the Robin; and the facts which he adduces attesting to its valuable services in the destruction of injurious insects are timely and important. At a time when the prejudices against this bird, already strong, appear to be on the increase, exaggerating its mischief, and overlooking the vast amount of good it is constantly doing, it is important to keep its really valuable services to agriculture always in view. We cannot, however, wholly agree with our author in the impression he would convey, that insects form the exclusive food of its young. The experience of any one who has an abundance of small fruit, especially cherries, must have demonstrated to his satisfaction that these are fed to young Robins quite freely. At other times, when these are not abundant, insects may, and probably do, form the greater portion of their food; but this is by no means the universal rule. We fully believe with Mr. Samuels that

these birds render to the community, on the whole, very excellent service; but we can all the more, on that account, afford to admit their evil deeds.

We have equally strong reasons for believing that the poor abused and persecuted Crow, in its destruction of noxious insects and quadrupeds, is of great service to the farmer, — service that very far outweighs in value its depredations and its occasional slaughter of young Robins. We must, therefore, express our entire dissent from Mr. Samuels's sweeping and extravagant charges against this bird. The principal portion of his article on the Crow is devoted to the presentation of its assumed injurious habits in their worst light. His facts, so far as he gives them, are that, in one instance, he has known one pair of Crows destroy two broods of Robins, within a given time; and on another occasion he has seen a pair of Canada Jays devour sixteen young Snow-birds in a single forenoon, — for which last-mentioned crime he leaves us to infer that he holds the whole race of Crows responsible. From these few data he seems to assume that during the entire breeding season, Crows are carrying on this ruthless war upon the innocents, without any cessation and at the same proportionate rate. The extent of this criminality of the Crow, in the destruction of fledglings, is a matter of pure assumption. Our own observation does not lead us to place any credit in his conclusions. The instincts of self-preservation keep most young birds safely hidden from such dangers; and it is only occasionally, and by a rare chance, that the Crow has the opportunity to do this mischief. On the other hand, we do know that the Crow destroys vast numbers of the most destructive insects, devouring greedily both the grub and the perfect insect of the common May beetle (*Phyllophaga quercina*). For this we have the authority of Harris, and other indisputable evidence. The great increase of these grubs of late years in Massachusetts, and their ravages in various parts of the State, is attributed by our most intelligent farmers, and with good reason, to the wholesale destruction of the Crows, by means of strychnine. Mr. Samuels himself, as recently as 1864 (see Report of Commissioner of Agriculture, p. 429), bears the most unqualified testimony in favor of the Crow, quoting from Wilson, Nuttall, and Audubon, to show the myriads of grubs, noxious insects, and quadrupeds, &c., which it devours. His own words are: "The Crow is probably the most heartily detested of all our birds, and sometimes not without reason; but generally the good he does much more than compensates for the harm." In the views he then expressed, he is sustained by the highest ornithological authority and by that of our best-informed agriculturists. His more recent and wholesale con-

demnation is, we are confident, founded upon mistaken conclusions, and is not warranted by any well-established facts.

The description given in this volume of the nest and mode of breeding of the Worm-eating Warbler (*Helmitherus vermivorus*), as also of the breeding habits, nest, and eggs of the Canada Fly-catcher (*Myiodioctes canadensis*), are both, we are confident, incorrect. The former description is probably taken from Audubon, though the authority is not mentioned. We have good reason to believe that this warbler invariably nests on the ground, and that its nest is not as described. The Canada Fly-catcher has been known to breed on the ground, in the few instances in which its nest has been identified. It selects the edge of swampy woods in marshy ground, not easy of access, and constructs quite an elaborate nest, hidden in a tussock of thick grass or reeds.

We have not attempted an exhaustive correction of all we deem inaccurate or incomplete in this volume, but have sought rather to point out some of the more noticeable errors. On the whole, the work suggests rather than affords what is much desired, — a good, convenient, and inexpensive manual of the birds of New England. Such a manual it can only be rendered by important modifications, by abridging the quotations, giving a more full and complete account of the habits of the more common and familiar species, supplying much that is now deficient in regard to others, and carefully correcting the errors into which the author has fallen. A new edition thus carefully revised would supply a want now generally acknowledged, and would deserve the public favor.

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4. — *A New Translation of the Hebrew Prophets, with an Introduction and Notes.* By George R. Noyes, D. D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew, &c., and Dexter Lecturer in Harvard University. Fourth Edition, with a New Introduction and Additional Notes. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1867. 2 vols. 12mo.

To what, at this day, are Protestants of the English race to apply the fundamental anti-Romish principles of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment? What sufficient Scriptures are in the hands of English and American Protestants, not acquainted with Greek and Hebrew? Upon what Scriptures are they to exercise their private judgment? The only translation of the Scriptures into English which has any circulation is the version published two hundred and sixty years ago under the auspices of King James I. of Eng-

land, of which vastly more copies have been printed than were ever printed of any other book.

It is by no manner of means so good a translation as we ought to have. To praise it for its pure English, that is, for its general freedom from exotic words and forms, is simply to say that its makers wrote in the current English of their time. Of course they did, without being pedantic purists, for they give us no fewer than three Latin words within the compass of one verse of the Lord's Prayer; they used what was both their own language and the language of those who were to read their work; and this character of the work renders it a valuable document for the history of English speech, and a convenient standard for the critics of succeeding generations. And these are uses of a certain value, but they are not the special use contemplated in a translation of writings understood to contain or to relate to revelations from God to man respecting man's highest concerns.

The one indispensable merit of a translation consists in its correctly conveying the sense of the original. Now language is mutable. Words fall out of use, so that by and by a glossary has to be prepared for old writers of the reader's own nation. Words continuing in use undergo changes of sense. Unpleasant associations become attached to such as were once in good repute, and they get an odor of vulgarity or indecency; or, during long use, a word slides insensibly into a narrower or a more comprehensive meaning, so as no longer to convey precisely the same idea that in an old composition it was properly employed to express. If the right interpretation of a writing has been a subject of controversy, its leading terms have been liable to assume a technical complexion more or less different from what they bore when the work was produced. At the beginning of the seventeenth century so important a word as *prophecy* did not convey its present sense. The Psalmist wrote (cxix. 148) "mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches," and Paul and his companions going to Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 15) took up their *carriages*. Who will undertake to settle the exact significance of the word *grace* or of the word *justify* as they stood in the minds of those who scattered them over their version of the epistles of the New Testament?

But the chief objection to the credit still enjoyed by King James's version arises from its authors' deficient qualifications for the work. They were not good Hebrew or Hellenistic scholars: we say *Hellenistic*, because even the best learning in classical Greek is not competency for translating the New Testament. To affirm that they were imperfectly qualified for the work is not to speak of them slightingly. They were imperfectly qualified, though they should be proved to have pos-

sessed all the learning of their day. The language of the Old Testament, especially, was not then well understood. The results incorporated in a manageable form in the Grammar and Lexicon of Gesenius are largely the fruit of studies of more recent times. Allowing King James's divines to have known as much of Hebrew as was to be learned from the tradition in the schools and families, and from comments in the Talmuds and other writings, of the Jewish race, they were too early to be benefited by the researches to which Hebrew philology in its present state is largely indebted. It was after their time that Schultens set the example, since so successfully followed by Simon, Winer, Eichhorn, and others, of studies in the cognate dialects, disclosing how in them the root was understood, of which the equivalent appears in Hebrew. Equally since the time of the received translation, the sense of obscure words has been recovered by diligent examination of those ancient versions which themselves might furnish forth a tolerable Hebrew dictionary.

To whatever cause attributable, the incompetency of the authors of our received translation is, on its face, only too apparent to considerate readers. There is, if we remember right, a chapter in Campbell's Rhetoric entitled "Why it is that Nonsense often escapes being detected by both the Writer and the Reader." As to the reader, — whose case in this instance is ours, — we are so used to reading in this translation from childhood up, that its words easily fail to engage more than a drowsy attention, which allows them to seem significant, while no particular meaning impresses itself on the mind. People of imagination and sentiment — and not less such as profess to be so — are wont to express a great admiration for the Book of Job, as they read it in the common version. To say that Job is the worst translated book in our Bible is to say a strong word, but, we incline to think, a true one. It is, we imagine, the book which, on the whole, our translators were the least competent to deal with. The parts of it of which they could make out the meaning they have put into good English, and so far they could not hinder it from being fine, for the poem in the original is eminently so. But there is a large proportion of the version — if we said one half, should we go too far? — which simply baffles and confounds the intelligent reader looking for a clear sense. As to a great part of the Psalms, the case is no better: perhaps a perception of this was one motive with those who established the Episcopal liturgy for adhering to an earlier version for that portion of the service, — a very imperfect relief, as intelligent Sunday readers of responses in that service must perceive to their sorrow. If this be true as to the Psalms, what may we look for, when we turn to parts of Isaiah, and to

Hosea, which, even to scholars as well versed in Hebrew as in Greek, are here and there as hard to interpret as the choruses of Æschylus? What ideas had our translators in their minds, or what sort of dealing with their readers did they meditate, when they put together for the press the jumbles of words which profess to represent the meaning of St. Paul in some intricate passages of his epistles? The king's direction was, that every member of each of the classes into which his fifty-four scholars were distributed should translate the whole portion of Scripture assigned to his division, and that, with the aid of these translations, the whole division should determine upon one. We have sometimes imagined to ourselves the perplexed and helpless expression which sat on the countenances of these solemn conclaves, as one after another translator heard his partners read a passage which he had himself found unmanageable, and perceived that they had had no better success. Again and again, unless we make wrong inferences from the work they did, after shaking their venerable heads despairingly over the paper they had blotted in their vain struggles with an impracticable sentence, they must have agreed to submit to the necessity of sending their abortion out into the world to take its chance as to a reception according to the moods or the demands of readers.

It is a pity and a shame that people professing to be Christians should sit down content with such an unsatisfactory representation of the records of their faith. A century has passed since a learned English prelate called "a new translation or a revision of the present translation of the Holy Scriptures for the use of our church" a "necessary work," and said that the "expediency" of the enterprise "grew every day more and more evident." But while it has been becoming more manifestly expedient, it has become more manifestly improbable, and it is now far less likely to be promoted or permitted by the authorities of the English Church than in the time of Bishop Lowth.

Meantime, translations of parts of Scripture into English have been made by private hands. We are clear in the opinion that no other translator of the Old Testament has merited so much confidence and approbation as our countryman, Professor Noyes. To say that his work shows much more both of scholarship and of critical skill than that of any one of his well-approved English predecessors, Lowth, Blayney, and Newcome, is not to disparage those scholars, for he had other aids than were within their reach. The Hebrew tongue was not understood nearly as well even in their time as now, nor were the rules of a careful Biblical criticism by any means so well elaborated. Rowland Williams, author of the last English work in this department that has come to us, has availed himself diligently of the German

comments; but it is too late for a translation to be accepted, whatever in other respects its merits, which disregards the parallelisms that make the form of Hebrew versification, and, like the common version, the authors of which knew no better, gives the lines without divisions, as if they were prose.

Dr. Noyes's is probably for truth and intelligibleness as good a version of the poetical books of the Old Testament as the learning of the age admits of, and probably as good as will be made till that distant time when our language shall have undergone such changes as to make our present speech partially obsolete. We could, perhaps, wish it different in some single instances, but in pointing them out we should have to speak with great self-distrust, and with all deference for Dr. Noyes's excellent taste and judgment. His criticism is very far from being rash or even bold; it compares most favorably in this respect with that of Bishop Lowth, though his superior learning would have made essays in the line of conjectural criticism much safer in him than they were in his Episcopal predecessor. We are by no means sure that his reluctance to deviate from the established version, when that is any way tolerable, has not been carried to an extreme. Of course readers feel an attachment to phraseology which from their youth has been associated with their religious thoughts and sentiments. But ought the scholar, who undertakes to transfuse into one language the precise sense of what has been written in another, to turn from his way by a hair's breadth out of consideration for this bias? Nay, is there not something to be said in favor of the statement, that new words, if equally true and expressive, are better, as being fresher, than those which have lost part of their force by familiarity? We suppose we should have been in a small minority, but we should have found no fault with Dr. Noyes, if he had abandoned the obsolete or obsolescent form of the verb (the *solemn* form we believe it has been called) for that which is in common use at the present day. We do not find ourselves specially edified by the utterance of those clergymen — Episcopal, and perhaps others — who make conscience of enunciating the termination *ed* as in all cases a separate syllable. No more are we profited by reading *cometh* and *gathereth*, in the place of the common English of our age. In a translation of the Bible we are tempted to reprehend this use of the old terminations as more than a rhetorical fault. We fear, that, the received English of the day being what it is, these outgrown forms are invested with associations of pretension and unreality not harmonious with what should express the transparent simplicity of divine truth.

The new Introduction to this work is full of weighty matter. Dr.

Noyes's account of the nature of the functions of the Jewish prophets is excellent on the whole, though we do not know how to understand him in consistency with himself, when (p. vi.) he speaks of their "supernatural powers." His statement of the Jewish conception of the coming Messiah we also regard as substantially correct, though we differ from him in regard to its origin. We differ from him again as to the interpretation of the famous passage in the fifty-second and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah, imposing as are the authorities by which he is supported. We understand the phrase "servant of God," there used, as denoting, not the Jewish people, nor the devout portion of the Jewish people, — between which two meanings Dr. Noyes appears to be undetermined, — but the Messiah whom the nation had for ages been expecting. We find no "difficulty in accounting for the fact that in every other passage in which the Messiah is introduced he is represented as prosperous, mighty, victorious, and that in this passage alone he should be represented as a sufferer," inasmuch as we understand this passage, as compared with other passages, to represent him in an earlier period of his career. (Comp. Is. liii. 12.) No other part of the volume, in our judgment, is so little marked as this with the character of Dr. Noyes's generally circumspect and wary criticism. The argument would not be to the taste of our readers, and we will not pursue it. We will say no more than that his titles sprinkled over this passage, "Jehovah speaks," "The Prophet for himself and fellow-prophets," "The people speak," "The Prophet speaks in his own name," appear to us very arbitrary, as well as incongruous with Dr. Noyes's usually cautious manner; that the contrast represented (p. lix.) to exist between the past and present tenses of verbs in different verses is not sustained by the grammatical forms in which those words appear; and that we are surprised at the freedom with which the last syllable in לָמוֹ, in line 8, is rendered by the English pronoun of the singular number, and with which it is inferred (Introduction, lix.) that the person spoken of by the prophet had in some sense been actually "buried," when Dr. Noyes's own correct rendering of the words declares only "his grave was *appointed* with the wicked." But we have the less motive for discussing this interpretation of Dr. Noyes, because, equally under his construction and under ours, the passage ceases to have a place in Christian polemics.

"I have no doubt," writes Dr. Noyes, "that the writers of the New Testament, agreeably to the hermeneutical logic of their age, interpreted the Old Testament allegorically." We, on our part, have no sort of doubt of the contrary. We do not forget the sadly mistranslated passage in Paul's Epistle to the Galatians (iv. 24), when we

avow our persuasion that no writer of the New Testament has interpreted the Old Testament allegorically, except the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, a composition not produced by St. Paul, nor in any sense authoritative.

For the study of Christian men Dr. Noyes has opened a door to a genuine knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures, and intelligent Christian ministers may well be grateful that so much of the Bible, in English words with a meaning and the true meaning, has been placed within their reach.

Since the preceding words were written, the grave has closed over what was mortal of the excellent man whose labors in one department of Biblical interpretation were so useful and important. His last hours of consciousness were given to the correction of sheets of a revised translation of the New Testament, which had employed his leisure in recent years. This posthumous work will doubtless be the worthy completion of the studies of a well-spent life, and a monument to the learning, the industry, and the piety of one of the most conscientious and thorough of American scholars.

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5. — *Origin and History of the Books of the Bible, both the Canonical and the Apocryphal, designed to show what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it.* (*The New Testament.*) *Illustrated.* By Professor C. E. Stowe, D. D. Published by subscription only, by Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn. 1867. 8vo. pp. 583.

The main purpose of this volume is to present in a popular form the principal facts relating to the origin and early history of the books of the New Testament. There can be no question as to the existence of much ignorance, both among Christian believers and those who reject Christianity, in respect to many of the subjects here treated. Even among liberally educated laymen, how many have given any attention to the critical study of the books of the New Testament, — books which, on any hypothesis as to the truth of Christianity, should certainly be regarded as objects of the greatest curiosity and interest? How many have any intelligent acquaintance with the history of the collection, and the character of the evidence for the genuineness of the different portions of it, or could even name the books which Eusebius, in the fourth century, mentions as still in dispute, in distinction from

those universally received at that time in the churches? Matters pertaining to the history and interpretation of these writings seem to be left to clergymen and professors of theology, of whom it may be said, without disrespect, that a large majority are placed under influences far from favorable to unprejudiced judgment and freedom of inquiry. The opinion at the same time widely prevails, that the genuineness and infallibility of each of these books, to say nothing of those of the Old Testament, is a fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith. They are identified with the Christian revelation itself. There has therefore been, on the part of many of those to whom the community look for religious instruction, a tendency, conscious or unconscious, to keep out of sight those facts concerning the character of these books, and concerning the history of some of them, which might lead to doubts of the traditionary belief. The ignorance and misapprehension which have hence resulted have left the faith of multitudes an easy prey to the assaults of scepticism. They have not rested their belief in the Divine origin of Christianity on its immovable foundation in unquestionable facts of history, and in the nature of man, but on the rubbish which later ages have piled around the original structure, to be swept away by the first flood of free inquiry. Among those who assail Christianity in popular writings of very wide circulation, we often find, likewise, the grossest ignorance in regard to such subjects as the "various readings" of the text of the New Testament (the great number of which is supposed to render it wholly uncertain), the Apocryphal Gospels, and the history of the Canon. It may be worth while to give a single example. We are gravely told, in a ponderous volume of eight hundred pages, which, in eight years, appears to have gone through no less than twelve editions, that "in the year 325, at the command of Constantine, two thousand and forty-eight bishops assembled at Nice." On account of their quarrels, "Constantine was obliged to disqualify seventeen hundred and thirty from having any voice in deciding which books were and which were not the word of God, and only three hundred and eighteen were left. These decided that the books of the Bible, as subsequently known, were the word of God. . . . . Out of fifty Gospels then extant, they decided that those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were worthy of being preserved, while they rejected entirely the books of James, Jude, and the Apocalypse. After this decision, Constantine arose and solemnly declared that the same should be considered as sanctioned by the Divine will; and that the books thus fixed upon should thereafter be implicitly believed as the word of God. Those manuscripts that were rejected (among which were three well-

written Gospels) were committed to the flames."* This is a specimen of the stuff received as history by large masses of innocent people.

There can be no doubt, then, of the need of such information as Dr. Stowe professes to give. How he has met the want is another question. The first chapter, "What the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it," if not to be highly commended, yet contains much which is fitted to give a more correct view of the subject than is usually presented in popular books. The author does not adopt the theory of verbal inspiration, or, to express it in his classical Latin, "the exact *verbum verbo* dictation by the Holy Spirit in the composition of the Scriptures," and is "quite ready to believe that Moses knew nothing at all of the science of geology." The third chapter, on the text of the New Testament, gives, among other things, an interesting account of the five oldest manuscripts that have come down to us, and illustrates the subject by nine fac-similes. Though it contains a considerable number of errors, and no notice is taken in it of two very important aids in establishing the text of the Greek Testament, namely, the ancient versions, and the quotations in early ecclesiastical writers, it is on the whole well adapted to its purpose. The next chapter gives brief biographical sketches of the writers who are to be brought forward as witnesses to the reception of the different books. Their testimony to each book is then exhibited, preceded by a short introduction; and the character of the later Apocryphal writings, as contrasted with that of the Gospels and other books of the New Testament, is illustrated by very copious analyses and extracts, which constitute perhaps the most useful part of the work. "Modern substitutes for the Gospel history" are examined, in a brief review of the theories of Strauss, Weisse, Gfroerer, Bruno Bauer, F. C. Baur, Renan, and Schenkel, in a style not adapted to convince unbelievers; the "Bible Prophecies and the Classical Oracles" are contrasted; and the volume ends with a chapter on "The Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament, and the Reasons for their Exclusion from the Canon."

The book is written in a plain, colloquial style, enlivened with familiar illustrations; but of the scholarship displayed in it, and the manner in which the main subject is treated, we cannot speak with praise. It is often superficial, uncritical, and untrustworthy; abounding in loose reasonings and inaccurate statements. In speaking, for example, of the various readings of manuscripts of the Greek Testament, it is broadly asserted that "not fifty of the fifty thousand make any change in the

* "The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations," &c., by Andrew Jackson Davis, 12th ed., 1855, pp. 555.

meaning whatever," and that "most of them are simple differences of orthography" (p. 81). What is true is, that but a very small number are of any importance. Again we have the unqualified statement that in John i. 18, "the old Greek manuscripts read, *The only begotten God who is in the bosom of the Father*" (p. 79), the fact being that this remarkable reading is found in only *five* Greek manuscripts in all, including indeed two whose date is assigned to the middle of the fourth century, while the common reading is contained in at least *thirteen* uncial manuscripts, including the Alexandrine of the fifth century. It is a still more careless assertion, that in Colossians ii. 2, "the old Greek manuscripts read, *To the acknowledgment of the mystery of the God Christ*"; the fact being that the reading which Professor Stowe incorrectly translates in this manner is found in but *one* Greek manuscript, and has no support from any ancient version, or the quotations of the Greek fathers. There is strong evidence for the genuineness of most of the books of the New Testament; but what are we to think of the declaration that "the testimony on which the genuineness of the sacred books of the New Testament rests is as good as any human testimony whatever *on any subject*"? (p. 101.) What estimate must we form of the critical judgment and scholarship of a man who says that the "Recognitions" and the "Clementine Homilies" "probably may be the genuine works of Clement, the friend of Paul," and as to the Canons of the Apostles and the Apostolical Constitutions, merely remarks that they are "more doubtful as to their authorship"? (p. 111.) We are not surprised after this to find that, in opposition to the best modern scholars, he regards the Epistle ascribed to Barnabas as genuine, and the "Shepherd" of Hermas, or, as he usually cites it, "Pastor Hermas," as written by Hermas the companion of Paul. Respecting the Apostle John we get some information which will be new to most students of ecclesiastical history. Professor Stowe tells us that, some time after his banishment to Patmos, "he was restored to Ephesus, where he *established a theological school*, for the purpose of supplying the numerous churches with competent pastors, as they could no longer expect the continuance of miraculous qualifications. Hence he received the appellation of the *theologian* or *divine*" (p. 187). It is a pity that Suicer, in his "Thesaurus Ecclesiasticus," and Professor Sophocles, in his "Glossary of Later and Byzantine Greek," should have so mistaken the origin of the appellation θεολόγος, applied by the ancient fathers to the Evangelist John. But they had never heard of this theological seminary at Ephesus. Professor Stowe (p. 132) represents Papias as saying that he learned his doctrine from the Apostle John himself, referring to Eusebius, Eccl. Hist. III. 39, who quotes Papias at length

in proof of the opposite. In the biographical sketches of the "one hundred witnesses" we may charitably refer to typographical error, or a slip of the pen in translating from Kirchhofer, the account of "*Polycarp*, the celebrated philosopher of the new Platonic school," &c. (meaning Porphyry), and the statement that Ignatius was "surnamed *Theodorus*" (Theophorus). But we can hardly so explain the statement that "Gregory *of* Nazianz*en*," as this father is generally named throughout the book, "was born in the year 300 at Nazianz*en* in Cappadocia." In the same chapter we find among the "witnesses" Photius of the ninth century (though, probably by a misprint, the dates of his becoming archbishop, and of his death, are given as 350 and 391 respectively, instead of 850 and 891), and Œcumenius of the tenth. It is also affirmed (p. 123), that the works of Jornandes the Goth (sixth century) "contain important testimonies," that is, of course, to the books of the New Testament. If so, they have been strangely overlooked by Christian apologists.

But errors like those which have been thus far pointed out are far less serious than another fault, which is likely to disgust the intelligent inquirer, and to prejudice him against the cause which it is the object of the work to maintain. We refer to its untrustworthiness in the statement of evidence. Some examples of this must be given. Among the witnesses to the Gospel of John, Clement of Rome is adduced. He belongs to the first century, and his testimony, if we had it, would be highly important. Professor Stowe represents him (p. 193) as quoting literally a passage of considerable length from the Gospel of John. The true state of the case is this: Jerome, in the latter part of the fourth century, in his commentary on Isaiah lii. 13–15, quotes from Clement a passage (still preserved in his Letter to the Corinthians, c. 16) descriptive of the humility of Christ, and *subjoins to it*, by way of illustration, the declaration of our Lord which Professor Stowe represents Clement as quoting from John xviii. 23. Dr. Stowe, in his quotation from Clement, omits all that actually belongs to Clement, except the words "Our Lord Jesus Christ," which he connects with the words added by Jerome. There being of course no passage in Clement's writings to which this quotation could be referred, Professor Stowe adds, "Kirchhofer, p. 144." One who looks into Kirchhofer will find the facts stated as above, Kirchhofer remarking that the words in question "must be an addition by Jerome." But how many of the twenty thousand subscribers to Professor Stowe's book have access to Kirchhofer's "Quellensammlung zur Geschichte des Neutestamentlichen Canons"?

The way in which Dr. Stowe treats the question of the authorship of

the Epistle to the Hebrews would alone be sufficient to destroy his character for fairness and accuracy. "All the ancient catalogues," he says, "of any authority assign fourteen epistles to Paul, which necessarily includes Hebrews. . . . . There is certainly no decided internal evidence against the authorship of Paul, while there is very much in its favor; while of the external evidence, the testimony, it is ten to one, ninety-nine to a hundred, in favor of Paul. . . . . The ancients knew no other author than Paul; if Paul were not the writer, we find nothing in them on the subject" (pp. 381, 382). As to ancient catalogues, the oldest, and the only one early enough to be of much importance in connection with the subject, the Muratorian Canon (about A. D. 170), reckons only thirteen epistles of Paul. So the catalogue of Philastrius, bishop of Brescia, about A. D. 380 (Hær. c. 88). As to internal evidence, the striking difference in style between this and the acknowledged epistles of Paul was remarked by the ancient fathers generally, as Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome, and is fully recognized by the great body of modern scholars. And the internal evidence that it is not by Paul is very far from being confined to a great difference in style. As to external evidence, we find that the epistle was *known* to Clement of Rome, in the latter part of the first century, in whose Letter to the Corinthians there are passages which so strikingly correspond with others in the Epistle to the Hebrews as to prove this. But he does not ascribe it to Paul; and the testimony of the whole Western church down to the middle of the fourth century is adverse to its Pauline origin. It was not received as Paul's by Irenæus in Gaul, Tertullian in Africa, nor by Caius, Hippolytus, Cyprian, or Novatian. Even toward the end of the fourth century we learn from Jerome and Augustine that it was not generally received by the Latin Christians. In the East, the statements of Clement of Alexandria (fl. A. D. 192), Origen (fl. A. D. 230), and Eusebius show clearly that no consistent and well-supported tradition as to its authorship had come down to them. Clement, for example, who is the earliest writer that ascribes it to Paul, says that it was originally written in Hebrew, and translated by Luke, both of which statements we know to be erroneous, the internal evidence that it is not a translation being absolutely decisive. Origen puts forward the conjecture that "the *thoughts* are those of the apostle, while the style and method are those of some one who recorded his discourses, making notes, as it were, of what had been said by his master," and adds, "If then any church receives this epistle as Paul's, let it be commended even for this; for it is not without reason that the ancient men have handed it down as Paul's. But the truth as to the writer of the epistle, God knows. Various accounts have come to us; some saying that Clement, who became bishop of Rome, wrote the epistle; others

that it was Luke, who wrote the Gospels and the Acts." Of this passage from Origen, quoted by Eusebius (Eccl. Hist. VI. 25) from his Homilies on the Epistle to the Hebrews, written late in life, Professor Stowe takes no notice, though it is by far the most important one in Origen's writings in relation to the subject. He quotes from Tertullian a passage (the only one in Tertullian's works in which the Epistle to the Hebrews is cited), *omitting the introductory words*, in which Tertullian expressly ascribes the epistle to *Barnabas*, saying, apologetically, that it was "certainly better received among the churches than the Shepherd of Hermas, *illo apocrypho Pastore mœchorum*." Not only is this important statement suppressed, but Professor Stowe's readers will be likely to suppose his quotation from Tertullian to be a testimony to the Pauline authorship of the epistle, he having but a little before said that "the ancients knew no other author than Paul." One who wishes to see the contrast between an honest and candid dealing with this question, and the treatment of it by Dr. Stowe, may consult the article by Professor Thayer, his successor as Professor of Sacred Literature at Andover, in the Bibliotheca Sacra for October, 1867. The conclusion to which Professor Thayer arrives agrees with that expressed by Professor Kendrick, in his recent translation of the Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews by Dr. C. B. Moll, forming a part of Lange's great *Bibelwerk*. Professor Kendrick says: "The translator unhesitatingly concurs with Dr. Moll in the view now acquiesced in by nearly all scholars, which looks elsewhere than to the Apostle Paul for the authorship, at least as to its form, of this epistle. Without derogating in the slightest degree from the canonical authority and the intrinsic excellency of the epistle, he regards the evidence, partly external and partly internal, of its non-Pauline origin, as overwhelming and decisive." (Pref. p. iv.)

In respect to the Second Epistle of Peter, likewise, the genuineness of which has been questioned or denied by such men as Calvin, Erasmus, Grotius, Scaliger, Salmasius, Wetstein, De Wette, Neander, Credner, Reuss, Huther, and Bleek, Professor Stowe gives no tolerably correct view of the external evidence. The early witnesses which support the genuineness of most of the New Testament books are silent in regard to this. It is not quoted by Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, or Cyprian. Alford, and other defenders of its genuineness, admit that there is no clear reference to it in any writer before the time of Origen; and Origen regarded its genuineness as doubtful. It is wanting in the ancient Syriac version. Eusebius mentions it among the disputed books (*Antilegomena*), and says that "it has not been handed down to us by tradition as belonging to the New Testament" (Eccl. Hist. III. 3). This statement of Eusebius, and the other facts

which have just been mentioned, Professor Stowe does not notice. He merely remarks: "Several causes contributed to render its reception in the ancient churches later than that of the First Epistle." The first which he assigns is, "that it was addressed mainly to obscure churches," and written "near the time of the Apostle's death," whereas it appears from the epistle itself that, if genuine, it presupposes the same circle of readers as the First (2 Pet. iii. 1). Professor Stowe adduces as "testimonies to Second Peter" passages from Clement of Rome, Hermas, Justin Martyr, and Theophilus, which not only do not name the epistle or quote it, but cannot with probability be regarded as even implying any knowledge of its existence. They only show a common use of certain passages of the Old Testament, or have a remote resemblance in phraseology to certain expressions in Second Peter. He quotes passages from Origen as bearing testimony to it, without noticing the fact that they are found only in the utterly unreliable Latin translation of his works by Rufinus, who added, subtracted, and altered to suit himself;* while he ignores those in which Origen speaks of the epistle as doubted, or quotes, as he does repeatedly, the First Epistle of Peter as "*the* catholic epistle." Origen does not quote Second Peter in his extant Greek works. Dr. Stowe also cites in its favor, as Origen's, the dialogue *De Recta Fide*, well known to be falsely ascribed to this father. He quotes Jerome's testimony (given under the First Epistle, not the Second) as follows: "Simon Peter wrote two epistles, which are called catholic, of which the Second is by many doubted on account of its diversity in style from the First." The words translated by Professor Stowe, "is by *many doubted*," are in the original, *a plerisque ejus esse negatur*, "is *denied to be his* by *most*."

Much more might be said in illustration of the untrustworthy character of the work; but it can hardly be worth while to go further. It is fortunate for Christianity that it has a different class of defenders from Dr. Stowe. What a contrast there is between this book and the able and scholarly "Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity," in which Professor Fisher discusses such subjects as the genuineness of the Gospel of John, Baur's view of the early Christian history and literature, and the mythical theory of Strauss! It is no excuse for the faults which we have pointed out, that Professor Stowe's book is designed for popular use. A work may be popular without being shallow and inaccurate; and, if there is to be any distinction, an author should be even more solicitous to state the exact truth, fully and fairly, when writing for those who cannot verify his statements or supply his omissions, than when addressing scholars, who have the means of doing both.

* See Lardner's Works, II. 510, ed. 1829.

6. — *A Brief Greek Syntax and Hints on Greek Accidence: with some Reference to Comparative Philology, and with Illustrations from various Modern Languages.* By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, M. A., F. R. S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Honorable Fellow of King's College, London; one of the Masters of Harrow School; Author of "The Origin of Language," "Chapters on Language," etc. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. xxi., 204.

If we had read only the first half of this work, we should have pronounced it a most instructive and even entertaining book. It is not a Greek grammar, still less a Greek syntax, in the ordinary sense; but rather a series of essays, on the subjects usually treated in Greek grammars, illustrated and enlivened by all the learning which the author brings from his studies in Comparative Philology. Those who wish to see what light has been thrown upon some of the ordinary principles of Greek grammar by the recent discoveries in the science of Language will find here much that will interest them, and incite them to further study. Mr. Farrar's purpose, as it is stated in his Preface, is most praiseworthy. He has tried "to eliminate all mere grammatical mysticism," and to make grammar really "interesting to every boy who has any aptitude for such studies, and is sufficiently advanced to understand them." His remarks on the "parrot-like" style of teaching scientific grammar, which does so much to bring grammar, and even the classical languages, into disrepute, cannot be too highly commended. In the Introduction, Mr. Farrar gives a brief sketch of the classification of languages, and states the position of Greek in the Indo-European group; he then explains the distinction between synthetic and analytic languages, showing the various elements of the longer compound forms in the Greek and Latin inflections. The "Hints on the Accidence" contain useful remarks on nearly every important point in that department, and are illustrated throughout by instances drawn from very many languages. The same is true of the earlier chapters on Syntax, especially of the remarks on the Tenses (pp. 110–127). No Greek scholar can read these without pleasure and profit, although, perhaps, he may occasionally dissent from some of the conclusions. The condensation of so much into so small a space shows that Mr. Farrar is master of his subject.

But when we come to the more difficult questions of Greek Syntax, on which Comparative Philology has no light to shed, and even Latin analogy, as it is commonly understood, is rather an impediment than a

help, we find a totally different state of things. Here, we regret to say, Mr. Farrar seems to be out of his department; and instead of writing like a master, he lapses into obscurity, and sometimes into hopeless confusion, which will sadly disappoint many who have found pleasure and instruction in his earlier chapters. He sounds a note of warning in his Preface, when he tells us of his indebtedness to "that immense repertory of Greek scholarship, the Greek Grammar of Mr. Jelf." Now, Jelf's Greek Grammar stands in about the same relation to Classic Philology as Dugald Stewart's famous chapter on the Origin of the Sanskrit (in which he tries to prove that Sanskrit is only "kitchen Greek") to Comparative Philology. If any one doubts this statement, we beg leave to refer him to the quotations from Jelf, given in the North American Review for October 1862 (pp. 317–331). This wonderful work, rich in truly comical blunders, has recently appeared in a revised edition, with its faults not softened, but intensified, and grounded (if possible) upon a broader foundation of ignorance than before; and when we see the respectful treatment which it receives from eminent scholars, — of which Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon and Mr. Farrar's Preface give striking examples, — we are confirmed in the opinion that Greek syntax is not the strong point in English scholarship. Dr. Donaldson, in his argument in favor of English "scholarship" as opposed to German *Gelehrsamkeit* (Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning, p. 148), tells us that "the Germans must learn from English philologers, if they ever learn, the ultimate refinements of Greek and Latin etymology and syntax," and that "a *perfectly accurate* acquaintance with Greek syntax is an essential requisite for success in the classical examination at Cambridge"; and no man ever criticised with more severity such inaccuracies as he detected in those who had not been trained at English universities, or drew more sweeping conclusions from such cases. And yet Dr. Donaldson himself, in his larger Greek Grammar (p. 597), makes a mistake far worse (on his own principles) than any that he criticises, when he gives ἦλθεν ἵνα ἀδικήσοι as an ordinary example of ἵνα and the optative in a final clause, — from which much less than a "perfectly accurate" acquaintance with Greek syntax would have saved him; for it is not a mere mistake in the use of words, but a blunder in regard to one of the fundamental rules of the language.

Mr. Farrar begins his discussion of the moods with a fatal heresy, in which he agrees with Dr. Donaldson and Mr. Jelf, that the subjunctive and optative are "not two moods, but one subjective mood," the subjunctive forms being its present and future tenses, and the optative forms being its past tenses. "The optative," he says (p. 130),

"*is merely the subjunctive of the past or historic tenses.* It carries with it a reference to the past." Again (p. 132), he says: "The past tenses of the Latin subjunctive are equivalent to the Greek optative." This "fundamental fact" the student is urged to master and to keep steadily in mind. How easy a task Mr. Farrar himself finds it merely to keep this "fundamental fact" steadily in mind, even after he has mastered it, appears from his remark (p. 132) that the future optative, "although it occurs, is merely a *chose de luxe*, because the whole mood [i. e. the 'subjective mood'] *involves futurity*, so that the present forms serve instead!" Thus within a single page we have the "fundamental fact" stated and denied. But let us suppose a student to escape this snare, and really to proceed to apply his "fact" to the Greek language. He will find the optative used in five ordinary constructions, — in wishes, in apodosis with ἄν, in conditional sentences (including the corresponding relative and temporal sentences), in clauses with ἵνα, ὅπως, μή, &c., and in the *oratio obliqua*. In clauses with ἵνα, &c., the optative is generally past, like the past tenses of the Latin subjunctive; but even in this strongest case it refers to the future if it happens to depend on an optative with ἄν or an optative in a wish (as in Æsch. Eumen. 298, ἔλθοι, ὅπως . . . . γένοιτο, *may he arrive, that he may become*, &c.), showing that the reference to past time is not inherent in the optative. In general conditional sentences (sometimes called the "iterative construction," or that of "indefinite frequency"), the optative is past; but as it is future in all other conditional sentences, this establishes nothing as to the time denoted by the optative itself. In the *oratio obliqua* (the only other construction in which the optative is ever past), the optative exhibits the strongest marks of individuality, which are enough of themselves to vindicate its claim to the rank of a distinct mood. Here each tense, when the leading verb is past, represents the tense of the same name in the indicative or subjunctive; but as the correspondence to the indicative is the more prominent, and as one tense (the future) has no corresponding form in the subjunctive at all, we should find better ground here for considering the optative a secondary form of the indicative, — or rather, we cannot conceive how any one, after examining these constructions, could ever think of making the optative a secondary form of any mood at all.

With the constructions just mentioned all reference to the past in the optative ends, and all analogy to the past tenses of the Latin subjunctive disappears. In ordinary conditional sentences, εἰ ποιοίη is future, and equivalent to *si faciat*, never (in Attic Greek) to *si faceret*, the latter being represented by εἰ ἐποίει. The same is true of the corresponding relative and temporal sentences, although Mr.

Farrar (p. 153) omits all mention of the optative here as a regular construction, thus leaving out of his syntax and his theory all such sentences as *φάγοι ἂν ὁπότε βούλοιτο, he would eat whenever he might please* (Xen. Mem. II. 1, 18), which are common from the time of Homer. In both classes of independent sentences above mentioned, the optative is regularly future, and there is no vestige of any reference to the past, *ποιοίη ἂν τοῦτο* and *εἴθε ποιοίη τοῦτο* being equivalent to *hoc faciat* (he would do this) and *utinam hoc faciat* (O that he may do this).

We need hardly add that Mr. Farrar leaves his student, who has been ordered to keep the "fundamental fact" steadily in mind, to extricate himself from this maze as best he can. As for himself, he keeps the fact in question steadily out of sight in all inconvenient places.

We cannot follow Mr. Farrar through the whole of his discussion, but must content ourselves with an examination of his statement of conditional sentences. Upon a right understanding of these depends much that follows. He explains the simple indicative, the subjunctive, and the optative in conditions as expressing respectively "possibility," "slight probability," and "complete uncertainty." Grammarians have commonly thought it necessary to attach some such general notions as these to the forms in question, and perhaps Mr. Farrar is as fortunate in his choice as most of his predecessors. Still, when he assigned to the indicative the idea of "possibility," which so many scholars had with equal confidence assigned to the subjunctive, we wonder that he did not suspect the soundness of the whole process. He certainly had a large variety to choose from. Between Zumpt's definition of the Latin present and perfect subjunctive (which here correspond to the Greek optative), that "they imply that the supposition does or may conform to fact," and Madvig's, that "they suppose a possible condition to take place in the present or future, but imply that it does not or will not take place," — between Krüger's definition of the Greek subjunctive, that it implies "objective possibility," and Bäumlein's, that it expresses a "tendency to reality," — the fancy has a wide range, and it would seem hard if every theory could not find a comfortable place. It is very easy to proceed with any one of these definitions to a given subjunctive, and to see (or imagine we see) some connection between the two, especially as Greek authors are kindly allowed by grammarians the liberty of *expressing* a thing as certain or uncertain even when they do not consider it so. But let a student attempt to apply Mr. Farrar's principles in turning simple English sentences into Greek, and see how he will fare. Any unprejudiced person would say that the conditions,

"If there is a polar sea," and "If Livingstone is still alive," fall very properly under Mr. Farrar's third class of "complete uncertainty"; although if "be" should be substituted for "is," a follower of Mr. Farrar would most certainly be compelled to use the subjunctive. Now, where is there the slightest hint in all Mr. Farrar's rules to show that both of these forms would be egregious blunders, and that the present indicative would be the only correct expression? The proverb, "If the sky falls (i. e. shall fall), we shall catch larks," would require the subjunctive or the future indicative in Greek; but imagine Mr. Farrar explaining one on the ground of "slight probability," and the other on that of "possibility"! The fact is, the subjunctive (or future) is required simply because the time is *future*, and the present indicative is required in the other two cases, simply because the time is *present;* and the more the matter is obscured by metaphysics, the harder will be the task of unfortunate boys who study Greek and Latin grammar, and of the more unfortunate teachers who try to guide them.

Mr. Farrar says very truly (p. 148) that the chief difficulty in understanding the matter arises from "the fluctuating and uncertain use of the English equivalents"; but he adds that we may accurately render the Greek indicative by "if" with the English indicative, and the Greek subjunctive by "if" with the English subjunctive. Nothing could illustrate the first part of this remark better than Mr. Farrar's own examples. He translates, εἴ τι ἔχει, *if he has anything*, and ἐάν τι ἔχῃ, *if he have anything*. Now this assumes that all (including schoolboys) are agreed on the exact meaning of *if he have* as distinguished from *if he has*. We have sought diligently to discover what distinction Mr. Farrar himself makes between them. If he takes for granted that the English subjunctive refers to future time, he has no authority for the assumption in either ancient or modern usage. If he goes back to the English of the New Testament, he will find *if he have* used to translate both ἐὰν ἔχῃ and εἰ ἔχει, and he will not find *if he has* at all. Thus, "If the light that is in thee *be* darkness," "If Satan *cast* out Satan," "If any man *have* not the spirit of Christ," are translated from εἰ τὸ φῶς σκότος ἐστίν, εἰ ἐκβάλλει, and εἴ τις . . . . οὐκ ἔχει. Modern usage is just the reverse. The subjunctive has almost entirely disappeared from the language, except in the phrase *if he be;* and those who still use it seldom follow any consistent principle. Its disappearance is certainly to be regretted, as it is a mark of decay; but it is useless to deny that the vast majority of our best speakers and writers use *if he has* to represent both present and future, that is, as the equivalent of both εἰ ἔχει and ἐὰν ἔχῃ in Greek. The phrase *if he shall have*, which is often used in the New Testament to translate the

Greek subjunctive, is perhaps the most intelligible English representative of that form, as well as of the future indicative; but no one without further explanation — certainly no school-boy — would feel sure that *if he have anything* differs essentially from *if he has anything*. Thus Mr. Farrar explains one of the most important distinctions in the Greek language by referring his students to an English idiom which has no fixed meaning, and can hardly be intelligible to the majority of them.

As to Mr. Farrar's second example of the subjunctive, ἐὰν ταῦτα λέξῃ, ἁμαρτάνει, si hoc dicat, errat, *if he say this, he errs*, we confess we are more and more puzzled the more we examine it. If his translation means *if he* (*ever*) *says this, he* (*in all such cases*) *errs*, it may be justified; but even then it is an awkward sentence, requiring too much explanation to make it intelligible. But we fear Mr. Farrar did not mean to have his example thus understood. Certainly a learner, following Mr. Farrar's rules, would never think of giving it any other meaning than the obvious one, *if perchance he says this, he is in error*, — making the condition simply present, so that ἐὰν λέξῃ will differ from εἰ λέγει only by denoting "slight probability." If this is Mr. Farrar's meaning, the example is bad Greek, translated first into bad Latin and then into unintelligible English. No passage like it can be found in any classic author; it belongs to a class of constructions very common (unfortunately) in works on Greek composition, but unknown elsewhere.

We think we see Mr. Farrar's difficulty here, which prompted him to make up the example last quoted. He is trying to explain two distinct uses of the subjunctive on the same principle. In the most common construction, ἐὰν τοῦτο ἔχῃ, δώσει, *if he shall have this, he will give it*, the subjunctive refers to future time, and differs from εἰ ἔχει essentially in this; if it expresses more uncertainty than εἰ ἔχοι, this is the result of its being future, not the cause of its being subjunctive. But there is another class of examples, — like ἦν ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται θνήσκειν, *if death comes near, no one is ever willing to die*, — where the supposition is not future and not exactly present, but what may be called general; in fact, they are cases of the "iterative" construction which Mr. Farrar recognizes when it contains an optative (as in εἴ τις ἀντείποι, εὐθὺς τεθνήκει, *if any one refused, he was straightway put to death*), but fails entirely to see in its equally legitimate subjunctive form. It is a nicety in which the Greek differs from English and ordinary Latin to distinguish such expressions from the usual present suppositions; while the Latin is as consistent as the Greek in never confounding the ordinary future supposition with the present. It may be well for mature scholars to unite these two uses of the subjunctive on

some common ground, if any can be found; the chief task in instructing beginners must be to make the *distinction* understood. If now these general conditions are excluded as a distinct class, no one can fail to see that the Greek subjunctive with ἐάν simply refers to future time, a little less vividly than the future indicative with εἰ (a nearly equivalent but less common form), and more vividly than εἰ with the optative. The three forms, εἰ ἐλεύσεται, ἐὰν ἔλθῃ, and εἰ ἔλθοι, correspond almost precisely to the English *if he shall go*, *if he goes* (referring to future time), and *if he should go*; although it is often best to translate the subjunctive by *if he shall go*, to make the futurity perfectly distinct. We ask any one whose ideas of English have not been perverted by false theories of Latin and Greek grammar, whether he ever dreams of any distinction between *if he shall go* and *if he should go*, except the one just stated. Indeed, the whole distinction made by Mr. Farrar between the subjunctive and optative in conditions, as well as the more common one of "uncertainty with" and "uncertainty without the prospect of decision," seems to us to involve the common error of mistaking a large species for the genus. If the optative is only a vaguer form of expression for essentially the same idea with the subjunctive, it will naturally be used when we wish to make a supposition in a less positive form, or when we feel less certainty as to its proving true; but these are not the only cases in which we may prefer the vaguer form, or we may use it without being able to assign any good reason for preferring it. Demosthenes says of Philip (Phil. I. § 11), referring to the prospect of his death, ἂν οὗτός τι πάθῃ, but in the very next sentence, referring to the very same thing, he says εἴ τι πάθοι.

Perhaps Mr. Farrar's most unfortunate remark on this subject is on page 145, where he says: "N. B. When εἰ is used with the optative, the sense varies with the tense; e. g. εἰ ταῦτα ποιοῖ, *if he should be doing this* (now); εἰ ταῦτα ποιήσοι, *if he should do this* (hereafter); εἰ ταῦτα ποιήσειε, *if he did this*." It would be hard to crowd more mistakes into one remark than we have here. First, εἰ ταῦτα ποιοῖ in Attic Greek can mean either *if he should be doing this* (hereafter) or *if he ever did this* (in past time); but it cannot refer to present time. Secondly, εἰ ταῦτα ποιήσειε differs from the preceding only in expressing a single or momentary act, and not at all in its time. Thirdly, εἰ ταῦτα ποιήσοι is not Greek at all *in any sense* in an ordinary protasis, and can occur only in *oratio obliqua* after past tenses where εἰ ποιήσει would be used in the direct form. We will be charitable enough to believe, even after this disclosure, that in εἰ τοῦτο λέξοις, ἁμαρτήσῃ, *if you say this, you will be in the wrong* (p. 147), λέξοις is merely a misprint for λέξεις; but such a misprint in a leading example to a fundamental

rule should have been corrected before the book fell into the hands of students.

We have felt it to be our duty to call attention to what we believe to be an unscientific treatment of some of the most important subjects discussed in Mr. Farrar's volume, because other parts of the work are of such undoubted merit that it will be widely circulated in England and in this country. If we could presume to make a suggestion to Mr. Farrar, we should advise him to publish the first 127 pages of his Syntax as a work by itself, or, at least, to submit the questions that arise in Greek syntax to the same scientific investigation which he is accustomed to use in Comparative Philology, and which shows itself so conspicuously in the earlier parts of the work before us.

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7. — *Rapport sur le Progrès et la Marche de la Physiologie générale en France.* Par M. Claude Bernard. Paris: Hachette. 1867. pp. 237.

This handsome volume is one of the series of Reviews of the present *status* of the several natural sciences, which M. Duruy has invited the leading scientific men of France to prepare. Few kinds of books are apt to be so uniformly delightful reading as those essays which great students of nature have from time to time allowed themselves to make, upon the "philosophy" of their respective branches of research. M. Bernard's book belongs on the whole to this class, and partakes of its inherent charm, though in a less degree to our mind than the delightful *Introduction à la Médecine Experimentale*, which he published a couple of years ago, — probably because it is more "immersed in matter." The true refreshment, to a hard-working student, is to be able, not to retire wholly out of sight of the scene of his labors, but to banish for a time their importunate details. The simple cleansing of the person, as it were, from the laboratory dirt, and washing the dust out of weary eyes, is an agreeable release; and so is the relaxation of the mind from that high-strung attitude of vigilance, suspicion, and suspended judgment in which the more purely business hours of an investigator are necessarily passed. But when, in addition to this, he may still linger in the neighborhood of the darling branch of learning, define its problem and its method, continue by the imagination lines of research just opened, leap to their ideal end without anxiously toiling through all the steps that lie between, the exercise is not only a diversion from past labors, but becomes a salutary play, which reinvigorates and disposes for future exertions. A large portion of M. Bernard's

book is taken up by a review of what has been accomplished for Physiology in France during the past twenty-five years. In this the author's own labors weigh certainly heavier than those of any other individual, and this gives to the narrative a certain tinge of egotism which has not always the charming *bonhomie* of that which pervaded the Introduction already spoken of. But there is plenty of "philosophy" notwithstanding, and although it may be thought that some of the distinctions the author makes are over-subtile, it is nevertheless certain that even the reveries of a man who, by a life of incessant practical scientific experience, has, compared with most of his contemporaries, acquired such a deep familiarity with nature as Bernard, merit a respectful attention.

The book itself is a little too technical for the general reader, but it is easy in a few words to indicate its main purport. In the first place, M. Bernard claims that general Physiology is a separate and autonomic science. A science has a right to be considered independent when its subject-matter, its problem, or its point of view is not embraced by any other science. Physiology has, to be sure, the same subject-matter as anatomy and zoölogy on the one hand, and organic chemistry on the other. But its problem as compared with that of the two former is practical instead of contemplative; that is, it aspires to control and change the phenomena; and, compared with organic chemistry, Physiology is characterized exclusively by a *point-de-vue nutritioniste.* Chemists may, for instance, some day produce in their laboratories every substance which exists in the animal body, and in so far their subject-matter will coincide with that of the physiologist. But, says M. Bernard, it is probable in each case that the *process* they follow will be quite distinct from that which will have obtained in the organism? The chemist separates fat into glycerine and acid by soda, the animal does it by *pancreatine.* The products may be identical, but the *instrument* in the case of the animal is of quite a special nature, namely, the *cell.* The mode of operation of the cell must be entirely peculiar; the laws of that mysterious influence which a particle of living matter exerts on dead matter with which it comes into contact (which are no other than the laws of *nutrition*, or the *organotrophic* laws, as Bernard calls them) are unlike any laws that prevail where what we call *life* is absent. Their study is the proper study of the physiologist, for they are the fountain-head from which all the more evident and tangible phenomena of the organism flow. It is only indirectly, and by their mediation, that we may ever hope to modify effectually these more palpable phenomena. Not until we understand the actions and reactions of different sorts of living and dead substance upon each other, and are able to foresee the properties of the resulting

material, shall we be fully competent to descend into the arena and conquer and control. Short of that point, our interference can be but coarse and, so to speak, surgical.

We are thus thrown back upon the study of the simple properties of the cells or elementary organisms, — organic radicals (rather *radicles*), as Bernard calls them. What we name the functions of the body are merely exceedingly complex resultants of these properties and their varied play. All the faculties which the reader enjoys and takes cognizance of are but secondary, and due to the peculiar *arrangement* of his innumerable cells. He doubtless considers himself a land animal, or at the utmost semi-amphibious. But, in a strict physiological sense, he is an aquatic animal, that is, his *immediate* life, which is only the life of his cells, can only subsist in a watery medium, similar to that which surrounds them within the body. The only dry parts of him, surface of skin, hair, nails, are properly dead, and their office is mechanical, not vital. It is to their very deadness that he owes most of his independence of the oscillations in the condition of the surrounding world. All the other *radicles* of his being are beneath the surface, bathed in fluid. He is a microcosm, — an enormous republic, whose separate citizens all play appointed parts, and by an exquisite order, which, whatever we may think of its cause, cannot fail to fill us with wonder at the perfection of its beauty, furnish the means for their fellows to subsist, while each appears to be blindly fulfilling its mere individual destiny. The palpable movements which we call our life float up as the result. The muscle-cells lie darkly buried out of all contact with the external world; but when they put forth their property of contractibility, in blind obedience to the stimulus yielded by the activity of the nerve-tissue with which they are in contact, they bring food to our mouths and air to our lungs. The cells that live on the surface of our alimentary canal, on the other hand, serve as intercessors between the food and the muscles. They increase and multiply in the bosom of the medium afforded by the former, as M. Bernard thinks, and, when glutted, pour their secretions into the blood, helping to make it a fit habitat for the muscle. If we could devise a means of supplying a loose mass of muscle in a vase with the same medium that bathes it in the organism, we might in all probability, by stimulating it occasionally to contract, keep it indefinitely alive. Who can say what it might not grow into? And the same is true of any other mass of elementary cells. Their intrinsic life has no essential connection with that of the organism, and could continue anywhere where their appropriate medium was supplied. In the organism it happens to *be* supplied by the workings of the co-ordinate cells, that

is all. It is no small service of M. Bernard's that he has put the expression *internal medium* into circulation. The *property* of an organic element, then, its own vital peculiarity, is quite distinct from the function it may perform in a given animal. The property is something intrinsic and fixed; the functions depend wholly on the anatomical relations that exist in the animal. It is evident, for instance, that if we were possessed of no bone-cells, our *functions* of locomotion would have to be very different from what they are. We should perhaps succeed in rolling or crawling through the world in a not wholly discreditable manner. But there is no reason for supposing that the manners of our individual muscle fibres, considered *per se*, need undergo any corresponding change. M. Vulpian says, that, having cut a piece out of a nerve of an animal, and placed it under the skin, he found it many months afterwards in a normal condition. Here the elementary life continues while the usual function is wholly abolished.

The study of those facts of elementary life, which may be summed up under the name of nutrition and denutrition (for Bernard thinks that cell development and nutrition are indistinguishable), forms then the fundamental and more peculiar task of the physiologist. All special problems of function are consecutive, and presuppose these elementary relations as their ground of manifestation. They are in a measure anatomical and zoölogical problems, — of immense difficulty and practical importance no doubt, too, — but whose logical order is after the organotrophic problems.

These hints will give the reader a superficial idea of the programme which M. Bernard sets forth for his favorite science. And consistently with his belief in its ultimately practical character, he closes his Report with an earnest plea for the public endowment of laboratories with apparatus for the study of living animals. He relates the discouragements and difficulties which he had to suffer at the beginning of his experimental career, — difficulties under which other men less enthusiastic (Dumas, the chemist, for example) succumbed, and turned to other branches of research. He ascribes the ascendency of Germany in physiology at the present day to the existence there of those numerous and noble university laboratories, where students can learn so thoroughly the technical part of their pursuit. Certainly if physiology *is* to become some day the light in which medicine is to work, the demand is not immodest, and no other infant branch of learning is, even in a merely economical point of view, so well worth fostering; while, on the other hand, no science needs to have more abundant means at its disposal to secure its steps. Experiments must be repeated and controlled with a patience which would drive a chemist, for example, to

despair, in order to eliminate the variations caused by the immense number of unknown conditions that accompany each given case.

We must not, however, forget that the brilliant accomplishments M. Bernard hopes for are in the very dimmest future. In fact, it seems almost a sort of self-mockery to speak of them as our aim, while we stand as utterly ignorant as we do now. It is safe to say that the first step has not yet been made on the path which is to lead to the discovery of the laws of cell nutrition. The little we know of the effect of poisons on different tissues, the few experiments that have been made, chiefly in France, on the transplantation of tissues, and other scattered observations, are but random gropings after its entrance. So that an uncharitable person has fine scope for his sarcastic vein in presence of the pretensions of the bantling, which, before it is wholly cut loose from the dependence in which it has hitherto lived on zoölogy, anatomy, and medicine, begins to feel the breath of independent life in its nostrils, and, before it can even toddle, rejoices as a strong man about to run a race.

In fact, there is coming into existence, in the ranks of the medical profession, a decided impatience with the mass of so-called science, which is intruding and encroaching upon medical education in an ever-increasing degree. Dr. O. W. Holmes lately gave expression to it in an Introductory Lecture,* in which practical good sense vies with perfection of style and brilliancy of illustration. The amount of baggage which a doctor is now expected to carry in his head is growing too great for the unaided brain. The use of the ever-increasing number of *-scopes* and *-graphs* and *-meters* for diagnosis is alone more than any one man is adequate to; and when we think of the facts he must remember besides, to be considered "scientific," we grow fairly dizzy. It must be granted that by far the greater part of the matter recorded in physiological treatises has as yet found no application; for instance, the "laws" of nerve and muscle electricity, which Physiology wears among her brightest gems, have not, to our knowledge, furnished a single hint even towards electro-therapeutics. Dr. Holmes says: "We must not expect too much from 'science' as distinguished from common experience. There are ten thousand experimenters without special apparatus, for every one in the laboratory. Accident is the great chemist and toxicologist. Battle is the great vivisector. Hunger has instituted researches on food, such as no Liebig nor any Academic Commission has ever recorded. . . . . Medicine appropriates from every source. . . . . 'Science' is one of her benefactors, but only one out of many." But although this be quite true as matters at present

* Boston: David Clapp & Son. 1867.

stand, nothing could be more absurd than to set up any distinction of *principle* between science and common experience, or pretend that the objects of the former were by a fault of their nature too refined and impalpable to be turned to every-day account. What we call "science" differs from ordinary knowledge only in being more elementary and exact. Ordinary experience teaches us, for instance, that, if a man breathes the fumes of burning charcoal, his life is endangered. But the knowledge, though useful, is of the vaguest sort. It gives us only the final and apparent result of an immensely complicated series of processes. A chemist might in like manner say to an ignorant person left alone in his laboratory: "If you mix together all those substances you see in the bottles and jars, you will be in danger of making a very great frothing over, and perhaps a bad smell." The proposition would be a useful warning, but would possess no high degree of scientific dignity. But when the physiologist looks more closely into the fact of coal-gas poisoning, and discovers that it is due to the oxide of carbon in the gas, forming a combination with the red blood corpuscles, which is stable and prevents the corpuscles from absorbing oxygen in the lungs, he is not only put upon the track of a mode of recovering the patient (transfusion of blood), but a new stand-point is afforded him for the intelligence of many other phenomena.

We should not think slightingly of the enthusiasm of men like Bernard. Practical men found out long ago that it is, on the whole, a shrewd thing to encourage chemists and physicists in their at first sight most barren and merely curious speculations. And if at times they appear less tolerant of the manners of medical "scientists," and think the airs of superiority they assume are quite unwarranted by their performances, it can only be that the pretensions of the latter are premature and not that they are false. The absurdity they may contain is not that of the frog trying to look like an ox, but rather that of the embryo alligator furiously snapping its harmless jaws, while yet enclosed by the egg-shell. The science of organic life has no qualitative inferiority to that of inorganic life: it is only far behind it in development. It is still embryonic, — the matter with which it deals is so endlessly complicated, that the end of the thread which is to guide the physiologist through its labyrinthine turnings has not yet come into his hand.

We quite agree that it is a misfortune for a medical man to be born at this period of chaos and transition, to live in an age half-way between the comparative clearness of ignorance and the transparency of true wisdom, in waters, as it were, which are just beginning to precipitate their contents. The movements of Medical Science are but random

gropings now. She turns her material and re-turns it, and overhauls it in every direction, that by new accidental combinations some better order may emerge. And she expects all her followers, more or less, to help in the process. This state of things will probably last a good while yet, and may have to get worse before it gets better. Practitioners and students will still be impelled to learn a mass of scattered and unapplied matter, merely from a vague hope that it *may* at some unforeseen moment prove of practical account. But there will be a continual process of "settling" all the while too. *Applied physiology* will tend to increase at a more and more rapid rate; and finally will form, like applied chemistry, a body of knowledge having a certain roundness of its own. Within its bounds the medical man may disport himself at greater ease than he does at present over the larger and more uncertain field of the undifferentiated lore; while the physiologist *pure* will be a wholly independent character, and reign undisturbed in his peculiar heights. Perhaps when the millennium arrives, the practical physician will be able to use his formulas without needing to know any more of the "science" of physiology than the navigator now knows of the way the tables he uses were constructed, or the manufacturing chemist of types, substitutions, or compound radicals. At present, if he have any ambition, he must start with an education which (whether literary or not) must be as thoroughly physical as that of the engineer and miner, and then economize his faculties of acquisition as well as he is able.

To conclude, it is interesting to find two men starting from such different points as Dr. Holmes and Professor Bernard come to so similar a conclusion, namely, that scientific medicine and practical medicine must be allowed, as rapidly as possible, to become materially independent of each other.

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8. — *Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine.* By Count de Falloux of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 369.

This book is a translation of the first volume of a work published some six years ago under the title of *Madame Swetchine: sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* The work attracted great attention, and was followed by the publication of Mme. Swetchine's letters and literary fragments to the number of six volumes. The account of the author's life, which introduced this immense mass of literary matter, is particularly well written, and has been judged worthy of being laid

before American readers. How American readers will like it we are at loss to conjecture; but we cannot help thinking that Mme. Swetchine's history will lose much of its charm and its interest in being transplanted into the alien atmosphere of the English tongue. Mme. Swetchine was the centre of a *coterie* narrowly limited in its extent and its influence, and generated by a form of society of which no likeness exists in America. This is so true, that, even in reading her biography and her letters in the original French, an American is acutely sensible of the remoteness of the ideas and the character which they present to his mind, and of the existence of an impassable barrier between the possibilities of American life and the charms and perfections of Mme. Swetchine's circle. In their English dress these things wear a very grotesque and anomalous look. If he wishes, therefore, to get the best possible notion of Mme. Swetchine, we advise the reader to have recourse to the French publications, and, if he cannot read French, not to meddle with her until he has acquired the language. Detract from this remarkable woman her *specific* element, — her French culture, her French style, and the various delicate associations which it invokes, — and you take from her what is by far best worth knowing. There can be no greater mistake in taste, in our opinion, than to claim for her virtues a general value, and for her example a general application. To do so, indeed, is to prove that one has studied her life to but little purpose. "If every bigoted disliker of the Roman Catholic Church," writes Mr. Alger, in his Preface, "could read this book, and, as a consequence, have his prejudices lessened, his sympathies enlarged, the result, so far from being deprecated, should be warmly welcomed." Such a result, assuredly, would have been welcomed neither by Mme. Swetchine nor by her associates. To enlarge peoples' sympathies was no part of her desire nor of her mission. If one were a good Catholic, one had always sympathies enough. What Mme. Swetchine would have welcomed would have been an exchange of the reader's actual sympathies for those which she herself indulged; but the indefinite extension of the moral and intellectual horizon indicated in Mr. Alger's words finds no place in her programme.

In spite of her having contributed half a dozen volumes octavo to French literature, and spent the greater part of her life in Paris, Mme. Swetchine was a Russian by birth and descent. Prolonged as her life was into the second half of the present century, the reader needs to remind himself that it began in the full tide of the old European society. She was born at Moscow in 1782, of the union of two distinguished families. Her father, M. Soymonof, being summoned to St. Petersburg while she was still a child, to occupy an important position at

court, she was brought up in the best society and with every material advantage. In her sixteenth year she was appointed maid of honor to the Empress Mary, second wife of the Emperor Paul, son and successor of the great Catherine, and grandfather of the Emperor Nicholas. In her seventeenth year a marriage was arranged for her with General Swetchine, an officer of merit, but her senior by twenty-five years, he having reached the age of forty-two. To this arrangement Mlle. Soymonof accommodated herself with that perfect submissiveness to her constituted directors which was to be one of her main characteristics through life, and which, accompanied as it was by a perfect intelligence of the case in point, was to form in her career an element of no small strength. Mme. Swetchine was one of those firm and exquisitely tempered natures which can afford to bend; there was no fear of her breaking. Her marriage, in fact, was a happy one. With few sympathies in common, M. and Mme. Swetchine maintained, during a long succession of years, an implicit regard for each other's pursuits and convictions.

M. de Falloux gives an excellent picture of the complexion of the society about the Russian court during the first ten years of the century. The capital was largely frequented by French exiles, members of the French nobility, for whom there was no place under the *régime* of Napoleon. M. de Falloux is a charming writer, but he is a conservative, and he looks back with tender glances upon the persons and things of the French Monarchy. It is very possible, therefore, that he flings a rosy mantle over the dignity of this little circle of aristocratic fugitives. The group, however, certainly contained one important figure, — the illustrious Count Joseph de Maistre, Ambassador of the King of Sardinia, and the most impassioned and resolute of the defenders of religious ultramontanism. Accredited by a poverty-stricken court, and from a kingdom barely sure from day to day of its existence, without resources of his own, separated from his family, and oppressed by the influence of a climate as rigorous as that of his own country was mild, the Count de Maistre prolonged his stay in St. Petersburg through a hundred grievous embarrassments, with the constant purpose of keeping warm, on behalf of the national existence of his own countrymen, the animosity of the Russian government against Napoleon, and with such assistance and comfort as he derived from his studies and his religious convictions. He formed an intimate acquaintance with Mme. Swetchine, and repaid by an almost paternal tenderness and a sincere regard and esteem the admiration which she yielded to his distinguished gifts and character. To the end of her days, Mme. Swetchine kept apart in her memory a place for his image, and looked

upon him as the author of much of that which eventually grew to be her great happiness.

The origin of a great movement is, of its whole history, the point most difficult to determine. Mme. Swetchine's conversion to Romanism fairly deserves, in a psychological sense, the name of a great movement; but its rise and growth can have been intimately known only to herself. Mme. Swetchine was nothing of an egotist; it was not her practice to descant to her friends upon the secret and exquisite process of her religious development. It is in her letters to Mlle. de Stourdza, a cherished friend attached to the person of the wife of the Emperor Alexander, that her doubts begin to betray themselves. One feels at least that her genius is beginning to expand; that religion is daily becoming a more imperious necessity in her life; and that although, as she says, from the age of nineteen (she is now thirty), when she threw herself into the arms of God, she has practised the most implicit and most fervent piety, she is at present prepared to bring to the subject the light of her ripened faculties, and the ardor of a soul which has fathomed the depth of worldly pleasures.

In the month of June, 1815, while all Europe was thrilling with the *dénouement* of the great Napoleonic drama, Mme. Swetchine took a step at once deeply significant of the intensity of her religious preoccupations, and prophetic of the position which she was from that moment forward to fill, — far aloft on the lonely heights of contemplation and remote from the surging, eddying current of the age, and the turmoil of our actual interests and tendencies. She had resolved upon a firm and patient effort to conjure faith out of her doubts, and to solve the problem of the relative merits of the Greek and Latin churches. She had determined not to content herself with data received at second-hand, but to examine personally the most minute existing evidence and the highest authorities. She obtained the use of a country-house near St. Petersburg, belonging to one of her friends, and thither she transported herself, with her books and her adopted daughter, Mlle. de Staëline, for all society. Her venture was of course criticised by such of her friends as were admitted to her confidence, and among others by the Count de Maistre, who would have had her take the matter more easily, and await the visitation of the Supreme truth, rather than embark on so arduous a journey in pursuit of it. He urged upon his young friend's consciousness the immensity of her enterprise in an intellectual sense, and its sterile and unprofitable character so far as moral and spiritual effects were concerned, and drew up a terrible map of the ground she would have to traverse, with all the Fathers and historians and Church records in the centre, and the Greek and Latin tongues at

either end. "He supposed himself," says M. de Falloux, "to be uttering a defiance. He was but tracing a programme which was followed in detail." Mme. Swetchine listened, bent her head, smiled discreetly, and applied herself to her work. The amount of labor which she achieved during the ensuing summer is something truly remarkable. She had accurately measured her own powers; she felt that she had a strong head. She had, indeed, never been afraid of study. An immense collection of note-books, extracts, and memoranda of her early reading remains, to bear witness both to its serious character and its great extent. So in reading, writing, thinking, and praying she passed these weeks which were to remain the eventful weeks of her life, and to set the seal on the rest of her career. Later, Mme. Swetchine used to speak with enthusiasm of occasionally "plunging into a bath of metaphysics." It was during this memorable summer that she made good her right to speak with authority, both of the pleasures and pains of hard and continuous thought. How likely this course of study may have been thought beforehand to contain the germ of its actual results, we are not in a position to say. All we know with certainty is, that Mme. Swetchine came out from her retirement with a conviction of the validity of the claims of the Romish Church, of the force of the historical evidence of its divine establishment, and of its adherence to the sacred principles of its foundation, which she never afterwards allowed to be shaken. Not only in the present, but in the past and in the future, the Catholic Church was for Mme. Swetchine the sole reality — the omnipotent fact — in history. We may differ from her conclusions, but we are obliged to admit that they are indeed conclusions, and that they were purchased at the expense of her dearest treasure, — the essential energies of her mind and heart. Mme. Swetchine had staked her happiness upon the truth which she finally embraced. It is not uncommon for people to die for their faith: Mme. Swetchine lived emphatically for hers.

We have not the space to trace in detail the remainder of Mme. Swetchine's history. We will rapidly indicate its chief incidents. With her conversion and her consequent removal to Paris her life may be said really to begin; but it becomes at the same time so uniform in its character, and so monotonous in its expression, that it offers but a limited field for narration. Before her final settlement in the French capital, Mme. Swetchine made a journey to Italy, and subsequently two journeys to Russia: otherwise her time was spent, from the day of her arrival to that of her death, in her residence in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the discharge of her innumerable religious duties, in the practice of "good works," and above all in the maintenance of her *salon*.

It was through her *salon*, during her lifetime, that her influence was chiefly exerted; she made no claims to literary distinction, and, although she was forever writing, she never published. Her social influence was of course gradually achieved. M. de Falloux gives a singularly perfect and graphic account of it, as it existed from 1820 to 1840. His narrative is of course that of an *habitué*, one of the initiated, one who was in a manner under the pledge and under the charm; but it may be cordially recommended to the reader on the condition that he will afterwards read the two articles of M. Sainte-Beuve, where he will find the subtile spirit of profane criticism carried into the very heart of the sanctuary, and twitching the consecrated garments of the priestess. M. Sainte-Beuve is doubtless the least bit malicious; but M. de Falloux is the least bit superstitious, and the two faults balance each other.

During these twenty years of active influence, Mme. Swetchine's life was one of real labor. Hard work seems to have been the great necessity of her being. She rose early, went to mass, visited certain of her poor, and was at home again by eight o'clock. From this hour to three she ostensibly shut herself up in her study, and applied herself to her books and papers; but we are assured that the importunity of her friends and pensioners was so great that these precious hours were constantly invaded. From three to six she threw open her *salon* to the first of her two categories of visitors. At six she dined. At nine she again received her friends, until the small hours of the night. Such was her daily programme, — diversified by frequent visits to the chapel, which, by special permission, she had established in an apartment adjoining her drawing-room. The relations between the chapel and the drawing-room were frequent and intimate, and we receive the impression of a constant gliding to and fro between the two apartments.

The reader will see to how large a degree Mme. Swetchine had simplified her life. She had eliminated the profane element, or at least reduced it to a narrow marginal relation to the great central object. Her originality, and her great merit, to our mind, is, that thoroughly attached as she was to the world to come, she maintained on its behalf the dignity of our actual life. It is difficult to say whether she had more of imagination or of tact, more of intellectual passion or of self-control. Her soul was the soul of an ardent devotee, — her reason was equally strong and subtile, — her mind was that of a woman of the world. Her religious conceptions are of the exquisitely transcendental sort; and one feels that, if she had surrendered herself to her imagination, she would have drifted into exalted asceticism and into a passionate indifference to a worldly equilibrium. Some of her letters reveal that heavy perfume of mysticism, that intensity of contemplation, in which one detects

the fatal insanity of piety. But Mme. Swetchine was, after all, herself, and the juxtaposition of her chapel and her drawing-room symbolizes very well the constitution of her mind. She had practically reconciled the two spheres of our thought, — the natural and the supernatural, — and she made them play into each other's hands. She was a most efficient link between the Church and the world.

Of her literary character there is not a great deal to be said. She writes well, often with eloquence, and always with subtilty and neatness; but the general public need feel under no obligation to assist M. de Falloux and her friends in making her an author in spite of herself. Of the many volumes from her pen which have been given to the world, the first alone (her letters with M. de Falloux's connecting narrative) will repay the perusal of any but the really curious reader. Women of grosser spiritual texture and of a life less harmoniously balanced have written much better. Mme. Swetchine will linger in the memory chiefly as a person of an exquisite temper and of rich moral endowments. She will serve as an example of the large capacities of this poor human nature which she wished to hide from sight in the divine.

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9. — *Tenth Annual Report of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the Year ending June* 30, 1867. Washington, D. C. 1867. pp. 58.

The particular value of this Report over those which have preceded it from the Government School for Deaf Mutes in Washington is due to the account which it contains of the European schools of the same class. Mr. Edward Gallaudet, a son of the founder of the first permanent deaf-mute school in America, is the President of the Columbia Institution, and has visited during the past year upwards of forty of the European schools, including the oldest and best known establishments in all parts of Europe, for the especial purpose of learning by actual inspection what place is assigned to articulation in the method of teaching there. As the general result of this inspection, Mr. Gallaudet says :—

"In the somewhat extended examinations of the leading deaf-mute schools of Europe, no one point has produced a deeper impression upon my mind than the extent to which the teaching of articulation has been introduced into localities where it was formerly denied admission. The institutions of France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, originally pursuing the natural method" (meaning the method of signs), "now cultivate articulation vigorously and effectively." — p. 50.

This statement is made with little or no reference to the schools of England and Ireland, some of which employ articulation as a means of instruction, but which do not seem to have participated in the general improvement of methods of instruction noticed in the Continental schools. Descending to particulars in regard to the latter, we learn that the Imperial Institutions of France (at Paris and Bordeaux) have not only adopted the teaching of articulation, but have made good progress in it. Mr. Gallaudet saw at Paris the exercises of a large class of articulating pupils under Professor Vaisse, who in this country is exclusively known as a teacher of the sign language, but who seems to have taken up the other method with some enthusiasm, though not to the exclusion of signs, by any means. In the Paris Institution, says Mr. Gallaudet, —

"Instruction in artificial speech is now given at stated hours daily by a majority of the instructors in the Institution. All new pupils are required to engage in these oral exercises for a sufficient time to determine the degree of success they are likely to achieve. After a trial of two years, further effort ceases with those who fail to attain to a certain standard of fluency, but with the remainder articulation is made a regular pursuit during the entire term of study. . . . . I cannot better give you an idea of the thoroughness and success attending the teaching of articulation in this Institution than by detailing what I witnessed in a class of thirty boys, taught by Professor Vaisse himself.

"Standing before them with his hands folded behind his back, relying wholly on his vocal organs as a means of communicating what he wished to say to his pupils, he repeated slowly and distinctly sentences of moderate length. Single pupils were then required to come forward and write what had been spoken by the instructor. . . . . Every pupil of the class was called on to participate in this exercise. Some naturally showed greater quickness than others, but it was plainly evident that all had acquired the art of reading from the lips, and of oral speech, to a degree which would greatly facilitate their intercourse with hearing and speaking persons. The majority of these boys had once heard, but several were toto-congenitally deaf. With many of them I conversed orally and succeeded in making them comprehend me." — pp. 28, 29.

At the great Russian school in St. Petersburg a like change has been made within a few years, the language of signs being no longer exclusively used, but being combined with oral language in the instruction of nearly one half the pupils. Mr. Gallaudet says of this school : —

"In articulation I was accorded an opportunity of testing the vocal powers of more than sixty boys, beginning with the youngest pupil, and proceeding in regular order up to pupils of four and five years' standing. Of all these pupils there was not one who did not succeed in uttering articulate sounds, or who failed to imitate, more or less perfectly, the expressions given him by the director." — p. 40.

At Copenhagen a still closer combination of the two modes of teaching has been made, where formerly the sign language was exclusively employed. It seems that the Royal Institution of Denmark is now in charge of a teacher named Hansen, who is an enthusiast for articulation, although he uses principally the sign language in his school. But he consents to the transfer from his classes, to a private school of articulation taught by Mr. Keller, of such pupils as show a special capacity for acquiring oral language; and these two schools, formerly rivals, now emulate each other only in seeking to advance the instruction of the deaf-mute children of Denmark. The Report goes on to say:—

"All deaf mutes seeking the bounty of the government for their education go first to the Royal Institution. After remaining there about one month, a commission, consisting of the directors of both schools, with the Cabinet Secretary, under whose control all the state institutions of benevolence are placed, examine the mutes thus admitted to the Royal Institution, transferring all who are found to hear a little or speak a little, or who show any special facility in acquiring artificial speech, to Mr. Keller's school, authorizing the payment to him of the same amount per annum, per capita, as is allowed to the Royal Institution. All pupils not falling under the above-named conditions are retained in the Royal Institution. The relations between the directors of the two institutions are entirely friendly, and so far as I could judge, in both establishments, actual, effective labor was carried on for the benefit of the deaf and dumb." p. 42.

This combination of the two systems (though, perhaps, not in the proportions existing in the two Danish schools) is strongly favored by Mr. Gallaudet, who lays before the directors of his institution the following definite recommendations in regard to the primary education of the deaf and dumb:—

"1st. That instruction in artificial speech and lip reading be entered upon at as early a day as possible; that all pupils in our primary department be afforded opportunities of engaging in this, until it plainly appears that success is unlikely to crown their efforts; that with those who evince facility in oral exercises, instruction shall be continued during their entire residence in the institution. 2d. That in order to afford time for this new branch, ... the term of study in the primary department be extended to nine years, and the age of admission be fixed at eight years, instead of ten, as heretofore." p. 54.

It is manifest that the tendency of deaf-mute instruction in the United States is towards the method here recommended, while, in some particulars, we are going still further. The age of admission for pupils in New York is at present only six years, and in the Massachusetts school at Northampton (The Clarke Institution), it is fixed at five years. In this school, too, as well as in an English-speaking German

school in the city of New York, articulation is at present the exclusive method of teaching. In several of the larger American schools the attempt will be made to combine the use of oral language with that of signs, to a much greater extent than has hitherto been done. At the New York Institution this experiment has already begun, and there is a good prospect for introducing it even at Hartford.

In directing attention, as we did a year ago, to the history and success of the method of articulation, we desired chiefly to see justice done to a branch of deaf-mute instruction much neglected in America. We did not suppose that the sign language could be dispensed with, but hoped that its use could be brought within the proper limits. Among the influences which have operated during the past twelve months to bring about this desired result, the tour of Mr. Gallaudet, and this Report, in which it is described, have been as important as any. The position and the well-known predilections of this gentleman, his candor and abilities, and the zeal with which he pursued inquiries that resulted so differently from what he probably expected, all combine to give weight to what he has written. His Report cannot be considered as exhausting the subject; indeed, it does little more than furnish notes for a more extended investigation; but, so far as it goes, it deserves warm praise. The combined method of instruction which it advocates, when fully developed by long and impartial trial, we have no doubt will be found the best for the children who are to be taught. Further experience will probably convince Mr. Gallaudet that oral language has a greater value than even he assigns to it; while those who denounce the sign language will learn that it has its uses as well as its abuses, and that it cannot be dispensed with in the education of a large proportion of deaf-mutes.

It may be observed, in passing, that most of the Reports of deaf-mute schools in the United States for the past year discuss this question, and that the First Report of the Clarke Institution (annexed to the Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education) gives an interesting history of that establishment.

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10. — *A Grammar of the English Language.* By Samuel S. Greene, A. M. Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co. 1867.

Though there has been a great advance in philological learning during the present century, our grammars still follow in the beaten track of Lindley Murray, differing only in the mode of treating the subject, and perhaps in accuracy and fulness of detail. They are only different patterns out of the same material, seeking, through some

mechanical device, to suit the taste for variety. They give us none of the results of modern inquiry into the nature and origin of speech, nor even into the specialties of our English tongue, but the subject is presented in a series of arbitrary rules based in great part merely upon the concurrent practice of well-informed speakers. Upon that which constitutes the real structure of the language they enter but slightly, if at all. The grammar of Professor Greene may be taken as a partial exception to this statement. Though his stand-point is the same as that of older grammarians, yet he has given us some of the results of philological research, so far as they bear upon the English language. He might have drawn more largely, indeed, from this source, but his aim has been to prepare a practical grammar which should comprise, within moderate limits, the ordinary rules of the language, and in this he has eminently succeeded. He has adopted the extreme analytical method in treating the subject, which to many teachers will prove a strong recommendation of the work.

Some of his statements, however, strike us as exceptionable. For instance, when he calls *out of*, *instead of*, &c., "*complex prepositions*." In another place he defines "complex" as resulting from the union of dissimilar elements, which is not the case here. They are strictly *compound* prepositions, and form one variety of the improper preposition. Again (p. 156), *but* is called an adversative conjunction, "which simply shows opposition without emphasis." But all adversative clauses are rendered more or less emphatic from the opposition, or contrast, which they denote to the preceding clause, and, coming last, they receive the greater intonation. The emphasis arises from the very nature of the adversative clause. *Still*, *yet*, &c., have a concessive as well as antithetic force, and are often joined to *but*, to increase the emphasis. On page 143, it is not an adequate explanation to say that *methinks* and *methought*, &c., may be regarded as impersonal or unipersonal (?) verbs, and equivalent to "I think," &c. This last remark will be likely to mislead the learner. The verb in "I think" is not the same as in *methinks*. The latter comes from the Anglo-Saxon THINCAN — *seem*, and *me* is in the dative case. The meaning therefore is *to me it seems* (*mihi videtur*). The anomaly deserves notice, because it is a rare instance of an Anglo-Saxon construction continued in English, notwithstanding the irregularity of the form. Further, the present tense, we are told, is used first to "denote an action as in itself complete at the precise moment of speaking." Ex.: "I see it," "I feel the heat." But we could not say "I see the man," unless we *were* seeing him "at the precise moment of speaking," so that "I am seeing" is implied in "I see," only the former makes prominent the

continuance of the act, while the latter does not; and this is precisely the difference between them. If, however, "complete" be taken in the sense of *entire, full*, and as referring to the act of seeing, this act is just as complete and full in "I am seeing" as in "I see." Again, the perfect tense, in its secondary use, "denotes an action as completed, but continuing in its effects till the time of speaking." Ex.: "Jupiter has revolved around the sun for ages." Here a meaning is given to the tense which is derived from the supplementary object of time, since the tense itself has the same force in "he has been here *but a short time*," as in "he *has been* here, but has now left." The author seems to have in mind a well-known use of the Greek and Latin perfect where we employ the present; as, "the house is built," an idiomatic use of the present which should be pointed out. The author seems very fond of a definition, as when he tells us, "The emphatic form represents the act with emphasis" (how could it do otherwise?) and occasionally treats us to a novel statement, as, "The passive voice enables us to conceal the agent," by which he means that the passive voice does not require that the agent should be formally expressed.

The author's system for the analysis of sentences we have not space to notice. In the classification and nomenclature of compound propositions, he has drawn largely from Becker, but differs materially from him in the analysis of the simple proposition. This is more important as the compound proposition is formed by the combination of simple ones. He differs also from him in not commencing with the analysis of the proposition, and considering all the parts of speech from their relation to it. We propose to give a brief statement of the Beckerian system, that readers who are interested in the subject may observe its simplicity, and also how distinctly it reveals the real framework of the language.

1. The proposition is taken as the grand unit in language, and all separate words, or combinations of words, as only parts of this greater whole. Even the grammatical relations between the words have reference, and are subordinate, to this higher relation, which binds the whole into a single thought or sentence. Separate words and phrases, taken by themselves, are only fractional and unrelated parts; but thrown into the form of a proposition, they assume an organic relation and constitute speech. And since all speech is made up of this fundamental unit in its different forms and combinations, its analysis furnishes us with a key to the whole organism of speech.

2. The words in language are divided according to their intellectual content into *notional words* and *relational words*, the former expressing ideas, and the latter only the relation of ideas. Of the first class, the

noun and verb are the most important, since they denote objects or existences, and activities or states of being. These two classes of conceptions form the great antithesis in thought and language, as rest and motion is the great antithesis in nature. But nouns have qualities and verbs modes of action, and this gives rise to a second class of notional words, the adjective and adverb. In the sentence, "Large bodies move slowly," we have all the notional words in language. The rest are relational, including also many adverbs. Notional words are combined, either through inflection or by means of relational words, to express a combination of ideas, as "The king's palace," "The trees in the garden." Adjectives are joined to nouns to describe or individualize them more fully. In all such cases, however, the language must conform to the proper relations of the idea. We cannot say, "A tree of water," because no such relation can exist between these objects. Such combinations, moreover, are simple apprehensions of the mind. But when we assert that one idea belongs to another, as a quality of it or an activity which may be affirmed of it, a higher faculty is brought into use, namely, the *judgment*, and a judgment expressed in words is a *proposition*, — the grand unit indefinitely multiplied in the structure of speech. It is formed by the combination of the verb and noun.

I. Omitting the imperfect proposition (which consists in a mere predication without a logical subject, as "it rains," "pluit"), the simple proposition consists of two essential factors, a subject and predicate. The union of these is called the PREDICATIVE COMBINATION, and is indicated by the agreement of the verb with its subject. This is the leading combination in language. The others are subordinate to it. The subject is always a noun, or some word used with the force of a noun. The predicate may be a verb, as "Man *dies*," an adjective, as "Man is *mortal*," a noun, as "John is a *physician*," a preposition and its case, as "The merchant *is in New York*," or an adverb, as "The fire is *out*." These are all the varieties of the predicate. The mode of the predication varies. It may be affirmative, negative, interrogative, conditional, or imperative.

II. The substantive idea may be enlarged or modified: 1. By an adjective; as, "the *good* man is loved." 2. By a noun in apposition; as, "Christ *the Saviour* died." 3. A noun in the genitive case; as, "*Cæsar's party* (or the party of Cæsar) was triumphant." 4. A preposition and its case; as, "a friend to the cause is needed," "the men in the city were slain." These are all the varieties. This expansion, or individualization of the subject, is called the *attributive combination.*

III. It is the nature of some verbs to express an action which re-

lates only to the subject; as, "The bird flies," and they are called *subjective.* Others express an action which is exerted upon an object, or done in reference to it, and are called *objective verbs.* All verbs may be included in these two classes. The various objects which follow the objective verb, and are necessary to its full predication, are called *complementary objects.* They are: 1. The *passive* object; as, "God created the *world.*" 2. The *dative*, with the passive object; as, "John gave the book *to Charles.*" 3. The genitive object; as, "He repents *of his folly.*" 4. The passive, with the *factitive* object; as, "They made him *king.*" Besides these objects, there are certain external relations, often denoted, which serve to individualize still further the action of the verb, or limit to a particular time, place, &c. These are called *supplementary objects*, and denote the *time*, *place*, *manner*, *cause*, and *coexistence.* These relations may be expressed by adverbs, but they are often expressed by a noun depending on a preposition, which is the exponent of the relation; as, "I heard a good sermon *in the church*, on Sunday" (*place* and *time*), "They received us *gladly*" (*manner*), "They died from *hunger*" (*cause*), "He said it *in my presence*" (*coexistence*). All verbs may take a supplementary object after them. Adjectives, also, like verbs, are *subjective* or *objective*, the latter taking after them complementary objects; as, "useful for food," "devoid of reason" (*genitive objective*).

Adjectives are followed by the supplementary objective; as, "ripe in autumn," "good by nature." These different objects, with the predicate, form the *objective combination.* These three combinations, the *predicative*, the *attributive*, and the *objective*, are all the combinations in language. The *attributive* belongs to the noun, and may be joined with it in any relation, and the *objective* belongs to the verb. To one of these three combinations every word in a sentence belongs. These are all the parts that enter into the structure of the simple proposition. Its limits are very sharply defined in language, since it must always contain a full predication, with all the external relations required in the case. It will be seen, also, that the use and grammatical relation of all the parts of speech may be learned from it, except the *relative pronoun*, and some varieties of the *conjunction.* All other sentences are formed from combinations of the simple sentence. Of these combinations we have two forms, *subordinate* and *co-ordinate.*

I. *Subordinate compound proposition.* A proposition may itself be the subject of thought, so as to form but a single or complex index in the mind, and hence may stand in the relation of any one of the notional words to the proposition, except to the verb itself. A proposition thus used may stand in the place of a noun; as, "*That God ex-*

ists, is true" (= God's existence), in either the nominative or objective case. It may take the place of an adjective, and form a part of the attributive combination; as, "Our Father, which art in heaven" (= heavenly Father), and is introduced by a relative pronoun (the proper use of this pronoun); or it may take the place of an adverb, and form one of the supplementary objects of the verb, to denote the *time*, *place*, *manner*, *cause*, &c. When standing in this relation of an adverb, the proposition is called *adverbial*. These are a very numerous class, and we can only briefly indicate them.

I. *Adverbial proposition of time.* 1. The action of the main clause is coincident with the action of the adverbial clause; as, "When Jesus heard this, he marvelled." 2. It precedes; as, "Before the sun rose, we departed." 3. It is subsequent; as, "After he was dead, his sons divided the inheritance." 4. It is continued till the time expressed by the adverbial clause; as, "Watch ye, till I come." 5. Indefinite frequency; as, "Whenever he saw a subject in want, he always relieved him."

2. *Adverbial proposition of place.* They denote *where*, *whither*, and *whence;* as, "I reap where I sowed not," "Whither I go, ye cannot come," "Return whence ye came." They sometimes form substantive or adjective clauses; as, "I know not *where he is*," "I saw the place *where they laid him*" (adj.).

3. *Adverbial proposition of manner.* These denote the manner: 1. By comparison; as, "He speaks *as he thinks*." 2. By stating the effect; as, "He speaks *so that he is not understood*." 3. Intensity in equal degrees; as, "This is as *good* as that is *bad*." 4. Inequality; as, "He is richer *than his brother*." 5. Relative comparison; as, "The *longer I knew him, the more I liked him*."

4. *Adverbial proposition of causality.* We have here the numerous and complicated relations of the *ground*, *consequence*, and *purpose:* 1. The real ground, or cause; 2. The moral ground, or motive; 3. The logical ground, or reason; 4. The possible ground, or condition; 5. The adversative ground, or conception; 6. The ultimate ground, or purpose. But as the *real*, *moral*, and *logical* grounds express simply the logical relations of thoughts, such propositions properly belong to the co-ordinate form, and they take the form of the subordinate proposition only in an abnormal way. But, in the *possible ground*, the actuality of the effect is conditional upon the actuality of the possible ground. This possible ground may be included in the simple proposition; as, "He will lay up money, with suitable economy" (= if he uses suitable economy). It properly belongs, therefore, to the class of adverbial propositions. The four forms of conditional propositions belong here: 1. Simple sup-

position; 2. A supposition which may be verified hereafter; 3. A supposition without regard to fact; 4. A supposition opposed to fact. There are some departures from these forms, which we have not space to notice.

5. *The adversative or concessive ground*, i. e. the ground for the non-actuality of the leading predication; as, "He lays up money, though his salary is small." This ground may be expressed in the simple proposition; as, "He lays up money, *notwithstanding his small salary.*"

6. *The ultimate ground, or purpose;* as, "I read that I may be instructed," = "I read *for instruction.*" "He changed his dress, in order that he might escape."

II. Of the compound co-ordinate proposition we have three varieties, namely, the *copulative*, *adversative*, and *causal:* 1. In the *copulative* variety the assertions are merely coupled together, as in the notation of separate quantities, with the sign of addition. Some logical relation must exist between them, but it is often very slight. We distinguish only the following forms: 1. When the propositions are of equal logical worth, but *unemphatic*, they are written with the usual connective; as, "The sun shines, and the air is warm." 2. When of equal logical worth, but *emphatic*, they are expressed without the conjunction; as, "Life is short," "Art is long." The omission of the connective necessitates a longer pause between the propositions, and adds emphasis. The same effect is produced by the use of ordinative particles, *first*, *secondly*, &c. 3. The propositions may be emphatic, but of unequal worth; as, "He has not only learned his lesson, but he understands it," thus forming a climax; "I have formed him; yea, I have made him." 4. Where the emphasis lies, not upon the assertions themselves, but upon their union; as, "He is both learned and wise."

2. *The adversative compound proposition.* 1. Antithetic, "He did not sail to England, but to France." 2. Restriction, "The house is convenient, but the garden is waste." 3. Disjunctive, "Either the world had a Creator, or it existed by chance."

3. *Causal compound proposition.* 1. Causal, "The flowers are frozen, for the night was cold." 2. Allative, "Time speeds, therefore seize the day." We have here also the real, moral, and logical cause. Conjunctions are the indices of the relation between propositions, and their use can be learned only in connection with the propositions which they unite.

III. *The intermediate proposition.* This is formed by the use of the participle and the infinitive. The participle has the force and rec-

tion of the verb without its predication. Whenever, therefore, two actions are so related to each other that the one is coincident with and merely describes the other, is preliminary to it, or denotes some attendant circumstance or condition of it, the verb so used may take the participial form, the predication being sufficiently expressed by the other verb. This occurs often, where the two verbs refer to the same subject; as, "He *answering* said" (intermediate between a simple proposition, and "he answered and said"), "He worshipped leaning on his staff." If the verbs refer to different subjects, then the preliminary or incidental *verb*, with its subject, are placed in the nominative absolute; as, "The enemy advancing, we retreated." The participial clause may denote the time, cause, manner, or condition, and hence can generally be resolved by a subordinate proposition. The participial construction is more rhetorical and elegant often, but less exact and philosophical. The substitution of the subordinate proposition for the participial clause is a change which is taking place in our language at the present time.

2. *The infinitive mood* is the *noun* form of the verb, and therefore may follow the construction of the noun. Thus, it is often the direct object of the verb; as, "I desire to learn" (= I desire learning); also the factitive object; as, "He made Israel to sin": or without the preposition, as, "He made him *do it.*" Its primary use is to denote the purpose or final cause; as, "What went ye out for *to see?*" It is often the complement of an adjective; as, "useful to read." In such cases it is properly a supine. When it has a subject before it, it may be resolved into a dependent clause; as, "I wish you to learn" (= "I wish that you may learn").

The period is the last and most complicated combination of speech, and at the same time the most artificial in its structure. It must be admitted, however, that in English we are still at sea as to what constitutes a period. Our grammarians pass the subject over in silence, and the dictionaries furnish us no adequate definition. According to Becker, the period consists of two members, or parts, related to each other *in the predicament of antithesis or causality.* As only two members can form a proper unity, the period must always be bimembral. But the members themselves may be compounded. These two members form a *protasis* and *apodosis* mutually dependent and related. This results from the antithetic and causal relation of the parts to each other. There is also a certain rhythmical or balanced form of the whole, which serves to indicate more fully the logical relation of the parts. The leading members are separated by longer pauses, and the other parts so arranged as not to disturb the unity and symmetry of

the whole. The *compound period* contains two or more protases and apodoses.

There remain to be considered the laws of *collocation*. The rule in English for the arrangement of words and sentences is the logical order of the thought. But there may be reasons for a departure from this to a certain extent. The disturbing causes are *emphasis*, *antithesis*, and *euphony*. The extent to which these forces interfere with the natural order of words and clauses is an interesting subject which we can only allude to here.

Our English grammars give us but a narrow and imperfect view of the real structure of the language. They are occupied chiefly with the discussion of the so-called parts of speech, and treat of them in their relation to one another, and not in their relation to the sentence. But the framework of the language does not lie in the parts of speech and their grammatical connection. In all this there is no *structure*, no complete whole. But when the parts of speech take the form of a proposition, we meet with a structure and an organism, and this organism becomes more extended and complicated in the various relations and dependencies of the simple proposition in its compound forms, and reaches its fullest expansion and greatest complication in the simple and compound periods. To speak the English language correctly is not simply to arrange the words according to their grammatical connection, but to construct with accuracy your propositions, and combine them in their compound forms according to the logical relations of the thoughts which they express, and in those modes which are recognized in the usage of the language. How to do this is the great question in any speech, for here you come at its real structure. The student who knows only the grammatical relation of words is without a key to the proper solution of this question. There is still before him a *terra incognita* in the higher constructions of the language, with which he can acquaint himself only by long practice and the careful study of the style of other men. And even if he succeeds in gaining a command of the language so as to express himself fully and accurately, still he may never be able to state intelligibly why he uses a particular mode of expression in preference to another. No matter how many languages a man may have studied, if he has observed only the grammatical relations of words, he is in the same dilemma in regard to the higher combinations of speech. And it is interesting to see the different results to which men attain, who are called to speak or write the language in a public way, with only this preparation to which we have referred. One, with a sound judgment and a correct taste, — to a great extent the endowments of his nature, — acquires a correct and forcible

style, in which all the relations of thought are fully and properly expressed. Another, gifted with less power of judgment, but with a fine taste and a sensitive ear to the mere harmony of language, sacrifices the logical connections of his thought to the rhythm and flow of his sentences; lulls you with the melody of his style, but fails to instruct the understanding. You call him illogical, but he is doing his best to speak the language in its perfection as he understands it. Another, fond of emphatic statement and of bold antithesis, especially of the great antithesis between the subjective and the objective and that implied in all moral qualities, throws his thoughts into an independent form, neglects the usual connectives and jointures of his sentences, and secures emphasis by the very irregularities of his style. Neither of the two men last mentioned, in truth, speaks the English language: they speak rather a dialect of their own selection. Again, there are those who speak the language with a certain correctness and force, but yet know little or nothing of the technicalities of grammar. They may commit an occasional inaccuracy in the use of a word, but in the arrangement and dependences of their sentences they follow the structure of the language. They do this simply because they think correctly, and accurate thinking guides them to an accurate expression. There are others who are versed in the ordinary rules of grammar, and apply them properly, of whom it cannot be said that they speak correctly. The structure of their sentences is involved and without logical coherence, simply because they are unacquainted with the higher functions of languages, and know not how to express the logical relations of their thoughts. Some never attain to this. There is always some unfortunate hitch between the thought and the expression, which prevents the proper communication of the former. Whatever relates to the structure and arrangement of propositions, their relations and dependences, falls appropriately within the province of the grammarian; for it is a part of the structure of the language. We wonder, also, that so little attention is paid to the philology of the language, which is quite as interesting to the English student as the Greek and Roman philologies, and more important. These are a few of the reasons which call for a reform in our works upon English grammar.

11. — 1. *Visible Speech: the Science of Universal Alphabetics; or, Self-interpreting Physiological Letters, for the Writing of all Languages in one Alphabet. Illustrated by Tables, Diagrams, and Examples.* By Alex. Melville Bell, F. E. I. S., F. R. S. S. A., Professor of Vocal Physiology, etc., etc. Inaugural Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1867. 4to. pp. 126, and 16 plates.

2. *English Visible Speech for the Million; for communicating the exact Pronunciation of the Language to Native or Foreign Learners, and for teaching Children and Illiterate Adults to read in a few Days.* By the same. 4to. pp. 16.

Of the many attempts at an exact physical analysis and description of the processes of articulate utterance, and their complete and consistent representation in an alphabet, no one has come before the English-speaking public with such pretensions as this. Its author, who appears to be an esteemed elocutionist and trainer of the voice in London, exhibits perfect confidence in it, and unbounded expectations of results to be accomplished by it. The degree of his faith is shown by the offer, — a liberal one, from his point of view, and creditable to his disinterestedness and patriotism, — made by him to the British government, to give up the advantage which he might expect to draw from its copyright, and present it freely to the nation, if the government, on its side, would bear the expense of the inaugural publication, and enable him for a time to act as public teacher of the system, thus introducing it more rapidly and thoroughly to general currency. The proposal was not accepted; red tape, if nothing else, was in the way; the Ministry declared itself to be in possession of no funds which were available for such a purpose. Mr. Bell details the course and end of the negotiation in his introductory chapter, confident that his readers will sigh with him over the narrowness of a policy which could suffer such an opportunity to pass unimproved. Still, we are too much used to the sight of inventors aggrieved by the stolid indifference of governments and communities to the transcendent merits of their pet devices, to be won over to Mr. Bell's side on his own showing alone. But he is strongly backed by supporters of high rank and unimpeachable character. More than one much-esteemed authority in phonetic science, inventors of alphabetic schemes which the new system comes to rival and supplant, have given it, with praiseworthy candor and liberality, their unqualified indorsement. Among these, our countryman, Professor Halderman, and Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, especially the latter, are conspicuous. Hardly any other English writer upon such themes, if any, has won so high a reputation as Mr. Ellis; and when he declares that,

having in view not only his own investigations, but also those of the principal Continental scholars, whom he names, he yet is obliged to say that he had no knowledge of alphabetics as a science until he was made acquainted with Mr. Bell's system, and that he unequivocally abandons his own in its favor, we see that it is at least deserving of the most careful examination. Mr. Bell further rests its merits upon the results of practical experiments undertaken with it, and described in his book by Mr. Ellis and other disinterested persons. They were conducted after the following fashion: A number of gentlemen — philologists, foreigners, men acquainted with strange tongues, or strange dialects of familiar tongues — were assembled at Mr. Bell's rooms, and dictated to him a series of specimens of languages unknown to him, — specimens made in part as idiomatic in character and difficult of reproduction as possible. These he wrote carefully down in his alphabet. His sons, who had had a few weeks' training in the use of the system, were now called in, and the records placed before them, and the young men read them off almost immediately, with the most surprising faithfulness, appearing to reproduce each articulation, tone, and peculiarity of utterance, precisely as it had been originally given. No other alphabet that was ever devised, so far as we know, could have stood such a test as this; none, in fact, has ever attempted so comprehensive a task. For there is nothing uttered by human organs which Mr. Bell does not claim to represent with equal fidelity. In the pages of his book we find the written equivalents, along with articulate sounds, of sighs, groans, sobs, coughs, sneezes, hiccoughs, laughs, chuckles, kisses, sneers, hems, and haws, &c.; nay, he even attempts an imitation of the noise of grinding, and of planing and sawing wood. At the same time, the means resorted to are simple and easily learned. Their peculiarity consists in their being throughout representatives of physical acts. Each sign, or element of a compound sign, indicates a position or act of the organs of utterance, and is founded upon an ingenious and natural symbolism. After a thorough preliminary study, therefore, the system of characters is self-interpreting; and it is sufficiently broad and extensible to be capable of depicting to the eye everything, or nearly everything, which the voice of man can utter to the ear. It is a universal alphabet, resting on a true and solid basis; it renders speech visible.

If all these claims are well founded, every one can see that Mr. Bell's alphabet ought to be made known as soon and as widely as possible; and whether they are so, is the question we propose to discuss here. Of course, in the space at our command, and without the type representing Mr. Bell's characters, we cannot, by any means, treat the

subject in all its parts and all its relations; but perhaps enough can be said to give our readers the means of forming a tolerably clear and correct opinion respecting it.

There are obviously three principal points, to which our inquiries must be directed: first, is Mr. Bell's physical analysis complete and accurate? second, is his system of written characters plain and convenient? and third, supposing both these questions to be answered in the affirmative, what is the practical value of the device, its sphere of profitable application? Without attempting to take up the points stated in systematic order, we will yet endeavor to keep them distinctly in view.

Our examination of our author's alphabet will best begin with the consonants, since they are the vastly easier part to be dealt with of the system of articulated sounds, their mode of production being, for the most part, within reach of our observation, when a little trained and practised, of our own organs of utterance.

The fundamental consonant symbol chosen by Mr. Bell is a curve, open on one side, — a C. This typifies an obstruction to the free passage of the breath, effected, within the oral cavity, by the approximation of the mouth organs, — of tongue and palate, or of lip and lip. In the position of a C, it signifies an approach of the back part of the tongue to the soft palate, such as produces the German sound of *ch* in *ach;* turned over, with the curve up, a like approach of a point on the forward surface of the tongue (Mr. Bell gives it the technical name of "front") to the neighboring hard palate, producing the German *ch* sound in *ich;* with the curve turned under, the near application of the point of the tongue behind the teeth; with the curve to the right, the approach of lip to lip. If the opening of the curve is closed by a straight line drawn across its ends, complete closure of the organs, forming a surd mute, is intimated; in the C-position, a *k;* in the ↄ-position, a *t;* in the ↄ-position, a *p*. These are made sonant, or connected respectively into *g*, *d*, *b*, by a line drawn from the middle of the curve within, toward its opening; such a line symbolizing here, as elsewhere, that position of the vocal chords in which sonant utterance is produced. Once more, the same characters are made nasal, signs for *ng*, *n*, *m*, by substituting, for the straight, closing line, a bent one, closing only at one end, to represent the uvula, whose pendency opens the channel from the mouth to the nostrils. Here are already sixteen letters of the new alphabet, in part standing for the sounds most common in all languages, of most distinct formation, and easiest systematic representation; no exception can be taken to them in any way. But the foundation-sign admits two further modifications, in connection with which certain weaknesses appear. In the first place, by indenting the consonantal curve at

its back (like a figure 3), Mr. Bell typifies a close contact of the organs along the middle line of closure, with passage left for the breath at the sides. Of sounds so formed, our *l* is the model, being produced, as every one has noticed, by an application of the tip of the tongue to the roof of the mouth, while the intonated breath finds exit on both sides of the contact; and with our author's designation of this sound, as well as of the palatal *l*, its next of kin, no fault can be found. When, however, we are asked to believe that our *th*-sounds (in *thin* and *then*), and our *f* and *v*, are of the same quality, — sounds of central closure and lateral opening, — and therefore to be written with analogous characters, we at once demur, and begin to suspect that our author is not incapable of being misled into wrongly apprehending and falsely describing the formation of spoken letters, by the facility of thus finding for them a ready place in his system. We are as sure as we can wish to be, that the quality claimed for these sounds in no wise belongs to them; nor has it been ascribed to them, so far as we are aware, by any previous authority. But Mr. Bell's signs for *th* involve, we think, another false element, which they share with the sibilant signs. By attaching, namely, recurved ends to his fundamental consonant character, he intimates a mixture with the main articulation of its opposite; and sounds of such mixed articulation, according to him, are our *s* and *sh*, the former produced mainly by the "front" of the tongue, but with aid from the tip; the latter, by the tip of the tongue, with aid from the front. Here, certainly, he is incontestably wrong; the essential character of these two sounds is due to a near approximation of the tongue to two points on the front palate; their difference, to the different situation of the two points, that for *s* being farther forward, it is comparatively a matter of indifference whether they be produced by the point or the front of the tongue; and when we form them, as we usually do, with the front, the point has nothing whatever do with them; we may envelop it, or push it away from its ordinary position, by artificial means, without at all affecting the character of the articulation.

This same character of "mixture," namely, of the front and point of the tongue, is attributed by Mr. Bell to the *th* sounds. In fact, his signs for *th* and *s* differ only by the curve of the former being "divided," or modified to show central closure. The real distinction between the two, however, is, that the *s* is produced just back of the teeth, at a point where a close contact, giving a *t*, is possible; while the *th* is the closest contact which can be formed between the tongue and the teeth themselves.

If there are any sounds in our spoken alphabet which ought to be distinctly recognized as "mixed," they are the *f*, *v*, and *th*, since these

bring into action the teeth, a set of organs which are not elsewhere directly active. Mr. Bell's system, however, provides no sign for such mixture as this. The *th*, accordingly, he treats as we have just seen; and, in his ordinary designation of *f* and *v*, he takes no notice of their being otherwise than purely labial.

There are other points in our author's scheme of consonants where we deem him not less wrong in theory and unsuccessful in designation, but we cannot dwell upon them. We have picked out the most palpable errors, — enough to show, as we think, that his alphabet, even upon this side, is open to serious objection; that it is not, as he claims, the complete and undistorted reflection to the eye of the physical processes of utterance, but does violence to nature, both by introducing symbols for unreal acts, and by omitting to symbolize others having a real existence and importance.

We come, then, with a decidedly unfavorable presumption against Mr. Bell's accuracy to the examination of what he has done for the infinitely more difficult theory of the vowels. Compared with the production of the consonants, that of the vowels is a mystery. Modern physicists, especially Helmholtz, have done a great deal of late toward the acoustic explanation of the vowels, toward showing why the one makes a different impression upon the ear from the other; but our understanding of how each receives its characteristic quality has not been correspondingly advanced. It is, to be sure, evident that the throat and mouth cavity, upward (if not downward also) from the vocal chords, form a kind of tube or pipe, whose variations in length, shape, dimension, impresses upon the outgoing current of air those differences of vibration which the sense apprehends as vowel tones. And some of the main parts of the differentiating action are within easy reach of our observation. Thus, in the series of vowels instanced in *bat*, *bet*, *bit*, *beet*, we perceive the gradual approach of the middle of the tongue to the roof of the mouth, as we do the gradual rounding of the lips in the series *cot*, *call*, *cole*, *could*, *cool*. Yet the latter series can be produced, in tolerable purity of tone, without the aid of the lips; nor do we fully know, in the one case or in the other, how far the action we observe is efficient, and how far indicative only. One authority tells us that the essential thing in each case is the different distance of the vocal chords from the lips; another assumes a pipe with an orifice shifting from point to point along the surface of the tongue; and so on; but the man who, skilful alike in physics and in physiology, possessed of a subtile power of observation upon the movements of his own organs, and armed with instruments and skill in using them, should be able to settle all these vexed questions, has not yet appeared. Mr. Bell, certainly, is not the man.

His vowel system has a general analogy with his consonant system. He assumes three fundamental positions of the tongue,—one with its back part, one with its front, one with both back and front, brought toward the palate; and three degrees of approach, "high," "mid," and "low," for each of the three positions, "front," "back," and "mixed." Each of these nine configurations he doubles, by applying to it the "rounding" action of the lips; each of these eighteen he doubles again, by claiming that two different sounds are given forth through any "configurative aperture," according as the condition of the tube or cavity behind it is "primary" or "wide," that is to say, left negative, or positively distended. Thus he obtains thirty-six vowel positions for as many vowels, and he claims that practically they are found sufficient, although, in the shape of certain diacritical modifiers to the three fundamental postures of the tongue and the three degrees of approach, he holds in reserve the means of increasing them, if desirable, to three hundred and twenty-four!

The means by which all this is intimated to the eye is very simple and ingenious. The fundamental vowel character is an I, symbolizing (as above noticed) the position of the vocal chords in sonant vibration. Subsidiary signs attached to this show the action of the tongue and lips. A transverse mark across the middle is the unvarying sign of labial modification. The marks of lingual approach are fastened on at the top and bottom; at the top for "high" approach, at the bottom for "low," at both top and bottom for "mid"; on the right for "front" position, on the left for "back," on both right and left for "mixed." All vowel signs are thus long and slender, all consonant ones broad and round; and it is intended that the former, in their ordinary lower-case forms, shall, like our *f* and *j*, rise above or fall below the line which the others occupy.

Notwithstanding the fulness and regularity of this scheme, and its unquestionable advantages as a mode of notation, we cannot but regard it as an essentially artificial one, not so much growing out of the facts as imposed upon them, ingeniously incorporating some of the obvious features of physical production, but far from involving that minute and accurate knowledge of details to which it makes pretence. Its weakest point, in our opinion, is its distinction of the "primary" and "wide" conditions of the organs, furnishing two different vowels, behind each "configurative aperture"; we cannot persuade ourselves that this is otherwise than purely imaginary, an arbitrary figment. As examples of vowels related to one another in the manner claimed (the first "primary," the second "wide"), he gives us *up* and *ask*, *eel* and *ill*, *pool* and *pull*, *ell* and *man*, *all* and *on;* all of which, however, we

regard as produced by positions of the organs differing notably from one another in the ordinary manner, or by changes of the configurative aperture itself. Another objectionable feature is the treatment of the labial modification as in itself of one and the same degree and value in all vowels, or as governed in respect to closeness by the degree of lingual approximation which it accompanies. This "rounding" effect, as our author terms it, does not depend, according to him, upon the lips alone, but involves a "rounding" of the buccal cavity also, and even of the lingual and faucal tube below, whence the possibility, already referred to, of producing it without the lips. Such a change in the form of the tube is to us quite unintelligible; and we are distinctly conscious, when the lips are released from service in forming an *o* or *oo*, of a decided compensating action at the base of the tongue. We are not satisfied with the defined relations, internal or external, of the group of vowels of "mixed" position (made by action both of front and back of tongue), variations, sometimes trivial or imaginary, of the "neutral" vowel, as it has been commonly styled, and we cannot consent to regard the open vowel *a* (in *far*) as "back low wide," that is, as involving retraction of the back of the tongue toward the palate, to low degree only, with expanded organs behind the aperture. Whatever removal of the tongue from the position of quiescence it implies is really in the direction of openness rather than of closure; this vowel is only negatively characterized; it is the natural utterance of the human throat when most expanded.

Without pretending, therefore, to understand otherwise than imperfectly the intricacies of vowel formation, we are yet confident that Mr. Bell's labors contribute nothing of importance to the general theory of vowels. The old pyramidal arrangement of them, with *a* (in *far*) at the apex, and *i* and *u* (in *pique* and *rule*) at the sides of the base, which he conceives himself to have outgrown and superseded, contains more and better truth than his trilinear scheme with its multiplications. His system affords no ground for a unitary arrangement of the alphabet, vowels and consonants together, in all their mutual relations as parts of a whole. His definitions of vowel and consonant are, taken by themselves, nearly unexceptionable. He says (pp. 12, 13): "In forming consonants, the breath or voice is stopped or squeezed, with an effect of percussion, sibilation, buzzing, or vibration, in some part, of the guttural or oral passage; and in forming vowels, the breath or voice flows through similar but more open and 'fixed' configurations, which merely shape or mould the breath, without impeding its emission,"— and to a like effect elsewhere, which is nearly equivalent to saying that the vowels are sounds of opener position, involving less

interference on the part of the mouth organs, than the consonants; that in the one class the element of material, of tone, predominates; in the other the element of form, of articulating action. But he leaves us to suppose that all vowels (that is to say, all "primary" vowels; though why they should be thought to differ in this respect from "wide" ones is not clear to us) are equally akin with consonants; while, in truth, *a* (in *far*) is at the furthest possible remove from them, while *i* and *u* (in *pique* and *rule*) are close upon them, being only infinitesimally and evanescently distinct from *y* and *w*. And he equally fails to apprehend clearly the great difference in the approach made by different classes of consonants to a vowel value. Hence he is unable to explain satisfactorily why and when certain consonants in English take on a vowel office (as *n* and *l* in *token* and *able*), and gives us such an account of the matter as would imply the possibility of turning the word *legs* into a trisyllable by simply dwelling a little upon the initial *l* and final *s* (*z*). As a further consequence, the nature and structure of the syllable are obscure to him, and, when he comes to the subject of syllabication, he has nothing better to give us as fundamental principle than the arbitrary *dictum* that "the natural action of the organs of speech is always from close to open, or from consonants to vowels." Considering that in all our actual speech we are constantly passing from open to close, as well as in the contrary direction, we may well ask what our author means by this. When we say *man* and *God*, is only the first part of each utterance natural? Are we guilty of unnatural conduct in pronouncing *up*, *end*, *arms*, or, yet worse, *strands*, in which we shift direction twice both before and after the vowel? What is "nature," then, and what do we go by when we have abandoned her?

There are other classes of signs, forming important complementary parts of the general system, to which we have not alluded, and which we cannot undertake to describe. Such are the "glides," vanishing sounds, transition steps between consonant and vowel, which do essential service in representing the niceties of pronunciation, either general or individual; and a long series of "definers," sparingly used in describing ordinary speech, but especially necessary in dealing with half-articulate or inarticulate utterances.

So far, then, as regards the first of our three leading points of inquiry, — the completeness and accuracy of the phonetic analysis represented by it, — we are not disposed to concede to Mr. Bell's alphabet any special merit; indeed, we do not see that he has notably advanced in a single particular or scientific comprehension of the processes of utterance. And inasmuch as upon this mainly depends the "science of alphabetics," we cannot but think that Mr. Ellis, in pronouncing it the

first realization of that science, greatly exaggerates its value, and does signal injustice to the other eminent men who have labored in the same department, — only he is saved from any complaint on their part by having included himself in the same unjust condemnation. Mr. Bell's deserts, such as they are, lie in the line of the art, rather than the science, of alphabetic notation.

To assert this is, of course, to deny to the system that absolute and unique value which it arrogates to itself, and to class it with other schemes of the same character, more or less elaborate and ingenious. It does not stand so alone as its author imagines, even as regards its fundamental principle, of indicating in each sign all the physical acts which produce the sound signified. The distinguished physiologist and phonetist, Dr. Brücke of Vienna, has worked out a similar "Method of Phonetic Transcription," * very different in aspect from Mr. Bell's, as was naturally to be expected; but essentially unlike it only in adopting a more arbitrary and less directly symbolical set of elementary signs, and in undertaking a less complete depiction of all the phenomena of utterance, articulate and inarticulate. In these respects, as well as in general clearness, legibility, and gratefulness to the eye, the English system seems to us to have the decided advantage of the German. As an instrumentality for rendering possible the exact reproduction of spoken speech, we presume that its equal has never been devised; perhaps its superior may never be devised. Mr. Bell's experience as a professed elocutionist and trainer of the voice has come admirably to his aid in the construction of his alphabet.

It may seem, at first glance, as if the acknowledged success of the experiments of reproduction tried with this alphabet proved the truth of the physical basis upon which it rests. But a moment's consideration will show that the case is otherwise. For practical use it makes no difference whether a certain sign represents an exact phonetic analysis of the sound it signifies, or whether it stands conventionally for that sound. Mr. Bell places before our eyes, we will say, a scratch on paper which directs us to approximate the back and front of the tongue together toward the palate to a medium degree, to open the organs behind the configurative aperture, and to apply a rounding effect. Now who in the world (in this world, where even the most practised phonologists are still disputing over the mode of production of vowel sounds) is going to give him the sound he expects? Not we, certainly; we will not even undertake to find by means of the description the precise American pronunciation of the vowel of *stone*, which he finally gives us

* To be found in the Proceedings of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, Vol. XLI. (1863), p. 223, *seq.*

as its original. Nor, we presume, would the young men whom he made use of in his experiments as readers have been more successful. If, however, he gives us the sound intended to be signified, we can reproduce that, at once or after sufficient practice; and we can so associate it with the sign as to utter it whenever the sign is shown us; and equally well, whether we do or do not make the attempt to find out for ourselves that the sign has a right to stand for the sound, or even whether, having made the attempt, we conclude that it has or that it has not that right. And if we have learned in this way thirty-six vowel sounds with their attributed signs, we may safely set up as accurate pronouncers, word by word and phrase by phrase, of nearly all human languages, so far as the vowel part of them is concerned.

In point of practical applicability, therefore (the ground of our second leading inquiry), the new alphabet is to a great extent independent of the physical analysis on which it professes to be founded. To a great extent, we say, but not wholly; for it is easier to accept for a sound a wholly conventional sign than one which tries to describe it, and describes it falsely. Yet even here there are degrees; while we might consent to use without scruple the prescribed character for the difficult vowel sound of *stone*, we could hardly prevail upon ourselves to write habitually for *th* a hieroglyph which asserted that both the front and point of the tongue are concerned in its production, and form a central closure with side emission. It is in such points as this that Mr. Bell's alphabet, with all its merits, seems imperatively to call for amendment before it shall be entitled to general acceptance and currency.

But even if amended into practical perfection, what is the degree and kind of currency which it can hope to gain? Here we think Mr. Bell commits his most serious error, exaggerating beyond measure the sphere of usefulness of his invention. He has worked over these matters so long, has studied so thoroughly the mechanism of the voice, has traced the action and effect of every organ so clearly, that now, when he has hit upon a sign which brings each articulation plainly before his mind, he thinks that it will do the same almost as readily for other minds. One of the unfortunate effects of this persuasion of his is to be seen in the form into which he has cast his published account of his alphabet, rendering it an exceedingly hard one to study, and doubtless driving away many a student who might otherwise have mastered the system, and been interested in its behalf. Instead of beginning with definition and illustration together, making each described position of the organs more readily apprehensible by noting the sound it yields, he fills the first two thirds of his volume with pure description and desig-

nation, and only then begins to introduce the equivalents in our alphabet of the sounds intended. Even those who are accustomed to phonetic analysis are perplexed by such a course, and compelled to begin the book after the middle, or else to draw out tables of corresponding signs in the old alphabet and the new, to help them read with intelligence and profit the opening chapters.

In accordance with this is Mr. Bell's conviction, that his analysis and alphabet, being now complete, every one hereafter is going to be able to read and pronounce everything with exactness. Thus, he says, for example (p. 116), after making the adaptation of his system to English speech: "Chiefly on account of these delicate and unascertained varieties of sound, the native pronunciation of English has been found excessively difficult for foreigners to master. It will no longer be so." For, all we want is to know what the thing to be done is, and how it is to be done, and we can do it. This is a little too sanguine. So all the motions required for executing a difficult feat in skating can be described; but woe to him who attempts to execute it from directions on paper, without due preparatory drill! Make a man a skilful skater, and he will do upon the ice what he is told to do; make him a phonologist, teach him to feel his organs of utterance at work, and to direct them in detail by conscious exertions of his will, and he will read, with success, from signs physically descriptive.

What our author fails to appreciate is, that a system like his is essentially a scientific nomenclature, like a chemical or zoölogical nomenclature. It does not teach the science; in learning it, one does not learn the science; it is worth a great deal to him who knows the science, but little to a layman; it may do not a little to clear up the relations of the science, and make its acquisition easier; yet, the science is the hard thing to learn, and the nomenclature only of secondary account. That the new alphabet is going to help all the classes for whom Mr. Bell destines it we do not venture to hope. That the illiterate man, for example, is to learn to read the sooner for having added to his task that of observing how each sound he utters is produced, seems quite unreasonable. To him the symbolical signs will be useful only as any strictly phonetic orthography is easier than an irregular one, like ours. To expect that the missionary, armed with it, is to master, without difficulty, and write down, with exactness, the strange dialects with which he comes in contact, is equally unreasonable. The task of distinctly apprehending their unaccustomed sounds, of reproducing these correctly, of detecting the motions which originate them, will be as severe as ever; and he who has accomplished it will find a far inferior difficulty in signifying them intelligibly. To the great mass of

readers there is, and can be, no advantage in a mode of writing, all whose signs are physically significant; they must learn and use it as conventional only. Our own alphabet, modified to phonetic consistency, would suit their purposes equally well, — nay, they even prefer it unmodified. Prove to a man as triumphantly as you will that *laugh* is an absurd orthography, and that it is much better to write *lāf*, yet he goes on to spell *laugh* as before, and it will not help the matter to give him a new set of signs to write *lāf* with. The fate of the various phonetic systems, probably, foreshadows that of Mr. Bell's. There was no good reason for his speaking disparagingly of the labors of men like Lepsius, who, accepting as a portentous fact the immense existing prejudice in favor of familiar signs, have endeavored to work out of these something approaching to a phonetic system, — with the partial aim, moreover, of transliterating strange modes of writing as well as of speaking. Probably, he has been, by this time, disappointed by the unenthusiastic reception his discovery has met, and the little attention it has attracted. He will have to learn to be content with addressing chiefly those interested in phonetic science, instead of the great public; with seeking the sympathy and criticism of his equals, instead of imposing his system under governmental authority, as something finished and immaculate, upon the community at large. Its claim to extraordinary support is not greater than that of any other new and improved scientific nomenclature; and the condemnation which its author expects to see passed upon the Derby Cabinet, for neglect of so grand an opportunity, will, we presume, be indefinitely suspended. In its own proper sphere, and especially with a clearer and more apprehensible method of presentation, it may be relied on to do much good, attracting toward and facilitating phonetic studies, and perhaps contributing a chief part to that system; not a theoretically perfect one, for the conditions of the case admit of none such, but a system more successfully compromised, more nicely adjusted, to the ascertained needs of the transcription of all languages than any other, which the future is to bring forth.

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12. — *The Earthly Paradise. A Poem.* By William Morris, Author of "The Life and Death of Jason." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868. 8vo. pp. 676.

Mr. Morris's last poem, "The Life and Death of Jason," proved him to possess so much intellectual energy, and so large a poetical capacity, that we are not surprised to find him, after only a year's interval, publishing a work equally considerable in size and merit. The author's

treatment of the legend of Jason, whatever may be thought of the success of his manner and of the wisdom of an attempt to revive an antiquated and artificial diction, certainly indicated a truly vigorous and elastic genius. It exhibited an imagination copious and varied, an inventive faculty of the most robust character, and the power to sustain a heavy burden without staggering or faltering. It had, at least, the easy and abundant flow which marks the effusions of genius, and it was plainly the work of a mind which takes a serious pleasure in large and formidable tasks. Very much such another task has Mr. Morris set himself in the volume before us. He has not, indeed, to observe that constant unity of tone to which he had pledged himself in telling the adventures of Jason, but he is obliged, as in his former work, to move all armed and equipped for brilliant feats, and to measure his strength as frequently and as lustily.

"The Earthly Paradise" is a series of tales in verse, founded, for the most part, on familiar legends and traditions in the Greek mythology. Each story is told with considerable fulness, so that by the time the last is finished the volume numbers nearly seven hundred pages, or about twenty thousand lines. Seven hundred pages of fantastic verse, in these days of clamorous intellectual duties, run a very fair chance of being, at best, somewhat neglectfully read, and to secure a deferential inspection they must carry their excuse in very obvious characters. The excuse of Mr. Morris's volume is simply its charm. We know not what force this charm may exert upon others, but under its influence we have read the book with unbroken delight and closed it with real regret, — a regret tempered only by the fact that the publishers announce a second series of kindred tales. Mr. Morris's book is frankly a work of entertainment. It deals in no degree with actualities, with worldly troubles and burdens and problems. You must forget these things to take it up. Forget them for a few moments, and it will remind you of fairer, sweeter, and lighter things, — things forgotten or grudgingly remembered, things that came to you in dreams and waking reveries, and odd idle moments stolen from the present. Every man, we fancy, has a latent tenderness for the past, a vague unwillingness to let it become extinct, an unavowed desire to preserve it as a pleasure-ground for the fancy. This desire, and his own peculiar delight in it, are very prettily suggested by the author in a short metrical Preface: —

> "The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
> That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
> These idle verses have no power to bear;
> So let me sing of names remembered,

Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day."

He tells us then the story of Atalanta's race, the tale of Perseus and Andromeda, the story of Cupid and Psyche, the story of Alcestis, and that of Pygmalion; and along with these as many quaint mediæval tales, equally full of picturesque beauty and of human meaning. In what better company could we forget the present? and remember not only the past, but the perpetual, the eternal, — the constant loves and fears and sorrows of mankind? It is very pleasant to wander, as Mr. Morris leads us, among scenes and figures of no definite time, and often no definite place, — except in so far as these are spots untrodden by our own footsteps, — and mortals (and immortals) deeply distinct from our own fellows. The men and women are simpler and stronger and happier than we, and their haunts are the haunts of deities and half-deities. But they are nevertheless essentially men and women, and Mr. Morris, for all that he has dived so deep into literature for his diction, is essentially a human poet. We know of nothing in modern narrative poetry more touching and thrilling, nothing that commands more forcibly the sympathy of the heart, the conscience, and the senses, than the Prologue to these tales: —

"Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway [the argument runs] having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and, after many troubles and the lapse of many years came, old men, to some Western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people."

It is their "many troubles," as related by one of their number, that form the substance of the Prologue, — troubles grim, terrible, and monstrous, — memories all scented with ocean brine and dyed with deep outlandish hues. The charm of these wild Norse wanderings is the same charm as that which pervaded the author's "Jason," — the mystery and peril of a long and vague sea-voyage, and the fellowship and mutual devotion of a hundred simple adventurous hearts. And the charm, moreover, is thoroughly genuine, — the elements of interest are actually present, — the author writes from the depths of his fancy. There blows through the poem a strong and steady ocean breeze, as it were, laden with island spices, and the shouts of mariners, and the changing music of shoreward tides. We have no space to retail the various adventures of these simple-souled explorers; we must direct the reader to the original source. We may say, in especial, that for boys and girls there can be no better reading, just now, than this breezy Prologue, — none answering better the constant boyish need to

project the fancy over the seas, and the no less faithful feminine impulse to revel in the beautiful and the tender.

The best earthly paradise which these storm-scathed mariners attain is to sit among the elders of the Western city which finally harbors them, and to linger out the autumn of their days in listening to spring-tide stories. It is in this manner that Mr. Morris introduces his tales, and *par le temps court* we, for our part, expect no better Elysium than to sit and read them. We are unable to dwell upon the distinctive merits of the various stories; they differ in subject, in length, in character, in all things more than in merit. Of the classical tales we perhaps prefer the version of Pygmalion's legend; of the mediæval or romantic, the story of "Ogier the Dane." But they are all alike radiant with a warm and lustrous beauty, — the beauty of art mild and generous in triumph. They are, in manner, equally free, natural, and pure. Mr. Morris can trust himself; his imagination has its own essential modesty. It may, however, seem odd that we should pronounce his style natural, resting as it does on an eminently conventional basis. Very many persons, we find, have a serious quarrel with this artificial and conscious element in his manner. It gives them an impression of coldness, stiffness, and dilettanteism. But for ourselves, we confess — and we are certainly willing to admit that it may be by a fault of our own mind — we have found no difficulty in reconciling ourself to it. Mr. Morris's diction is doubtless far from perfect in its kind. It is as little purely primitive as it is purely modern. The most that we can say of it is that, on the whole, it recalls Chaucer. But Mr. Morris wears it with such perfect grace, and moves in it with so much ease and freedom, — with so little appearance of being in bands or in borrowed raiment, — that one may say he has fairly appropriated it and given it the stamp of his individuality. How he came finally to form his style, — the remote causes of his sympathy with the language which he has made his own, — the history of his literary growth, — these are questions lying below the reach of criticism. But they are questions possessing the deeper interest, in that the author's present achievement is a very considerable fact. None but a mind of remarkable power could have infused into the torpid and senseless forms of a half-forgotten tongue the exuberant vitality which pervades these pages. To our perception, they are neither cold nor mechanical, they glow and palpitate with life. This is saying the very best thing we can think of, and assigning Mr. Morris's volume a place among the excellent works of English literature, a place directly beside his "Jason."

13. — *The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication.* By Charles Darwin. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1868.

This treatise forms the first considerable instalment of that more detailed evidence in support of Mr. Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, which he announced in the "Origin of Species" to be in course of preparation. It deals only with the facts which have been observed with domesticated organisms, and is soon to be followed by "a second and a third work," which shall discuss the remaining portions of the subject. The reputation of the author will certainly not be diminished by these two volumes. The labor in the collection of facts, the sagacity shown in their interpretation, and the amount of patient thinking involved in the final use made of them, are equally great and admirable. It is indeed a real pleasure, at a time when so much of scientific industry consists of a mere mechanical cataloguing of immediate results, to read a work like this, — even though we may not feel like agreeing with its results, — which is thoroughly and elaborately composed, and has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The first volume is devoted to a review of the history of the most important domestic animal and vegetable kinds, and the manner and limits of variation in each. The general result of this inquiry is a conviction of the endlessly fluctuating character, or, to use Mr. Darwin's words, of the "plasticity of the whole organization." In the second volume he discusses various general problems connected with the subject of Variability and Inheritance, basing his conclusions on a large number of additional facts, as well as on those already given in the first part.

We may briefly indicate a few of the more important propositions arrived at in this second part. The first three chapters treat of Inheritance generally and Atavism. The author comes to the conclusion that every character of the parent, whether new or old, tends to be reproduced in the offspring either in a patent or a latent form. By latent characters he means such as may appear in the individual only after a certain age, as, for instance, the beard in man; or such as commonly do not appear in the individual in question, but are occasionally from unknown causes developed, as the "secondary" characters of the opposite sex (e. g. comb, spurs, voice) in many aged hen-birds, and those of the female sex in castrated males generally. "Atavism" gives us a third variety, — where, after being dormant during whole generations, an ancestral mark suddenly shows itself. Mr. Darwin's generalizations in these chapters simplify considerably the whole subject; and he even attempts a physical explanation of the latent transmission of characters,

of which we shall presently speak. The unknown causes which counteract the tendency in the progeny to reproduce the parent exactly are touched upon in the chapters on variability.

One of the weightiest objections to the hypothesis that the natural selection of varieties having advantageous characteristics is the cause of the diversity of existing organism, lies in the almost universal prevalence of sexuality. How can it ever have tended to insure the survival of a breed, to have its propagation dependent on the conjunction of two individuals? At first sight it seems obvious that any breed of creatures in which each individual had the power of producing young without foreign assistance, would, other things being equal, run far less risk of permanent annihilation, than where two parents were required. And yet we see even in vegetables, where bud-propagation is possible, a sexual form of reproduction superadded, which, although commonly hermaphrodite, yet in a vast number of cases requires the concourse of two separate flowers or plants. If these facts be due to natural selection, one is tempted to exclaim, then natural selection is capable of heaping up difficulties in the way of the subsistence of specific forms! To account by the principles of natural selection, as Darwin understands it, for the existence of such a law, we must be able to prove that when two distinct individuals contribute to form the germ, they communicate to it some property of vigor or viability, which in the long run more than compensates for that greater immediate fecundity which would obtain in a family whose members were capable of multiplying singly and separately. And this proof Mr. Darwin has attempted to furnish. He has shown, by a large body of evidence, including some important observations of his own on plants, that the crossing of breeds and individuals, animal or vegetable, actually does have a beneficial effect on the offspring. Every breeder of chosen strains of domestic animals has been obliged, from time to time, to infuse some foreign blood, even at the cost of deterioration in purity of form, to prevent the continual tendency which exists to sterility and delicacy of constitution. In plants a large number of facts are given, showing that when individuals and varieties are crossed, the offspring show an immediate superiority in size, strength, and fertility over those of hermaphrodite unions. In fact, the evidence here seems almost absurd and excessive, for we hear of plants which require a different *species* from their own to fertilize them at all, and others whose own pollen poisons them. Whatever may be said of these last abnormal cases, the author is of opinion that, even in hermaphrodite plants, Nature makes provision in every instance, though sometimes at distant intervals, for the meeting of the pollen and stigma of separate individuals. The physiological causes of this necessity are to-

tally obscure. Is it that, by joining individuals of different parentage, we eliminate from the organism of the offspring seeds of disease, weak spots due to the assaults of an unfriendly outward nature, which, if allowed to accumulate from generation to generation, would finally be ruinous? Mr. Darwin is inclined to think this is not the cause; although it has been considered by many authors that peculiarities of recent acquisition and confined to one parent (such as these morbid tendencies would be) are inclined to disappear or be absorbed by characters of long standing and common to both progenitors (such as those typical of the group in a healthy condition). We must, according to Darwin, rather assume that, in the case of long-continued hermaphroditic generation, the deleterious moment is to be sought in the absence of a healthy stimulus rather than in the presence of a too monotonously depressing influence from without. The tendency to lose vigor seems inherent in the forces of the organism itself, and needs to be combated by a refreshing of the external conditions, "as a fire will go out, unless poked."

Again, "slight changes in the conditions of life" of a race of animals or plants seem to have the same beneficial effect as a less close interbreeding. A change of pasture or soil may stave off deterioration in the same way as a change of "blood." From this we proceed to another important point. *Hybrids*, or the offspring of "species" in nature, are almost invariably sterile. While *mongrels*, or the progeny of "varieties," are, as we have seen, very fertile. Our direct observation of change in organisms extends at most to the origin of varieties. When Mr. Darwin proposes to extend the results of it to species, and says they are nothing else than more developed varieties, he is met by the very pertinent objection: "Whence arises the sudden sterility in species? Your generalizations cannot stand unless you show an historical case of two varieties diverging from a single ancestor and losing their fecundity *inter se*." Mr. Darwin endeavors now to weaken the force of this objection by proving, in a general manner, that sterility depends on very various and often very slight causes, and may have been brought about incidentally to other changes useful to the species; for being of no conceivable use itself, it can hardly have been "selected" by nature. He shows, in a long and able chapter, that, just as we have seen slight changes of habitat and blood to be equally beneficial, so there are in each case limits to the good effect, and a too abrupt alteration of the mode of life (as from freedom to captivity in wild animals), or a crossing of kinds which are too incongruous, alike give rise to sterility; which, he then concludes, is due in all cases to local changes in the reproductive organs. His chief illustration in support of this position is drawn from what are called di- and tri-morphic plants.

These (we take the dimorphic kind for the sake of simplicity) are plants with two sorts of flowers that differ in nothing but their reproductive organs, "one form having a long pistil with short stamens, another form a short pistil with long stamens; both with differently sized pollen grains." Now the pistils and stamens of different lengths (i. e. of the same flower) are always more or less sterile *inter se*, — so that we have what he calls a condition of "hybridity produced within the limits of the species." Here we may certainly admit that the cause of sterility lies exclusively in the reproductive system. But it is a single fact, and an anomalous one at that, and what a generalization is to be made from it! He brings, it is true, other cases to its support, namely, that the degree of sterility is not inversely as the systematic affinity, and that it is often not the same when crosses are "reciprocally" made; that is, when, for instance, the pollen of A is brought upon the stigma of B, the fertility may be greater than when the pollen of B is put upon the stigma of A, which can only be accounted for by supposing either the pollen of B or the ovules of A to be more differentiated than the two other sexual elements. But we may still ask, If we are to assume that the sterility of species *inter se* is owing to changes in their reproductive organs, — which changes have arisen incidentally to a number of other changes in the organisms in question, — how comes it that in our domestic kinds (which differ avowedly much more than many wild species) it is totally absent? It is not then incidental to *all* change. Why should it just happen to have been incidental to those changes that have made wild species what they are, and not at all to those to which we owe our domesticated kinds? Mr. Darwin's reply to this is found in what he calls the Pallasian doctrine, that the influence of domestication in itself increases fertility, and even confers it in cases where it is naturally absent. This doctrine is mysterious enough (unless, indeed, the fact be due to selection, but that seems improbable in the case of the latter half of the law), and we cannot think the matter as yet cleared up. Although if more examples of wild species fertile together should be found, as some have been already, and more of domestic varieties with an incipient tendency to barrenness, of which Mr. Darwin gives a list in Chapter XV., the difficulty will be much diminished.

Five chapters of the book are devoted to a study of variability in itself, its laws and its causes, — a subject of extreme importance in a physiological point of view, and one of the two prime factors in Darwin's theory, which supposes variability to produce at random different points and qualities, and that the superior fitness of certain of these singles out their possessors to survive and gradually crowd out and

supplant other rival forms. We cannot say that we think the author does much in the work of penetrating the dense veil that covers the subject, though by various minor generalizations and groupings of facts he makes the matter somewhat more easy to handle. He considers that the remote cause of variability is to be looked for in changed external conditions of almost any sort (e. g. excess of food), as well as in crossing (though here its phenomena are obscured by the commingling of parental characters, and by a distinct tendency to atavism which the act of crossing seems to call forth). But the nearer causes which determine the particular form of the variation one cannot even guess at. We can only say, the parent organism, and consequently the reproductive system, receives a sort of commotion, which causes its elements to combine in unwonted ways, but the particular source of the shock is a vanishing moment in the determination of the result compared with the precise condition of the elements which receive it. The vagueness of all speculation here is obvious. One fact seems to our author certain, that change of medium is not, as some authors have supposed, in general more likely to produce a habit of body in the offspring better suited to the new medium than it is to produce the reverse habit. Though here, as elsewhere, a number of exceptions are to be found.

In a chapter entitled "Provisional Hypothesis of Pangenesis," the author proposes a theory for binding together all the different modes of reproduction, regeneration of lost parts, latent characters, atavism, &c., &c., in a manner that shall make them physically intelligible. The same combination of bold surmise and delicate ingenuity is shown here, as elsewhere; but we have no space to analyze the hypotheses, nor do we think it, to tell the truth, of much importance; for, in the present state of science, it seems impossible to bring it to an experimental test.

The one strong impression that affects the reader, after laying down these volumes, is that of the endless complication of the phenomena in question, and the (perhaps hopeless) subtlety and occultness of the immediate causes. At the first glance, the only "law" under which the greater mass of the facts the author has brought together can be grouped seems to be that of Caprice, — caprice in inheriting, caprice in transmitting, caprice everywhere, in turn. To look for laws at all in the chaos seems absurdly presumptuous. How many "laws," and lawgivers, too, has natural history sent to her limbo? Still, a beginning must be made, and although the so-called laws be based on knowledge the vaguest and farthest removed from the elementary causes at work, yet they are useful; for a bad hypothesis is far better to work

with than none at all. There is hardly a single "law" promulgated or quoted by Mr. Darwin, which has not numerous inexplicable exceptions. It is, for instance, a law, that cross-bred animals vary and revert; but on p. 97 of Vol. II. a whole list is given of "true" breeds having arisen from crosses. It is a law, that domestication gives fertility, — why not in the peahen and variation, why not in the goose? That plants of different species are more *sterile inter se* than plants of the same species, — why not, then, in Passifloræ; and so on, almost *ad libitum?* We can only say, exception, idiosyncrasy. But this only shows how far we are from the elementary phenomena to be studied. Who can attempt to analyze the causal moments involved in the word "domestication"? And even when the existence of a "law" is pretty certain, how can we be sure whether particular facts are instances of it or not? For example, Mr. Darwin seems to think, in one place, that the existence of extra fingers, in certain men, may be due to reversion, away back of the salamanders, to a fish-like ancestor; and elsewhere, that the case of a woman, with a breast developed in the groin, should be interpreted as a return to the cow-like condition of some antique progenitress. But it seems, to say the least, as reasonable to look on these as new and original variations.

Of course, these are all truisms, which Mr. Darwin knows as well or better than any one else. It is one of the fortunate points of the general theory which bears his name (and which is, after all, only a descriptive or historical, and not a physiological hypothesis), that the more idiosyncrasies are found, the more the probabilities in its favor grow. Its adversaries are those whose interest it is to establish the rigor of these descriptive laws. For, the power of natural selection being, in principle, acknowledged, and the foregone half of eternity being allowed for it to work in, all that the logic of the theory demands is, that *some* cases of variation in the direction of the facts observed arise. A great number of contrary cases would not (at least, in the present stage of science) be antagonistic, but only *waste* matter. Hence, the great value of the hypotheses in setting naturalists to work, and sharpening their eyes for new facts and relations. The present book harrows and refreshes, as it were, the whole field of which it treats. It is, doubtless, provisional, but none the less serviceable for that, and we cordially recommend it to the student. The popular reader will be likely to find it much more special, and less interesting, than was the "Origin of Species."

A word of praise must be bestowed on the admirable Index, which occupies fifty pages, and is, at the same time, a shining example and a reproach to all those lazy, undutiful book-makers among us, who are

wont to neglect their readers' legitimate demands in this direction. It should be mentioned, also, that the American reprint contains later notes and corrections by the author, and an introduction by Professor Gray.

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14. — *Man's Origin and Destiny sketched from the Platform of the Sciences, in a Course of Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, in the Winter of* 1865–66. By J. P. Lesley, etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868. 8vo. pp. vi., 384.

A more correct idea of the contents of this work than is suggested by its title may be drawn from the headings of its chapters, or lectures, which are as follows: 1. On the Classification of the Sciences; 2. On the Genius of the Physical Sciences, Ancient and Modern; 3. The Geological Antiquity of Man; 4. On the Dignity of Mankind; 5. On the Unity of Mankind; 6. On the Early Social Life of Man; 7. On Language as a Test of Race; 8. The Origin of Architecture; 9. The Growth of the Alphabet; 10. The Four Types of Religious Worship; 11. On Arkite Symbolism. The course appears reduced from its normal number of twelve lectures, by the force of imperious circumstances; the tenth and eleventh were stretched in the delivery to two each, and their successor sacrificed, having never been written out. Its retention, Mr. Lesley tells us, would have helped to justify the title; seeing, as we interpret it, that the work in its present form hardly deals with the destiny of man at all. Its unity has further suffered from the interpolations made necessary by the new discoveries and the new views of the two years that elapsed between the original delivery and the publication. It is a somewhat desultory series of disquisitions on man in general, especially on the beginnings and early development of some of his more important institutions. It includes a conspectus of the geological and archæological evidence on which the present generation is beginning to found its belief that its ancestors are vastly older than has been generally supposed. This evidence has to be rehearsed again and again, set in every light, and supported by every variety of illustration, in order to prevail over the conservatism of ancient opinion, fortified by supposed religious sanctions. But as the truths of geology have made their way to the acceptance of all cultivated and enlightened men, in spite of these opposing influences, so, we presume, will those of anthropology also, so far as they shall maintain themselves as truths before reiterated examination, friendly and hostile; and in its contribution toward this result lies the chief value of Mr. Lesley's work. In his mode of presentation, however, there is not much which is calculated to win over the adverse

party; for he is as dogmatic and denunciatory as any of his theological antagonists could be, as unsparing of their prejudice and mental narrowness as they of his heresies. We would not think of finding fault with him for this; it is his nature, and every reader must, we are sure, admire him for the sincerity and outspokenness with which he treats every point that attracts his notice. These qualities are of close kindred with the enthusiasm which he everywhere displays, and with his fervid, and often striking and picturesque, style.

But there are other drawbacks to the effect which the book will be likely to produce. Rarely is one published which so lays itself open to criticism on the part of those to whom its doctrines are obnoxious. Mr. Lesley professes to survey man from the platform of "the sciences," but he tries to stand upon a bigger and more comprehensive platform than his legs can be stretched to occupy. His proper department is geology, and what he says upon geological subjects may, we presume, be accepted as authoritative, or, at least, with only the allowances necessary to be made as to matters as yet under discussion. The same is the case with regard to the easily manageable results of the recent archæological explorations. But in departments more properly historical, in inquiries touching language, letters, mythology, religion, he goes astray to a degree hardly to be credited in a man of undoubted capacity and scientific training. And his errors are in great part so palpable that they will readily be detected and laughed at by men greatly his inferiors in mental calibre. The sway of these weaknesses begins with the seventh lecture, in which the author displays such a misapprehension of language, and misuse of its testimony, as would have been explicable enough a hundred years since, but ought now to be as much a thing of the past as the Deluge. The case grows worse from lecture to lecture, until a climax is reached in the last. The whole Arkite theory, which is to explain the asserted mysteries of worship, architecture, alphabetic writing, speech, is no better than a hallucination. We have no desire to pick out and expose any specimens of it; as, indeed, selection of such from the mass would be difficult. The infection it spreads is a thorough and pervading one. We could wish that imperious circumstances had caused the extrusion from the course of the eleventh lecture along with, or instead of, the twelfth. To pull it out bodily, with all its roots in the preceding lectures, would at least double the value of the book.

It is doubtless a consequence of the author's distance from his place of publication that the volume is disfigured by so many and so serious errors of the press; but we might have expected the proof-reader, even, to save us some of them. Sundry misspellings of proper names and

others — for example, *Boucher des* (for *de*) *Perthes*, and *babboon* — are so persistent, that the responsibility for them seems to lie back of the printing-office; and we regret to see the not infrequent substitution of *will* and *would* for *shall* and *should*, which is threatening to become one of our national sins against purity of expression.

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15. — *Bibliotheca Canadensis, or a Manual of Canadian Literature.* By Henry J. Morgan. Ottawa. 1867.

Mr. Morgan undertakes in this book to give a complete view of Canadian literature, from the time of the cession of the colony to England until the present day. The array of titles, as may well be supposed, is prodigious, for not only books, properly so called, are included in the list, but, so far as we can discover, all printed matter of whatever form. One cannot but admire the immense industry bestowed on this not very attractive task. Books relating to Canada, as well as writings originating there, are included in the scope of the work, with a vast number of biographical and critical notices, in some cases the work of the author, in others gathered from miscellaneous sources. Science, law, politics, theology, and journalism are the principal fields in which Canadian pens have been employed, and in the first of these, at least, they have produced works of sterling and permanent value. In the history of their own country, too, Canadian writers, of French origin, have acquitted themselves in several instances with distinguished credit. French Canadian literature forms a department by itself, with features not only distinct but sharply antagonistic to that of the Saxon colonists. A vast proportion of this literature — exclusive of law and politics — is closely connected with the Roman Church, and is inspired and guided by priests. It consists of a profusion of poems, tales, historical sketches, sketches of Canadian life and manners, and essays on education and other subjects, all intensely Catholic and all instinct with the spirit of French Canadian nationality. All this is of recent growth, and appears chiefly in the shape of magazines and other periodicals, in the French language; of which this new literary enthusiasm has perhaps engendered more than it is able to maintain.

The current literature of the English side of the colonies is, as might be expected, still crude and provincial. Indeed, with the exception of journalism, political and sectarian discussion, and treatises on subjects connected with the material interests of the colonies, there is not much of it. The number of pamphlets and other fugitive writings catalogued by Mr. Morgan is immense, but the range of their topics is limited.

Like the greater part of the United States, Canada is too much engrossed with the development of her material resources to find leisure for much else.

Mr. Morgan has that great essential requisite for the work he has taken in hand, — an unflagging diligence and perseverance. We could wish him sometimes more discriminating in his selection of critical extracts, which do not always display in the writers the best of discernment. One thing, however, is certain. He has produced a book which is indispensable to every student of Canadian history, or of any subject whatever connected with Canada since she became a province of England.

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16. — *Manual of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures, deposited in the Galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts. Being a Catalogue; with Descriptions of the Pictures contained in that Collection, with Biographical Notices of Artists, and an Introductory Essay. The Whole forming a brief Guide to the Study of Early Christian Art.* By Russell Sturgis, Jr. New Haven: Published by Yale College. 1868. 12mo. pp. 116.

In the establishment of a School of the Fine Arts as a department in its scheme of education, Yale College has not only shown a just conception of the importance of art as an instrument of liberal culture, but has also done more than any other American college to supply one of the greatest deficiencies in the established system of intellectual training. We need not insist on the general ignorance of the public in regard to matters of art, and its consequent indifference to them. The fact is manifest, and the complaining to which it gives rise is tedious. But it is obvious that the best way to remove this ignorance, and to remedy the evils that flow from it, is to secure the means of instruction, and to afford them to all who desire to make use of them. The study of art has not primarily as its intention the making of draughtsmen or sculptors or architects. It is not thus limited. Its object is to develop and refine certain high faculties of the soul, which else are likely to lie dormant, but the exercise of which is essential to the completeness of human character and to the progress of the best civilization. These faculties find little to move or educate them in America. The cause is plain, and the result is deplorable. But we are frequently told that art is flourishing in America, and that the taste for pictures is increasing, and that our rich men give enormous prices for paintings of repute by native or foreign artists. Unquestionably, like all children, we are fond

of pretty pictures, and, like children also, are very reckless in the use of money; but the liking for pictures is very different from the love of art, and the paying a great price for a painting by Church, or by Bierstadt, or by Gèrome, is no indication of knowledge or of taste. And, as usual with the ignorant, we are conceited and self-sufficient, and exhibit our ignorance with perfect *sang-froid* and amusing *naïveté*. American travellers are apt to consider it one of the inborn and inalienable rights of the free citizen of the great Republic to have an instinctive judgment in matters of art, and to be able to pronounce off-hand on the excellence of a picture, a statue, or a building. Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" contains some truly delightful specimens of this consummate simpleness, and Harper's "Handbook of Travel" will supply the common traveller or reader with the type of American critical ability.

The study of art means the study of the principles from which such beauty as exists in any work of man proceeds, — the principles, that is, of perfection in human work. And because the fine arts are the special expression of the perception of beauty and the desire for it as manifested in color, form, and construction, they afford the chief instruments of this study. It is, then, an event of no small importance in the progress of education in America to have the study of the fine arts distinctly recognized as a branch of education in one of our leading colleges, and to have a gallery of so much interest as that collected by Mr. Jarves opened as a school for instruction.

As a series of pictures to illustrate the history of the progress of painting in Florence and Siena, the chief seats of Italian art during the Middle Ages, the Jarves collection is of unusual value. It contains few *chef d'œuvres*, but it contains no worthless lumber, and its pictures, taken as a whole, fairly enough represent the conditions of the art at the time when they were painted, and the qualities of the masters to whom they are ascribed. A student who should make himself familiar with this gallery would not only fit himself for the appreciation and enjoyment of Italian galleries, but would gain a better knowledge of the progress of art, and of some of the more important conditions of civilization in Italy during the centuries when she was the chief seat of the modern arts than he could acquire in any other way in America. For guidance, profit, and ease in his study of the collection, the student could not have a more sufficient and trustworthy companion than the little Manual which has been prepared by Mr. Sturgis. The making of a good catalogue of the works in such a gallery is by no means a simple or easy task. Mr. Sturgis had to provide a work which should be suited to the needs alike of ignorant and well-instructed visitors,

and he has succeeded admirably in his difficult undertaking. He has really made a brief guide to the study of early Christian painting, — the term "art" on the title-page is a little too comprehensive, — and he has done it with excellent judgment and taste, and with ample and accurate information. The thoroughness of its execution, and the intelligence and knowledge displayed in it, are worthy of all praise. It is the most scholarly work relating to art that has been published in America, and it should serve to mark an epoch in the progress of American art criticism and culture.

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17. — *Four Years among Spanish Americans.* By F. Hassaurek, late United States Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867. 12mo. pp. 401.

Mr. Hassaurek says, in his Preface: "This is not a book of travels. The impressions of a traveller, in a foreign country, who passes from one place to another, taking hasty notes of undigested observations, are often erroneous, and generally unreliable. It is necessary to live among a people, to speak their language, to know their history and literature, to study their customs, and to associate with them continually, in order to be able to write a book about them which those who are thoroughly familiar with the subject will not throw aside as presumptuous and superficial." These sentences contain truths which it would be well if travellers, and more especially if American travellers, would take to heart. For there are not wanting those who hold to the belief, that the impressions of a traveller in a foreign country, who passes from one place to another, taking hasty notes of undigested observations, are sure, in most cases, for purposes of publication, to be sufficiently correct, and who stoutly maintain against all comers the proposition that, to live among a people, to speak their language, to know their history, their literature, and their customs, only breeds prejudice, and deprives the observer's mind of that judicial temper which usually accompanies moderate information. We are glad to see signs, in such books as Mr. Tomes's "Champagne Country," of last year and the volume before us, that these views are disappearing before what must be regarded as truer ones. Such books make one hopeful that the day is not far distant when Americans shall feel that the man who, after a six months' jaunt through half a dozen foreign states, offers to the public an exhaustive treatise on the subject of his travels, is either an impostor or a fool.

It is this conscientiousness of Mr. Hassaurek — this moral grace,

rather than any beauty or force of style — that makes his book valuable. He is not a vivid writer, and does not bring before the reader very impressively the scenes which he describes. But he inspires confidence, and gives a great deal of valuable information. And not only does Mr. Hassaurek adhere carefully to observed facts, but he has been at great pains to collect as many facts as he could; he has not only travelled carefully over the South American countries of which he writes, but has even gone so far as to read what even other writers have said upon his subject, — a task which has till of late, in most quarters, been thought to be plainly one of supererogation. And his facilities for obtaining information of all kinds were so great, that the results of his observations have a somewhat peculiar value.

Sentiment and the proper use of the auxiliary are Mr. Hassaurek's two chief stumbling-blocks. To deal with the latter first, we have no wish to do more than point out the fact, that the auxiliary future is beyond the author's control; and that he should, therefore, in all future works, confine himself, as far as possible, to the present and perfect tenses; or, if that is not practicable, then that he should adopt a uniform idiom, and always use the same word, that is, always "will," or else invariably "shall." We feel quite sure that this would lead to happier results than his present practice; for, by giving himself the liberty of selection, he inevitably uses "shall" where "will" would be proper, and *vice versa*. It is not, however, merely a confusion between "will" and "shall" that misleads Mr. Hassaurek; there is even a profounder difficulty. He has an unconquerable inclination to use the future tense, on occasions where the idiomatic reader expects something else; and to change, with acrobatic rapidity, from some other time to the future, in so bewildering a way as to leave it somewhat in doubt whether simple probabilities or actual facts have been referred to. In describing the rainy season at Guayaquil he says: "Puddles are formed. . . . . The savana . . . . will be under water. . . . . Myriads of little insects will hover. . . . . Fevers and dysenteries make their appearance, and business is suspended. . . . . During this season, Guayaquil must appear gloomy." What will we say to this? as Mr. Hassaurek would say. As regards the unfortunate "will" and "shall," he has so many aiders and abetters, that he might, perhaps, be forgiven; but he is the only man living, we believe, with whom the use of the idiom quoted above is a constant habit, and we trust that he may remain so; for a more ungrammatical way of obtaining picturesqueness could not be devised.

As to our second point of complaint, it may be doubted, perhaps, whether any advantage is gained by telling a sentimental man that sen-

timent, though an excellent thing in its way, is, at times, very far from an excellent thing; still, as the question does admit of doubt, and it is our duty to see things as they are, it must be confessed that the following bit of feeling about a certain South American mountain, and especially the remark which it contains about the condor, are not touching, but, on the contrary, quite amusing: "The two highest peaks at its southern extremity appeared, to my excited fancy, like a king and queen, seated on icy thrones, clad in long, snowy robes, and looking down, on their hoary court of minor rocks and crags, with calm and melancholy majesty. Sad and sorrowful seemed the queen, as the rays of the setting sun lingered on her musing countenance. Perhaps, she had come from more genial climes; perhaps birds had carolled, and flowers had smiled, upon her happy childhood, and now she must pass her dreary life, speechless and motionless, as if charmed by an enchanter's spell, at the cold side of her icy consort. There was a melancholy and resigned expression in, what I imagined to be, her face. Perhaps, she was another Blanche de Bourbon, sacrificed to some cruel Don Pedro of those cold and lofty realms, to which even the condor rarely elevates his soaring flight."

Let us say, again, that the book, as a conscientiously written account of countries well known to the author, is valuable. We trust, however, that Mr. Hassaurek's plan of increasing its bulk by historical additions may be abandoned.

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18. — *The Invasion of Canada in* 1775; *including the Journal of Captain Simeon Thayer, describing the Perils and Sufferings of the Army under Colonel Benedict Arnold in its March through the Wilderness to Quebec: with Notes and Appendix.* By Edwin Martin Stone. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co., Printers. 1867. 8vo. pp. xxiv., 104, and 12 pages unpaged.

The Introduction to this work contains a careful and well-written account of the "invasion of Canada." The Journal of Captain Thayer is a simple and interesting narrative of the experience of one of the Rhode Island officers under Arnold. There are few passages in it of special historic importance, but it gives a vivid impression of the hardships of the expedition, and now and then there is a touch of character or feeling which is of value as an expression of human nature. It contains some curious notes on the condition of the country; for instance, under date of October 8, 1775, Captain Thayer records the killing of a moose high up on the Kennebec River, and says: "They are so numer-

ous that we can hardly walk fifty yards without meeting their tracks. Their meat is good and refreshing."

Captain Thayer was not the master of a superior grammatical style, but he makes his meaning plain even in such sentences as the following: —

"*Oct.* 28. — It is to be observed here, with such horror that the most ferocious and unnatural hearts must shudder at, when knowing the dismal situation of courageous men, solely bent to extirpate the tyranny with which the country was influenced, taking up some raw hides, that lay for several days in the bottom of their boats, intended for to make them shoes or moccasins of in case of necessity, which they did not then look into so much as they did their own preservation, and chopping them to pieces, singeing first the hair, afterwards boiling them, and living on the juice or liquid that they soaked from it for a considerable time."

Mr. Stone has supplied, in a very elaborate Appendix, all the illustration required by the Journal. His work is thoroughly done; and the volume forms a very worthy contribution to the history of the Revolution.

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19. — *The American Genealogist. Being a Catalogue of Family Histories and Publications containing Genealogical Information issued in the United States, arranged chronologically.* By William H. Whitmore. Albany: Joel Munsell. 1868. 8vo. pp. 287.

This is the second edition of the book which Mr. Whitmore published in 1862 under the title of "The American Genealogist." In its new form and under its new title it is greatly enlarged, extended, and improved, and affords a fresh instance of the zeal and thoroughness with which its author carries on his favorite studies. To the genealogico-maniacs (we intend no disrespect by the appellation) with whom New England abounds this work is of special interest and importance. It is of scarcely less value to bibliographers, who, without some such faithful and industrious pioneer as Mr. Whitmore, might easily lose themselves in the dense forest of American family trees.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXXI.

OCTOBER, 1868.

ART. I. — *The Principles of Biology.* By HERBERT SPENCER, Author of "The Principles of Psychology," "Illustrations of Progress," "Essays, Moral, Political, and Æsthetic," "First Principles," "Social Statics," "Education," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866, 1867. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 475, 566.

MR. SPENCER'S so-called "Synthetic Philosophy" is an attempt to generalize into a universal law the nebular hypothesis, the development hypothesis, and the theory of human progress, and thus to bring all phenomena, whether of the material universe, of organic life, or of human nature, under the unity of a single idea. Whether his formula is the last and highest of scientific inductions, and, if so, whether it is capable of application to the deeper questions of philosophy, there is now no occasion to inquire, the public having probably heard, at least for the present, sufficient criticism of "First Principles." The aim of this article is a limited one, namely, to ascertain whether Mr. Spencer, having taken the development hypothesis as the basis of his Biology, has met the logical necessities of the case, and thus accomplished the highly important achievement of putting the science of life into philosophical form. Our inquiry, therefore, concerns not so much the scientific value of his facts as the philosophical value of his system, not so much the intrinsic worth of the materials as the architectural excellence and practical usefulness of the

edifice. That this inquiry is a legitimate one will not be questioned, when it is remembered that the two volumes under consideration are not intended to be a mere *résumé* of facts and laws empirically established, but rather an attempt to rationalize these as elements of a coherent philosophical whole. In his Preface to the English edition Mr. Spencer distinctly states this as his main object: "The aim of this work is to set forth the general truths of Biology, as illustrative of, and interpreted by, the laws of Evolution: the special truths being introduced only so far as is needful for elucidation of the general truths." It is confessedly as philosophy, rather than as science, that the work has its chief significance; and as such, therefore, it should be criticised.*

"The Principles of Biology," being a simple expansion of the development hypothesis, with the design of covering all the facts of organic life, the whole of Part III. (Vol. I. pp. 331–475) is devoted to a comparison of the two rival hypotheses concerning the origin of species, an elaborate argument in favor of the "evolution hypothesis," and a very ingenious explanation of what Mr. Spencer regards as the causes and methods of organic evolution. The "special-creation hypothesis" he pronounces to be "worthless by its derivation, worthless in its intrinsic incoherence, worthless as absolutely without evidence, worthless as not supplying an intellectual need, worthless as not satisfying a moral want"; and he characterizes it as a "mere verbal hypothesis," a "pseud-idea." We believe that sooner or later all disciplined minds will confirm this estimate of the "special-creation hypothesis," severe as it

* The idea may possibly be suggested by the passage above quoted, that Mr. Spencer intends nothing more than to give in these two volumes, and the seven volumes to succeed them, a simple series of "illustrations" of the laws of evolution set forth in "First Principles," without undertaking the philosophical organization of the sciences from which the illustrations are drawn. But the laws of evolution are already illustrated in "First Principles," even to redundancy; and it would be inexcusable prolixity to fill nine additional volumes with a simple enumeration of instances. Mr. Spencer's "New System of Philosophy," and the elaborate sketch of it given in his well-known "Prospectus," would thus dwindle to ridiculously insignificant proportions, and lose all claim upon the attention of speculative thinkers. If the present work have any philosophical value whatever, it must be as a philosophy of organic being, which is itself part of a still larger philosophy.

may seem. Whatever shall be the final judgment passed upon the development hypothesis, it is the only hypothesis in the field, as to the origin of species, that can be understood, the only hypothesis, consequently, that fulfils the end for which all hypotheses exist. Development and decay are the universal marks by which we distinguish the organic from the inorganic; evolution and dissolution are the double process which constitutes the entire series of vital phenomena in all individual organisms. The development hypothesis, therefore, may be broadly stated as the provisional extension *to species* of a law which is known to be true *of individuals;* and although the analogy between individual and species will not admit of being pressed too far, it still yields, when properly qualified, a clear conception in harmony with the other conceptions of science. The hypothesis of special creations, on the other hand, is utterly unintelligible, the virtual negation of all hypothesis on the subject, the delusive substitution of words for thoughts. Its advocates, having no citadel of their own to defend, can only attack the imperfectly built citadel of their opponents, which falls but to rise in greater strength. It is certainly a most significant fact, that, whenever the development hypothesis is pronounced dead and buried, it soon revives in a less vulnerable shape. The supposition of special creations, for all those who have imbibed the spirit of modern thought, is no longer tenable, and the debate turns exclusively on the acceptance or rejection of the other supposition. Although it must certainly be considered as scientifically unproved, so long as intelligent scientific men are found to call the alleged proofs of it into question, it is not too strong a statement to say that the development hypothesis, under some form or other, will probably take rank in the end with the accepted truths of science. In any event, whether the development hypothesis is to wax or wane, and whether some other hypothesis, as yet unconceived, is destined to take its place or not, it is safe to say that the hypothesis of special creations, lacking the very first element of a scientific hypothesis, intelligibility, and resting on no more solid basis than the crude religious ideas of uncivilized man, will ultimately cease to be defended. A theory which denies the unity of the universe, and the order of Nature, cannot permanently hold its ground, even

against a theory which only partially succeeds in tracing these out in detail. The absolute universality of law, and the incredibility of any real departure from it, are conceptions so strongly favored by the whole current of modern thought, that it is fast becoming a recognized scientific necessity to discard the notion of special creative epochs, and to substitute for it the principle of the unbroken continuity of life. "When we see these lowest of all known forms [the rhizopods] standing alone at the very beginning of time, and man, the highest and noblest form, appearing at the end, and an unmistakable gradation, *always upward*, through the long ages, and along all the four lines of plan, what open mind can help imbibing, if not the Darwinian doctrine, at least the spirit of the theory of development?" *

The great need of the development hypothesis at present is *to be organized*, — to be put into a more definite, symmetrical, and philosophical shape than it has yet received; and we welcome the work of Mr. Spencer as at least an attempt in the right direction. Fragmentary thinking, leaving out of sight the larger relations of facts, and embracing theories on different subjects which are seen to be mutually inconsistent when brought into juxtaposition, can be tolerated only in the infancy of science; the absolute necessity of harmony and comprehensiveness of thought, as the condition of the only possible interpretation of Nature which shall truly mirror her universal order, and reveal her secret of perfect unity in boundless variety, forces itself on the mind more and more powerfully in proportion to the increase of human knowledge. Permanent repose in the midst of antagonistic ideas and unreconciled facts is impossible; and in no way does Philosophy, as co-ordinating intelligence, more irresistibly prove her right of eminent domain over the mind of man than by compelling science itself to become philosophical in spirit and in form. Of this constraining influence the systems of Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer, each aiming at the unification of all positive science as an organic whole, are conspicuous illustrations. It is no disparagement to either of these thinkers, entitled as they are to so much praise for the grandeur of their purpose and the patient industry of its execution, to say that neither of their

* J. P. Lesley, Origin and Destiny of Man, 1868, p. 80.

systems is more than a contribution to the great work in hand. So mighty a task, requiring not only philosophical genius, but also encyclopedical knowledge, transcends the ability of any single intellect; it is a labor imposed upon humanity itself, to be accomplished only by the united toils of many generations of great thinkers. The value of each successive systematization of knowledge must be measured by the largeness of its plan, the adequacy of its method, and the fidelity with which the method is applied in the execution of the plan. But the practical utility of a philosophy which shall reveal to science the law of its own development, and thus enable it to work intelligently rather than instinctively in the accomplishment of its ends, will be incalculable; and it is a sure mark of intellectual narrowness to treat with contempt the effort to create such a philosophy.

In taking the idea of universal evolution as its organizing principle, Mr. Spencer has sketched for his philosophy the largest plan possible in the present state of human knowledge; and here lies the cardinal merit of his attempt. But in the adoption of a false method, namely, the interpretation of universal evolution as a purely mechanical process, and in the failure to follow boldly the idea of universal evolution to its logical consequences, we find the cardinal demerits of his attempt. We cannot here enter on any general discussion of these points; but we shall discover in the work under consideration ample evidence of their truth. In the "Principles of Biology," we shall see the clashing of incompatible ideas, and the unaccountable evasion of logical corollaries from admitted principles. Mr. Spencer has thus stopped short of putting the development hypothesis into self-consistent or philosophical shape, and disappointed expectations warranted by his own "First Principles." The numerous special excellences of these two volumes, both in design and execution, must not detain us at present, though we cordially recognize them in passing; our critique does not concern itself with special details, but relates to the general scope of the work, and its success or failure as an attempt to organize the science of Biology as part of the Synthetic Philosophy. Waiving all examination into its purely scientific character, of which adepts in science are the only

competent critics, we restrict ourselves to a definite inquiry, namely, whether it has succeeded in setting forth the "general truths of Biology as illustrative of the laws of Evolution." The extent of its success in this respect is the measure of its philosophical value.

The great questions of biology, considered in its philosophical aspect, are three: What is the origin of life in the first instance? What is the origin of species or the different forms of life? What are the causes of organic evolution in general? To each of these three questions two answers are given. Life is said to originate in the first instance either by natural evolution or by supernatural interposition in the course of Nature. Species are said to originate either by gradual transitions from one form to another or by the periodical introduction of absolutely new and underived forms. These unlike answers to the first two questions spring from unlike hypotheses. If consistent with itself, the development hypothesis attributes the origin of life in the first instance, and the origin of species or the various forms of life, to a natural and gradual process, while the hypothesis of special creations attributes both to supernatural volitional acts. The former epitomizes the history of the individual and of the species alike in the one word *evolution* (with its correlate, *dissolution*); the latter admits evolution in the individual, but denies it in the species, without, however, substituting anything intelligible in its place. Each hypothesis, therefore, admitting evolution as a fact more or less universal, is confronted by a third question, namely, What are the causes of organic evolution? To this third question many answers are given, which fall, nevertheless, into two general classes. The one class finds the causes of organic evolution solely in the direct or indirect action of cosmical forces external to the organism; the other class, fully recognizing the action of these external forces, finds a concurrent cause in forces which manifest themselves in the organism alone, and are therefore irreducible to known cosmical forces. Hence among biologists two great tendencies exist, which find expression in what may be designated as the mechanist and the vitalist theories. It is the recognition of the *speciality of vital phenomena*, as not accounted for solely by mechanical or phys-

ico-chemical causes, and not by any means the fanciful speculations respecting the *unknown causes of these phenomena* in which some vitalists indulge, that constitutes the essence of the vitalist theory; and it is the negation of this speciality which distinguishes the mechanist theory from it. The vitalist theory includes the mechanist theory, with the exception of this negation, affirming its affirmations, but denying its denials.

If we now inquire what relation the mechanist and vitalist theories bear to the development and special-creation theories, we find a curious reversal of natural affinities. The vitalist and special-creation theories are sometimes found associated in the supposed interest of dogmatic theology; while the mechanist and development theories are sometimes found associated in the opposite interest. But, philosophically, the vitalist theory is most closely allied to the development theory, and the mechanist theory to the theory of special creations. Regarding the evolution of the universe as a gradual change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, produced by natural forces which are at bottom diverse manifestations of a single inscrutable force, the spirit of the development theory, at least as generalized by Mr. Spencer, would seem to require the recognition of mechanical, physical, chemical, biological, psychological, sociological, and moral phenomena, as an ascending series of dynamical facts, which are reducible to unity, not by denying the essential diversity of the facts themselves, and thus ignoring the law of the series, but rather by tracing those connections of the facts which constitute them a series. If the cosmos is evolved as a universal whole by an immanent force, and not by a force operating *ab extra*, then, unless the law of evolution changes, those organized beings which exist in the cosmos as partial wholes must also be evolved by immanent forces. To place the primary cause of organic evolution outside the organism is a conception precisely analogous to the conception of a creator outside the universe, — a conception which Mr. Spencer, at least, repudiates. The spirit of the development theory manifestly allies it with the vitalist rather than with the mechanist theory. In like manner, the spirit of the special-creation theory, which regards the universe as originated by a First Cause external to the universe, not immanent in it, and

which imagines each newly created species to have been in some way fashioned out of plastic materials and then vivified from without by foreign influences, would seem to be identical with the spirit of the mechanist theory, which regards the organism as only a living machine, created by the direct and indirect action of external forces alone. The special-creationist, it is true, attributes to the creative power both intelligence and will, and maintains the origination of life to be due to miraculous intervention in the course of Nature, — an assumption which the biological mechanist declines to make. But, regarding the organism as either supernaturally created or naturally evolved *by external power*, both look at it as practically a manufactured machine, and the resemblance is greater than the difference. Hence, we repeat, the mechanist theory is less closely allied to the development theory than to the theory of special creations, while the vitalist theory, maintaining the natural evolution of life by the reciprocal play of external and internal forces whose manifestations cannot be classified together, alone appears to harmonize with the spirit of the development theory.

In determining the value of a biological system based on the idea of evolution, it becomes necessary to consider the answers it gives to the three great questions of philosophical biology, namely: What is the origin of life in the first instance? What is the origin of the various forms of life? What are the general causes of organic evolution? From the answers which Mr. Spencer has given to these three questions we derive our estimate of the philosophical character of his "Biology."

The great work of Mr. Darwin, on the "Origin of Species," which has done so much towards perfecting the development hypothesis, is chiefly confined to the discussion of the second of these three questions, the first being intentionally ignored, and the last being considered only with reference to the causes of variability in species. It exhibits, therefore, certain theoretical *lacunæ*, which must be filled before the development hypothesis can become a general philosophy of organic evolution. For carrying out the avowed purpose of the work, the principles so powerfully advocated and so beautifully illustrated by Mr. Darwin are perhaps sufficient; it being taken for

granted that life already exists at the start, the logical requirements of the development hypothesis are perhaps met, if it can be proved that beneficial variations occur in individuals, descend to offspring, are increased by fresh variations in the same direction through natural selection in the struggle for life, and thus become established as permanent characteristics of new specific forms. But, manifestly enough, more than this is required to meet the demands of a complete theory of the origination and development of life in general, or to make the science of biology illustrate a universal law of evolution. Mr. Darwin, however, aims at no such object. His object, being a definite one, has confessedly nothing to do with the origin of life itself; and it cannot justly be alleged as a defect in his admirable work, that he has not done what he never meant to do. At the same time, by way of parenthesis, he has turned aside from his avowed purpose to make statements which biology, if ever established on the principle of universal evolution, must revise.

"I need hardly say," he writes, in opposition to Lamarck's theory of the continual production of new and simple forms by spontaneous generation, "that Science in her progress has forbidden us to believe that living creatures are now ever produced from inorganic matter." * The distinct denial of spontaneous generation from inorganic matter under present cosmical conditions, though not necessarily implying denial of it under past conditions, seems to lend a peculiar significance to the phrases which we italicize in the following passages. "The whole history of the world, as at present known, though of a length quite incomprehensible by us, will hereafter be recognized as a mere fragment of time, compared with the ages which have elapsed since *the first creature*, the progenitor of innumerable extinct and living descendants, *was created*." † "Therefore I should infer that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, *into which life was first breathed by the Creator*." ‡ "As the first origin of life on this earth, as well as the continued life of each individual, is at present beyond the scope

* Origin of Species, p. 119.
† Ibid. p. 424.
‡ Ibid. p. 431.

of science, I do not wish to lay much stress on the greater simplicity of the view of a few forms, or of only one form, *having been originally created*, instead of *innumerable miraculous creations having been necessary at innumerable periods;* though this more simple view accords well with Maupertuis's philosophical axiom of 'least action.'" *

Comparing, on the one hand, this unequivocal denial of spontaneous generation from inorganic matter, at least under existing cosmical conditions, and, on the other hand, this repeated reference to an initial act of creation, it seems probable, notwithstanding the extreme guardedness of his language, that Mr. Darwin is inclined to accept the hypothesis that life in the first instance originated in an unrepeated (and therefore miraculous) creative act. He apparently regards as the only alternatives an initial miraculous creation and periodical miraculous creations; for *an initial natural creation would be simply spontaneous generation out of inorganic matter*. But, as Mr. J. P. Lesley remarks in his brilliantly written volume, "Science can take no note of the supernatural, unless it becomes natural, and takes the oath of allegiance to Nature. Nature itself is too supernatural to require any additions from the realms of human ignorance." † The development theory must stand or fall with the theory of spontaneous generation. Logic permits no other conclusion. It may be, as Mr. Darwin regards it, quite "immaterial" whether we believe that life first appeared in a single form or in several forms, since under varying conditions various forms might be naturally evolved; but it is very far from "immaterial" to the integrity of the development theory whether we believe that life first appeared *with* or *without* special miraculous creation. If the arguments against special creation on which the development theory relies have any validity or logical force whatever, they are valid against the special creation of the primordial form or forms. The development theory is philosophically worthless, if it cannot altogether dispense with the help of that kind of agency, the assumption of which is its chief objection to the antagonist theory. It is bound to fill up the chasm between the organic and the inorganic, — it is bound

* Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication, Vol. I. p. 24.

† The Origin and Destiny of Man, 1868, p. 164.

to adhere unflinchingly to Mr. Darwin's favorite maxim, *Natura non facit saltum*, — or else confess itself logically even more untenable than the theory it opposes. This is no exaggeration. If special creation is held to recur periodically, then miracle becomes in some sort legitimated by this very periodicity, and so far challenges the respect of science by wearing the mask of law. But if it is held to have occurred once, and once only, then the mask falls off and reveals the hideousness of absolute anomaly.* Paradoxical as it may sound, therefore, it is a severer tax on "faith" to accept Mr. Darwin's solitary creation than to accept the innumerable creations of his opponents. Theology must believe more, philosophy must believe less. Law without miracle is the faith of science. The conception of the strict universality of law, which is rapidly undermining the special-creation theory in all its forms, must yet cause the development theory to assume some form which shall not involve the very same irrationality in its most aggravated shape. Logic imperatively demands that it shall furnish, without having recourse to any assumed deviation from the established regularities of Nature, some intelligible hypothesis of the manner in which *unorganized matter becomes organic tissue.* Until it shall be in a condition to do this, it cannot be regarded as even philosophically self-coherent, much less as scientifically proved.

In the hands of Mr. Darwin, therefore, the idea of natural evolution, although admirably employed to elucidate the origin of species, throws no light on the origin of life itself. Yet so long as this great question is either altogether ignored or answered by assuming a solitary miracle, it is manifest that the development theory, however competent to account for the gradual differentiation of organisms into varieties, species, genera, etc., is incompetent to yield an adequate philosophical basis for a general science of life. In forming our estimate, therefore, of the philosophical value of Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Biology," it is necessary first of all to ascertain his attitude towards the theory of spontaneous generation.

* "If all subordination of miracle to law is abjured, then it is *ipso facto* disproved." William Adam, An Inquiry into the Theories of History. London: 1864. p. 111.

Apparently recognizing the logical necessity, inherent in the development theory, of bridging the chasm between the organic and the inorganic, and of discovering intermediate or transitional conditions of matter, Mr. Spencer, in his opening chapters, devotes considerable space to the subject of colloids and crystalloids, and their mutual relations. He refers to Professor Graham's important researches, and quotes from him the following remarks. "The colloid is, in fact, a dynamical state of matter, the crystalloidal being the statical condition. The colloid possesses *energia*. It may be looked upon as the primary source of the force appearing in the phenomena of vitality. To the gradual manner in which colloidal changes take place (for they always demand time as an element) may the characteristic protraction of chemico-organic changes also be referred." Mr. Spencer himself then adds: "The class of colloids includes not only all those most complex nitrogenous compounds characteristic of organic tissue, and sundry of the oxy-hydro-carbons found along with them, but, *significantly enough*, it includes several of those substances, classed as inorganic, which enter into organized structures." * It is difficult to perceive any particular significance in the fact stated, unless it points to the colloidal condition of matter as a connecting link between its organic and inorganic conditions, — which, again, is significant only as suggesting the natural evolution of the one from the other. Mr. Spencer also praises De Maillet as in advance of his age, on the ground that "his wild notions as to the way in which natural agencies acted in the production of plants and animals must not make us forget the merit of his intuition that animals and plants *were* produced by natural causes." † Furthermore, as we have already seen, Mr. Spencer condemns the special-creation hypothesis as "worthless," and advocates in its stead the development hypothesis; and we are therefore confirmed in the expectation, already so amply warranted, that, as a philosophical thinker, he will clearly perceive and frankly avow the logical consequences of the hypothesis he adopts. The spirit and tenor of his whole philosophy are as hostile to the postulate of an initial special creation as they are to that

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. pp. 16, 17.

† Ibid. p. 408.

of successive special creations; and this supposition as to the origin of life being set aside, no supposition remains but that of natural evolution, or, in plain English, spontaneous generation. If the essence of the spontaneous-generation hypothesis is the principle that living organisms either are or have been evolved out of inorganic matter without any intervention of miraculous agencies, (and the alleged spontaneous generation of *Vibrios*, *Bacteriums*, etc., in infusions of organic matter, has its chief theoretic importance as foreshadowing the establishment of this large principle,) then it cannot be denied that this hypothesis should be regarded as necessarily an integral part of the development hypothesis, — bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh. Biology *as science* may avoid all discussion of a question which is at present beyond settlement by observation and experiment; but biology *as philosophy* is not at liberty thus to disregard the self-evident necessities of logic. We are certainly warranted in concluding that Mr. Spencer is bound by the spirit of his own system to employ his unquestioned ability and large scientific acquirements in the open defence of a doctrine which is so plainly a corollary from his "First Principles." We come to this conclusion with the less reluctance, because we are quite willing to share whatever *odium theologicum* may be involved in the acceptance of what we consider to be the most rational hypothesis as to the appearance of life on the globe.

When, however, we come to inquire what reply Mr. Spencer has really given to the first great question which a philosophical biology must answer, namely, What is the origin of life in the first instance? we find no definite reply of any sort in the volumes before us. There being but two conceivable replies to this question, special creation and spontaneous generation, we are bewildered to find that Mr. Spencer unequivocally repudiates the former, and somewhat evasively repudiates the latter, thus rejecting not only the popular view, but also the view necessitated by his own philosophy. Instead of trying to solve the problem of the first origin of life, he, like Mr. Darwin, ignores it altogether, — a procedure perfectly legitimate in the "scientist," but wholly illegitimate in the philosopher. His rejection of the special-creation hypothesis is very explicit; his

acceptance of the evolution hypothesis is equally explicit. Yet all that he has to say concerning the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, which is an integral part of the evolution hypothesis, is contained in a foot-note of less than four lines, and that an almost contemptuous allusion! In reference to an innovation of his own in the use of the word *heterogenesis*, he remarks: "Unfortunately, the word *heterogenesis* has been already used as a synonyme for 'spontaneous generation.' Save by those few who believe in 'spontaneous generation,' however, little objection will be felt to using the word in a sense much more appropriate."* From this passage it is impossible to avoid the inference that Mr. Spencer wishes to imply his disagreement with "those few who believe in spontaneous generation." Any other interpretation would be inconsistent with the respect due to manifest moral sincerity and intellectual courage. For the same reason the supposition is wholly untenable, that, believing spontaneous generation to have occurred in the past, he would disavow belief in it, on the ground that it is not known to occur under existing cosmical conditions. The impression is unavoidably given by the spirit of the passage quoted, that Mr. Spencer regards the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, whether in the past or the present, as unworthy of credence. This impression is strengthened by the following passage, which plainly means evasion of the question of the first origin of life: "Moreover, we have to take into account not only the characters of immediately preceding ancestors, but also those of their ancestors and ancestors of all degrees of remoteness. *Setting out with rudimentary types*, we have to consider," etc., etc.† To "set out with rudimentary types" is to evade the question how those types originated. There being but two conceivable answers to the first great question of philosophical biology, Mr. Spencer apparently rejects both, and offers no other in their stead. It is sufficiently clear, therefore, that he has in this respect signally failed to make biology "illustrate the laws of evolution."

We do not, however, consider Mr. Spencer's disowning of the spontaneous-generation hypothesis as necessarily fatal to it.

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. p. 210, foot-note.

† Ibid. Vol. II. p. 9.

The development hypothesis, as a whole, is gaining ground every day with reflecting persons of all classes, simply because it is the *only* hypothesis anywhere presented that does not clash with the deep faith of the age in universal law. There are not a few persons who can penetrate deeper than Mr. Spencer has done into the idea of universal evolution, and see that this idea necessitates the assumption of spontaneous generation. In fact, since the spontaneous-generation hypothesis simply supposes the gradual evolution of the lowest forms of life out of inorganic matter, while the special-creation hypothesis supposes the instantaneous creation of the highest forms out of the same inorganic matter, it is clear as noonday that *special creation is neither more nor less than spontaneous generation in its most monstrous form.* The one hypothesis harmonizes with the idea of universal law, the other glaringly contradicts it. Nor is it on philosophical grounds alone that the hypothesis of spontaneous generation rests. Regarded in a purely scientific light, it is strictly an open question. Although incapable of verification in some of its aspects, actual experiments, conducted by men of the highest scientific reputation, justify the statement, that, in other aspects, spontaneous generation may be a normal fact, even at the present time. A few words on this subject will not, we trust, be deemed out of place.

In its widest sense, *generatio æquivoca*, or "spontaneous generation," called also *spontéparité* by Dugès, and *heterogenesis* by Burdach, means *the coming into existence of an organized being otherwise than by parentage.* The phrase is by no means intended, as vulgarly supposed, to signify *fortuitous* generation, that is, to imply the absence of causation; it does imply that organisms of the lowest order may originate in appropriate media in other ways than by ordinary reproduction, but it also implies the action of natural causes and the invariability of natural laws in the most rigorous sense of those words. The processes of heterogenesis, if facts, are conceived to be as truly regulated by the laws of Nature as the commonest facts of observation; there can be no more "chance" in the one case than in the other. The hypothesis of heterogenesis assumes no deviation from universal laws; whereas the hypoth-

esis of special creations, postulating the sudden apparition, without parentage, of the most highly developed animals and plants, and that, too, confessedly by supernatural volitions, takes for granted a kind of spontaneous generation which is utterly irreconcilable with universal order. Every objection, therefore, brought against the former hypothesis tells with tenfold force against the latter. Either hypothesis is consistent with theism; the former alone is consistent with faith in the harmonious economy of the universe. Much of the popular repugnance to the doctrine of heterogenesis arises from its supposed atheistic tendencies; whereas such tendencies no more exist in this than in any other doctrine which implies the strict universality of natural law. Apart, however, from all theological prejudices, it encounters a formidable obstacle in the justifiable demand of science itself, that all genesis of new organisms shall be explained by parentage until genesis without parentage is proved, — that the law of homogenesis shall be assumed to be strictly universal, until a complementary law of heterogenesis is experimentally established. Harvey's famous maxim, *Omne vivum ex ovo*, as amended by Charles Robin into *Omne vivum ex vivo*, and by Milne Edwards into *Tout corps vivant provient d'un corps qui vit*, unquestionably justifies the opponents of heterogenesis from the standpoint of positive science, and throws the burden of proof upon its advocates. But, looking at the question from a higher point of view, the scientific advantage seemingly gained by rejecting heterogenesis is more than offset by the greater philosophical disadvantage of not being able to explain the first origin of life without having recourse to miracle. If life ever originated without miracle, it is fairly presumable, that, under similar conditions, it so originates now. Whether the conditions are now similar or not experiment and observation must decide. But the nebular hypothesis would necessitate the admission that there was a time when no organisms existed, — that there was a time, consequently, when a first organism appeared. This first organism must be supposed to have been naturally evolved out of inorganic matter by heterogenesis, or else to have been miraculously created by supernatural intervention, — a supposition as contrary to the spirit of positive science as it is to the spirit

of philosophy. The question of the first origin of life cannot always be ignored by scientific thinkers; and when it is once fairly raised, the burden of proof is transferred to the advocates of universal homogenesis, who must explain the apparition of the first organism, which *ex hypothesi* had no parents, as best they can.

The chasm, however, between homogenesis and heterogenesis is not so wide as is commonly supposed. In the last analysis *all generation is spontaneous*. Throughout the entire animal kingdom, generation commences by ovules, which exist as organisms prior to fecundation.* Heterogenesis is not supposed to create suddenly an adult organism, but to proceed in the same way as normal ovulation, which must be itself spontaneous in the commencement.† As in the tissue of the stroma an ovule spontaneously originates under appropriate conditions, so it is supposed to originate by heterogenesis in other proligerous substances. That ovules, thus spontaneously originated, may develop into living individuals without the previous process of fecundation, is shown by the singular phenomena of so-called *parthenogenesis*, as illustrated in the case of certain *Lepidoptera*, in some species of which the males have never been found.‡ Nothing more than this is supposed to take place in heterogenesis, except that the nutritive medium in which the germ originates is different. "It is surprising," says M. Pouchet, "that we should have to wait till the nineteenth century for the discovery that the initial process in both forms of generation is precisely the same." § In either case, that "tendency to individuation," by which Schelling defined life, mani-

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* Théorie Positive de l'Ovulation Spontanée et de la Fécondation des Mammifères et de l'Espèce Humaine. Par F. A. Pouchet. 1847. pp. 27–73.

† "Nous devons insister sur ce point, c'est que la génération primaire ne produit jamais un animal de toutes pièces, mais que seulement elle engendre des *ovules spontanés* dans le milieu proligère, absolument sous l'empire des mêmes forces qui façonnent des ovules dans le tissu de l'ovaire." Pouchet, Hétérogénie, 1859, p. 326; so p. 665.

‡ Principles of Biology, Vol. I. p. 215. So also Mr. Darwin: "Ovules occasionally, and even in some cases frequently, become developed into perfect beings without the concourse of the male element. J. Müller and others admit that ovules and buds have the same essential nature." Animals and Plants under Domestication, Vol. II. p. 431.

§ Hétérogénie, p. 15.

fests itself under appropriate circumstances in the formation of a new individual. "There is, however, one fact implying that function must be regarded as taking precedence of structure. Of the lowest rhizopods, which present no distinction of parts, and nevertheless feed and grow and move about, Professor Huxley has remarked that they exhibit life without organization." * Whether in homogenesis or heterogenesis, life must first manifest itself in the production of a germ in an appropriate medium of environment, — manifest itself without antecedent organization, — manifest itself in peculiar motions and arrangements of matter not explicable by any known causes in the environment; and the question at issue between the two hypotheses is simply this: Are previously existent organisms the only natural media productive of such germs? The modes of reproduction known as fission and gemmation (*scissiparité* and *gemmiparité*), which are still farther removed from ordinary gamogenesis than even the phenomena of parthenogenesis, seem to stand as connecting links between the two extremes of ovarian and "equivocal" generation. Here, too, the philosopher must accept the maxim, *Natura non facit saltum.* If Mr. Darwin, in the acknowledged paucity of intermediate forms, may reasonably appeal to the "imperfection of the geological record" in behalf of the natural evolution of species, so may the heterogenist, with equal reasonableness, appeal to the imperfection of the biological record in behalf of the natural evolution of life itself. Whether the appeal is reasonable or unreasonable, it is, at least, a logical necessity of the development hypothesis in both cases.

M. Milne Edwards conveniently divides the question of spontaneous generation.† Designating production by parentage as homogenesis, and production without parentage as heterogenesis, he divides the latter into the three following classes: —

1. Agenesis, or the formation of a living being by the spontaneous organization of non-living matter.

2. Necrogenesis, or the formation of living beings in conse-

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. p. 153.

† Leçons de la Physiologie et de l'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux, 1863, Vol. VIII. p. 251. The entire Seventy-first Lecture (pp. 237 – 298) is devoted to a discussion of the theory of spontaneous generation, which is strongly opposed.

quence of the dissociation of the parts of a dead organism, which, as parts, should still preserve the faculty of living, and of developing into new organic forms.*

3. Xenogenesis, or the formation of living beings by the physiological action of a living organism which should transmit to them the principle of life without impressing on them its own organic characters; the new being would not be of the same nature as its parent, and would represent a different species.

We have no space to devote to the history of the hypothesis of heterogenesis, which, however, has the authority of many of the most eminent names in science, both ancient and modern; but we cannot dismiss the subject without saying that the most recent and most trustworthy experiments tend as much to confirm as to invalidate the hypothesis, on the whole. The investigations of M. Pouchet, an ardent advocate, and of M. Pasteur, an equally ardent opponent of this hypothesis, have given fresh interest to the question within the last few years. Very recently M. Donné has performed experiments which render it probable that heterogenesis is a fact; † and this probability is increased by the results obtained in England by Dr. Child, and in this country by Professor Jeffries Wyman, whose reputation for accuracy and impartiality has no superior.‡ After comparing

* This would be in virtue of what M. Milne Edwards himself recognizes as a physiological fact under the name of "l'indépendance biologique des particules constitutives de l'économie animale" (p. 249), and explains more fully a little later, illustrating it by the hematic globules, etc. (p. 273). M. Claude Bernard, Virchow, and other eminent physiologists, recognize the same fact.

† "Je prends des œufs de poule, je pratique une ouverture à leur sommet, je perce le jaune à l'aide d'un stylet préalablement rougi au feu, et je laisse écouler un tiers environ de sa matière intérieure; je remplis le vide avec de l'eau *distillée* bouillante, je ferme l'ouverture hermétiquement avec de la cire ramollie qui se fond au contact de l'œuf chaud et adhère exactement autour du trou. J'abandonne ces œufs à la température de mon cabinet, variant de 17 à 24 degrés. Cinq jours d'après, j'enlève le bouchon de cire, et j'examine la matière de l'œuf au microscope. Elle fourmille de vibrions d'une grande activité. Je ne crois pas pouvoir mieux répondre aux objections de M. Pasteur. D'où proviendraient, en effet, les germes de ces vibrions? On ne peut raisonnablement admettre qu'ils pré-existent dans la matière de l'œuf; j'ai démontré qu'il n'en existe jamais dans les œufs abandonnés à leur décomposition naturelle. On ne dira pas non plus, je pense, qu'ils sont contenus dans l'eau distillée." Cosmos, Revue Encyclopédique Hebdomadaire des Progrès des Sciences, 16 Janvier, 1867, p. 84.

‡ American Journal of Science and Arts, September, 1867, pp. 152–169.

the various degrees of temperature shown by trustworthy evidence to be compatible with organic life in various thermal springs in Nature, and concluding that 208° Fahrenheit is its extreme limit of endurance, as thus far determined by observation, Professor Wyman minutely describes a long series of delicate and ingeniously devised experiments conducted by himself for the purpose of ascertaining "how far the life of certain low kinds of organisms is either sustained or destroyed in water which has been raised to a high temperature." The most remarkable of these experiments showed that seven flasks, hermetically sealed, and containing a boiled solution of "extract of beef" (Borden's concentrated juice of beef, evaporated to a nearly solid substance, free from tissues and entirely soluble), became the seat of infusorial life *after being continuously boiled for four hours*, — three of the flasks on the second day, and four of them on the fourth day. If the boiling was prolonged to five hours, as was done with other flasks, no infusoria appeared. If the infusoria thus developed in hermetically sealed flasks, after prolonged boiling for four hours, came from germs or spores previously existent in the organic solution,* then these germs or spores must be capable of resisting the destructive action of boiling water during that period of time; but if these germs or spores are incapable of resisting the destructive action of boiling water during so long a period, then the developed infusoria must have been generated spontaneously, that is, independently of pre-existent organisms. To determine this point, if possible, Professor Wyman instituted additional experiments. The usual signs of life manifested by infusoria being locomotion, growth, and reproduction, and initiation of the processes of fermentation or putrefaction, he inferred that "inactivity in the presence of organic material suitable for nourishment, and of air at the ordinary temperature, added to the absence of the other signs of life, must be considered as the best indication of death." Experiment showed that all motion of the vibrios

* "Soit une infusion organique qui a subi l'ébullition. Exposée à l'air, elle s'altère, elle montre en très-peu de jours des cryptogames ou des infusoires. Eh bien, il est prouvé par mes expériences que son altération est uniquement due à la chute des particules solides que l'air charrie toujours. Rien, rien d'autre n'est la cause de la vie dans les infusions *qui ont été portées à l'ébullition.*" L. Pasteur, Leçons de Chimie et de Physique, 1862, pp. 243, 244.

ceased at about 135° Fahrenheit, and all motion of the ciliated infusoria ceased at less than 130°; and that "the solutions to which *boiled* infusoria were added did not become invaded by animalcules sooner than those to which none had been added, while those to which *unboiled* infusoria were added were in all cases invaded at least one day, and in some two or three days, earlier." These results confirm the opinion of Spallanzani himself, perhaps the most determined opponent of heterogenesis, that the action of boiling water a little prolonged destroys the vitality, not only of developed animals and plants, but also of their eggs and seeds, and render the hypothesis of heterogenesis by far the most plausible explanation of the appearance of infusoria in organic solutions, after continuous boiling for four hours in hermetically sealed flasks. To dismiss the whole subject of spontaneous generation, therefore, as Mr. Spencer has done, with a polite shrug of the shoulder, instead of at least honoring with his opposition a theory associated with the names of such men as Buffon, Oken, Lavoisier, Bremser, Treviranus, Tiedemann, Burdach, J. Müller, Dugès, Dujardin, Eudes Deslongchamps, A. Richard, Pouchet, Joly, Donné, Professor Wyman, and Professor Owen (whom Milne Edwards calls *l'anatomiste le plus éminent que l'Angleterre possède aujourd'hui*), does little credit to Mr. Spencer either as student of science or philosopher, especially when this theory is self-evidently a corollary from his own fundamental principles.

To the second great question of philosophical biology, namely, the origin of species, we have already seen that Mr. Spencer returns substantially the same answer as Mr. Darwin. The first seven chapters of Part III. of his "Principles of Biology" give an admirable summary of arguments tending to prove that species have been naturally evolved, rather than supernaturally created. For the phrase *natural selection* employed by Mr. Darwin, Mr. Spencer occasionally substitutes the phrase *survival of the fittest*, which is in some respects a clearer and more scientific name for the great principle indicated. So far as the origin of species is concerned, a more methodical form of statement is the chief gain which the development theory has received in Mr. Spencer's hands; and recognizing the full value of this gain, we pass on to give a

careful consideration to his answer to the third great question, What are the causes of organic evolution?

The "Synthetic Philosophy" teaches that "all phenomena are incidents in the redistributions of matter and motion," * that all phenomena conform to one and the same "law of evolution," † and that in all phenomena the change which constitutes evolution "is *a change in the arrangement of parts*,— of course using the word *parts* in its most extended sense, as signifying both ultimate units and masses of such units." ‡ From the nature of these principles, therefore, it is under the necessity of seeking to formulate all phenomena in mechanical terms, not by way of metaphor or mere analogy, but in conformity with the fundamental assumption (everywhere made, though nowhere distinctly stated) that *philosophy is universalized mechanics*. The "Principles of Biology," as might be inferred from these premises, is an elaborate defence of the mechanist theory of organic evolution, the essence of which theory is the principle that all vital processes and actions are explicable as, in the last analysis, mechanical or physico-chemical phenomena, and that every organism is a living mechanism, originated and developed solely by the forces recognized by mechanics and chemical physics. In other words, the organism is directly or indirectly the product of the environment alone, exhibiting no phenomena that require the recognition of any force or forces to be called *vital* in any special sense. This theory Mr. Spencer advocates in its extreme form, since his philosophy necessitates the interpretation of even chemical phenomena as, at bottom, merely complex manifestations of the universal laws of mechanics; and he avows this theory with honorable frankness. "For those progressive modifications upon modifications which organic evolution implies we find *a sufficient cause* in the modifications upon modifications which every environment over the earth's surface has been undergoing, throughout all geologic and pre-geologic time." § Mr. Spencer accordingly maintains that no forces other than general cosmical forces are concerned in the evolution of organized beings; that all so-called vital phenomena being expli-

* First Principles, p. 499.
† Ibid. p. 148.
‡ Ibid. p. 221.
§ Principles of Biology, Vol. I. p. 465.

cable as direct or indirect effects, cumulative through the ages, of external forces in the environment, it is quite unnecessary to assume any force or forces which need be regarded as vital in any peculiar sense. We now proceed to show that the general answer thus given to the third great question of philosophical biology is developed in detail into perhaps the most perfect form which the mechanist theory has yet assumed.

The last seven chapters of Part III.* discuss the causes of organic evolution as illustrated in the gradual origination of species. In Chapter VIII. Mr. Spencer criticises, as crude, the successive phases of the development theory advocated by De Maillet, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, Lamarck, the author of "Vestiges of Creation," and Professor Owen, because they attribute evolution to some "intrinsic proclivity," "inherent tendency," or "innate aptitude," existing in organisms and gradually moulding them into higher and higher forms. "In whatever way it is formulated," says Mr. Spencer, "or by whatever language it is obscured, this ascription of organic evolution to some aptitude naturally possessed by organisms or miraculously imposed on them is unphilosophical. It is one of those explanations which explain nothing, — a shaping of ignorance into the semblance of knowledge. The cause assigned is not a true cause, not a cause assimilable to known causes, not a cause that can anywhere be shown to produce analogous effects. It is a cause unrepresentable in thought, — one of those illegitimate symbolic conceptions which cannot by any mental process be elaborated into a real conception. In brief, this assumption of a persistent formative power inherent in organisms, and making them unfold into higher forms, is an assumption no more tenable than the assumption of special creations: of which, indeed, it is but a modification, differing only by the fusion of separate unknown processes into a continuous unknown process." † Instead of assuming any such fictitious causes, Mr. Spencer attributes evolution solely to "the changing incidence of conditions." ‡ This changing incidence of conditions he proceeds to analyze, in

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. pp. 402 - 475.

† Ibid. p. 404.

‡ Ibid. p. 409 : compare p. 467.

Chapters IX. and X., into "external factors" and "internal factors": the former comprising astronomic, geologic, meteorologic, and external organic changes (that is, changes in surrounding organisms); and the latter comprising loss of homogeneity, multiplication of effects, and increasing definiteness of consequent differentiations. But these internal factors must not be supposed to be in any sense independent factors or con-causes; they are themselves merely the *results* of the external factors, — merely the *mechanical reaction* of organisms against the action of external forces, — which by gradual accumulation in the course of innumerable generations work a gradual change in the structural and functional characteristics of species. "We find progression to result, not from a special inherent tendency of living bodies, but from a general-average effect of their relations to surrounding agencies." * In Chapters XI. and XII. are explained the principles of "direct and indirect equilibration," by which "perturbations produced in the moving equilibrium of any organism" result in the establishment of a "new moving equilibrium, adjusted to the new arrangement of external forces," and which thus, by inward changes induced from without, adapt the organism to a changed environment. "What is ordinarily called adaptation is, when translated into mechanical terms, direct equilibration; and that process which, under the name of natural selection, Mr. Darwin has shown to be an ever-active means of fitting the organisms to their circumstances, we find, on analysis, to be expressible in mechanical terms as indirect equilibration." † In Chapter XIII. is explained the co-operation of the internal and external factors in producing the general result of organic evolution; and in Chapter XIV. is pointed out the convergence of the evidences which lead to the final establishment of the evolution hypothesis. Thus the organism is shown to be the exclusively mechanical product of the environment, without any concurrent cause whatever manifesting itself in the organism in any peculiar way; these external and internal factors, constantly co-operating, *include all the causes of organic evolution*, and any reaction of the organism on the environment, however seemingly spontaneous, is merely part

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. p. 430. † Ibid. p. 466.

of the multiplication of effects produced in the first instance by the incident forces and mechanically reflected upon them.

Mr. Spencer has thus given, if not an adequate, at least a consistent and ingenious, explanation of the evolution of species, without having recourse to any but mechanical conceptions and mechanical terms. That the same laws which govern the evolution of species must also govern the evolution of individuals, and that the mechanist theory, if applied to the explanation of the one, must be as rigorously applied to the explanation of the other, no one more clearly perceives than Mr. Spencer, as appears from the following passage: "Those universal laws of the redistribution of matter and motion, to which things in general conform, are conformed to by all living things, whether considered in their individual histories, in their histories as species, or in their aggregate history." * To assume, therefore, in the explanation of evolution as illustrated in individual organisms, any "tendency" or "aptitude" not explicable by mechanical conceptions and expressible by mechanical terms (an assumption which we have already seen to be most severely reprehended by Mr. Spencer) would be manifestly to violate the cardinal principle of the mechanist theory, and undermine, not only the "Biology," but also the whole "Synthetic Philosophy." After Mr. Spencer's emphatic condemnation of all such assumptions, when made by the earlier advocates of the development hypothesis, we are certainly justified in the expectation that Mr. Spencer himself, in converting this hypothesis into a philosophy of organic evolution, will be especially on his guard against making any similar assumptions. Clearly, by Mr. Spencer's own confession, it would make no difference whether the assumed "tendency," or "aptitude," or "power," should be held to inhere in all the individuals of a species, gradually developing it into higher and divergent forms, or in all the tissues of an individual, gradually developing it into the common form of its species. In any case, the assumption of an inherent tendency, power, or aptitude, whether "naturally possessed" or "miraculously imposed," would, according to Mr. Spencer himself, be "unphilosophical"; it would be a non-mechanical conception,

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. p. 464.

utterly at variance with the principle that all biological phenomena must be explained as simple "redistributions of matter and motion"; it would, in Mr. Spencer's own phrase, be "no more tenable than the assumption of special creations"; it would, in short, be an unconditional surrender of the mechanist theory to the vitalist theory, — a voluntary confession of its own incompetence to become the basis of a self-consistent philosophy.

What shall be said, then, of the speculative value of Mr. Spencer's system of biology, if we find it making that very assumption which it so pointedly condemns in others, and that, too, not in mere carelessness of expression, but deliberately and repeatedly? Incredible as it may seem, such is actually the fact. Being unable to explain the normal repair of wasted tissues in accordance with the mechanist theory, Mr. Spencer is driven, much against his will, to offer what he himself has designated as "one of those explanations which explain nothing," namely, the assumption of "inherent tendency or power." "But . . . . the facts cannot be thus wholly accounted for, since organs are in part made up of units that do not exist as such in the circulating fluids. The process becomes comprehensible, however," — (how so, if the offered explanation is merely a "shaping of ignorance into the semblance of knowledge"?) — "if it be shown that . . . . groups of compound units have *a certain power of moulding adjacent fit materials into units of their own form.*" * He then cites certain remarks of Mr. Paget on the permanent effects wrought in the blood by the poison of scarlatina and small-pox, as justifying the belief that such a "power" exists, and attributes the repair of a wasted tissue to "forces analogous to those by which a crystal reproduces its lost apex." (Neither of which phenomena, however, is explicable by mechanical causes.) In the same manner he renders "comprehensible" the ability of an organ to recomplete itself, when one of its parts has been cut off, by assuming in it a "force which constrains the newly integrated atoms to take a certain definite form"; illustrating this "force" by the reproduction of the amputated leg or tail of a lizard, by the development of the fragment of a begonia leaf into a young

* Principles of Biology, Vol. I. pp. 177 – 183.

begonia, and by the growth of the segment of a polyp into a young polyp; and concluding as follows: "We have, therefore, *no alternative* but to say that the living particles composing one of these fragments have *an innate tendency* to arrange themselves into the shape of the organism to which they belong. We must infer that a plant or animal of any species is made up of special units, in all of which there dwells *the intrinsic aptitude to aggregate into the form of that species.* . . . . We are thus *compelled* to recognize *the tendency to assume the specific form as inherent in all parts of the organism.*" To this special power, tendency, or aptitude (singularly enough, the very words here used are the ones so severely criticised, when similarly used by others) Mr. Spencer assigns the special name of *organic polarity*, which he believes to inhere in certain *physiological units* intermediate between the chemical and the morphological units of the tissues. But he nowhere ventures to reduce it to the category of mechanical forces, although half conscious, as his language shows, that the assumption of such a force is an uncomfortable and dangerous excrescence in a philosophy which aims at the mechanical interpretation of all phenomena.

Furthermore, notwithstanding the logical necessities of the "law of evolution," which Mr. Spencer explicitly declares to be invariable throughout the entire history of organisms, *whether as species or as individuals*, we find him abandoning the mechanist theory, to which he had faithfully adhered in explaining the evolution of species, and practically adopting the vitalist theory, when he explains the general causes of the evolution of individuals. Forgetting his own unqualified condemnation of all ascription of organic evolution to "aptitudes" or "tendencies," he makes the very same ascription himself, in order to account for the morphological development of each organism according to its own specific type. Two sets of factors, he says, must be taken into account, — "internal organizing forces, tending to reproduce the ancestral form, and external modifying forces, tending to cause deviations from that form." These factors of the first class, or the internal organizing forces, are "the *formative tendencies* of organisms themselves, — the *proclivities* inherited by them from antecedent organisms, and

which past processes of evolution have bequeathed"; and they are to be referred, in the last analysis, to that "organic polarity" already described.* Here, then, we have occult properties or "tendencies," naturally possessed by organisms, assigned by Mr. Spencer as true causes of morphological evolution, in manifest oblivion of his previous emphatic rejection of all such tendencies, "whether *naturally possessed* or miraculously imposed."

It will be noticed, however, that Mr. Spencer attributes the possession of these "tendencies," or "proclivities," to natural inheritance from ancestral organisms; and it may be argued that he thus saves the mechanist theory and his own consistency at the same time, inasmuch as he derives even the "tendencies" themselves ultimately from the environment. To this we reply, that Mr. Spencer, who advocates the nebular hypothesis, cannot evade the admission of an absolute commencement of organic life on the globe, and that the "formative tendencies," without which he cannot explain the evolution of a single individual, could not have been inherited by the first organism. Besides, by his virtual denial of spontaneous generation, he denies that the first organism was evolved out of the inorganic world, and thus shuts himself off from the argument (otherwise plausible) that its "tendencies" were ultimately derived from the environment. Lastly, even if we pass over these difficulties, it would be preposterous to claim that *an inherited tendency to reproduce a previously existent type of organic structure* can be accounted for by any principles known to mechanics. This reproduction of ancestral forms is a strictly biological phenomenon, upon which mechanics throws not the faintest glimmering of light; and Mr. Spencer's "formative tendencies," even if suffered to stand as a convenient name for an unknown cause, must stand wholly outside of the mechanist theory.

Nothing can be plainer than that the "organic polarity of the physiological units," by which Mr. Spencer would render "comprehensible" the processes of organic repair and organic evolution of individuals, is a conception of the same order with the "tendency to higher forms" of the early

* Principles of Biology, Vol. II. pp. 8, 9.

pioneers of the development theory, — with the "physiological soul" of Stahl, the "archæus" of Van Helmont, the "nisus formativus" of Barthès, the "force vitale" of Bichat, the "vegetative force" of Needham, the "force génésique" of Pouchet, the "idée créatrice" of Claude Bernard, the "propriétés élémentaires des tissues" recognized even by the Comtists, etc., etc. If the use of such phrases is really an attempt to explain the *ignotum per ignotius*, — if the naming of the force which manifests itself in biological phenomena is meant for anything more than a frank avowal of ignorance, a simple recognition of facts not to be classed with purely mechanical or physico-chemical facts, — then we see no reason why Dr. Darwin's or Lamarck's "tendency to higher forms" is not quite as respectable, in a philosophical point of view, as Mr. Spencer's "formative tendencies" or "organic polarity." Having to work out its problems with fewer equations than it has unknown quantities, biology can find no solution which does not involve terms of x and y; and this seems the only valid defence for the use of such phrases. However this may be, it is sufficiently plain, that, on the one hand, Mr. Spencer assigns to an occult force a large share in the causation of the evolution of the individual, while, on the other hand, he assigns no place to it among the acknowledged causes of the evolution of the species, thus forgetting his own admission that the law of evolution must be in both cases the same. Shall his "organic polarity" take rank with the "external factors" or the "internal factors" by the co-operation of which he explains the evolution of species? If with the latter, shall it be reduced to "loss of homogeneity," or to "multiplication of effects," or to "increasing definiteness of consequent differentiations"? The truth is, that, while aspiring to explain all things by strictly mechanical conceptions, Mr. Spencer has very inadvertently admitted into his philosophy a conception which is in no sense a mechanical one; and its admission is tantamount to a confession that the philosophy itself is too narrow for the facts, that it cannot interpret them all as mere "redistributions of matter and motion," that it must either step outside of the mechanist theory or fail to recognize phenomena of the highest importance. It is certainly to Mr. Spencer's credit as a conscien-

tious thinker that he has fairly confronted facts which he cannot reconcile with the mechanist theory, but it is by no means to his credit as a philosophical thinker that these obdurate facts have not induced the relinquishment of the theory itself. The necessity of a non-mechanical conception, in a system whose corner-stone is the assumption that all phenomena can be mechanically interpreted, is fatal to its philosophical integrity.*

If it be said, that, in undertaking to formulate all phenomena in mechanical terms, Mr. Spencer does so in a metaphorical sense, using these terms merely for the sake of showing the essential identity of evolution in all its aspects, it must be replied, that metaphor in philosophy is a dangerous luxury, and has in this case created great confusion, — to say nothing of the singularity of writing ten volumes to prove the propriety of a metaphor. It is doubtless true that the description of biological phenomena in mechanical terms sounds exceedingly metaphorical, — which is the fault of the phenomena themselves, obstinately persisting in being biological rather than mechanical. But the supposition that Mr. Spencer means to use mechanical terms in a merely metaphorical sense is contradicted not only by his language, but also by his thought. This is sufficiently shown by his theory of the causation of organic evolution. Yet, if further proof is desired, it may be found in his theory of the production of the vertebral column by the mechanical effects of "transverse strains" (Vol. II. pp. 192–209), and his cognate theory of the production of massiveness in tree-trunks by similar mechanical causes (Vol. II. pp. 258–262). The possible defence, therefore, that, in trying to formulate biological phenomena in mechanical terms, Mr. Spencer merely uses language in a metaphorical or analogical sense, cannot stand the test of critical scrutiny; and the conclusion is unavoidable, that his real object is to account for all biological phenomena by the action of mechanical causes. His theory of "organic polarity," however, which by his own confession is indispensable in the explanation of histological changes,

* Since writing the above we have found in the Westminster Review for July, 1865, a somewhat similar exposition of the incongruity between Mr. Spencer's general principles and his theory of "organic polarity," which confirms the truth of the criticisms here made.

is the reluctant admission of a peculiarly *vital* manifestation of force, necessitating the further admissions that other than mechanical forces are co-operative with these in organic evolution, that the organism is something more than a mere machine or "moving equilibrium between internal and external forces," and that the mechanist theory, which he has adopted, utterly breaks down, when brought to the *experimentum crucis*. In other words, Mr. Spencer is constrained virtually to admit, that, after all, life is not mechanical, and philosophy is not mechanics.

The chief feature of the mechanist theory, as we have seen, is its attempt to explain the power of development and adaptation by which the organism fits itself to its surroundings as a purely mechanical reaction against the action of incident forces, — to identify all vital processes with the purely mechanical process of equilibration, direct and indirect, between the organism and the environment. But its chief feature is its radical vice. The power of adaptation to outward conditions cannot be derived *from* them, unless it exists *in* them; and if it be argued that cosmical forces are simply *transformed* into vital forces, according to a law of exact quantitative equivalence, it remains true, notwithstanding, that the *power of transformation* is unborrowed from without. The constructive and restorative energies, by which every young organism *more than balances* outward influences, subordinates these to its own capacity of growth, develops itself by means of them into its own specific type, and during its whole existence preserves this type by an unceasing process of histological renovation, nowhere manifest themselves in the inorganic environment. It is impossible, therefore, to derive them from without, or resolve organic evolution into mechanical equilibration. The external forces are more than equilibrated by the internal forces; more exists in the reaction than appears in the action; and it is the recognition of this *more* that distinguishes the vitalist theory from the mechanist theory. Mechanics may explain the evolution of the solar system out of universal nebula; but it cannot explain the evolution of living beings out of germs. The phenomena in the two cases are of different orders. In the one case there is no increase of mass, no assimilation of external sub-

stances, no adaptation to incident forces, no development of inherited form, no transmission of modified form; in the other case all these exist. The nebular hypothesis, therefore, implies only mechanical forces; but the development hypothesis, whether accounting for the evolution of species or of individuals, implies forces which may properly be distinguished as vital. It is not part of the working of any mere mechanism to originate new adaptations in order to meet new necessities; and the development hypothesis implies that such adaptations are continually making by organisms. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the vertebral column may have been generated by the differentiating effects of transverse strains, this process of development itself presupposes the operation of an adaptative force other than mechanical. Purely mechanical effects should be exhibited in a dead as well as in a living organism, if both were subjected to the same transverse strains; but the presence or absence of what we ignorantly call life would make the difference between development and non-development of the vertebral column. Similarly, the subjection of a dead tree-trunk to transverse strains could never produce that increase of massiveness which Mr. Spencer has so ingeniously shown to follow in the case of a living tree: gradual weakening and ultimate rupture would be the purely mechanical effects. It is life in the organism, not incident forces outside of it, which must be regarded as the primary and unknown cause of biological development and adaptation; and the mechanist theory, refusing to recognize the speciality of vital phenomena, or recognizing it as in the last analysis only a peculiarly complex manifestation of mechanical forces, is a practical evasion of the problem to be solved. Professing to answer a question which the vitalist theory regards as at present unanswerable, it is an assumption of knowledge to cover the fact of ignorance, a substitution of pseudo-solutions for uncomfortable enigmas. Over the profound mysteries of organic evolution it spreads a thin crust of superficial explanations, and then fancies it has filled up the great quicksand which has engulfed so many theories. But the quicksand is there still.

It is an instructive fact, that, by whomsoever advocated, the mechanist theory is always necessitated to incorporate into

itself non-mechanical elements, when it comes to explain in detail the causes of organic evolution. In his latest work Mr. Darwin inclines to adopt the mechanist theory, so far as the causes of variation are concerned. "We will now consider," he says, "the general arguments, which appear to me to have great weight, in favor of the view that variations of all kinds and degrees are directly or indirectly caused by the conditions of life to which each being, and more especially its ancestors, have been exposed. . . . . These several considerations alone render it probable that variability of every kind is directly or indirectly caused by changed conditions of life. Or, to put the case under another point of view, if it were possible to expose all the individuals of a species during many generations to absolutely uniform conditions of life, there would be no variability." * When variations of all kinds and degrees, that is, all the gradual differentiations by which the vast multitude of existing species has been evolved out of the primordial form or forms, are thus attributed solely to the cumulative action of the conditions of life, without any recognition of a concurrent cause in that constant self-adaptation by organisms for which the conditions of life cannot account, it would seem fairly inferrible that the mechanist theory is supposed to explain the evolution of species, if not of individual organisms. This inference appears to be in some degree confirmed by Mr. Darwin's evident dislike of all terms that imply any real speciality in vital forces,† — a dislike certainly justifiable, so far as it springs from a desire to substitute the known for the unknown, but not justifiable, if it leads to the adoption of insufficient explanations. On the other hand, in speaking of the "co-ordinating and reparative power which is common, in a higher or lower degree, to all organic beings," he makes use, although apparently under protest, of the phrase *nisus formativus;* ‡ and so far lends his sanction to the vitalist

* Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication, Vol. II. pp. 306, 308.

† "We thus get rid of such vague terms as spermatic force, the vivification of the ovule, sexual potentiality, and the diffusion of mysterious essences or properties from either parent, or from both, to the child." Ibid. — Author's Preface to the American edition.

‡ Ibid. Vol. II. pp. 353 - 356.

theory, when he refers to the evolution of individual organisms. But whether Mr. Darwin inclines to embrace the mechanist theory in whole or in part only, he finds himself unable to construct his new hypothesis of "pangenesis," by which he seeks to rationalize the facts of reproduction and evolution of individuals, without the use of conceptions quite as "vague" as those he condemns.* He supposes in all the cells of the organism a capacity of "throwing off" certain free, reproductive granules or atoms of inconceivable minuteness, which he calls "gemmules," and which, circulating freely through all parts of the system, are aggregated into buds or into the sexual elements in virtue of a peculiar "mutual affinity." These gemmules depend for their development upon union with other nascent cells or units, and are capable of transmission in a dormant state to successive generations. "Thus an animal does not, as a whole, generate its kind through the sole agency of the reproductive system, but each cell generates its kind. . . . . Each living creature must be looked at as a microcosm, a little universe, formed of a host of self-propagating organisms, inconceivably minute, and as numerous as the stars in heaven." The hypothesis of "pangenesis" thus rests on the assumption of various special powers not manifested outside of the organism, — a power in all cells of throwing off reproductive gemmules (apparently by some other process than fission, gemmation, or any known mode of self-multiplication), a power in the gemmules of uniting with each other and of aggregating in certain parts of the organism, and a power in the gemmules thus aggregated and brought into relation of "becoming developed into cells like those from which they were derived," which is quite as "mysterious" as the power usually assumed in the fertilized germ of becoming developed into a form like that of its parent organisms. The problem of the causation of inheritance of structure is thus transferred from the entire organism to its constituent cells; it is pushed one step farther back, but remains essentially the same problem still. We cannot see that Mr. Darwin has done much more than to multiply unknown quantities, introduce as many "vague" conceptions as he "gets rid of," and raise quite as

* Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication, Vol. II. pp. 428 - 483.

many new questions as he answers old ones. The point to be here noted, however, is that his hypothesis is quite outside of the circle of mechanical conceptions, and does not even profess to be framed with any reference to the mechanist theory. It has the advantage, in this latter respect, over Mr. Spencer's hypothesis of "organic polarity," since it is not offered as part of a philosophical system with whose general principles it should harmonize; but it reminds us none the less forcibly of the necessary incongruity of the mechanist theory with the facts of organic evolution, and suggests the pertinent inquiry whether a larger theory is not necessitated by the very idea of evolution as the basis of a universal philosophy.

A still more striking illustration of the same necessity, inherent in biology, of recognizing an order of phenomena distinct in kind from all phenomena of the inorganic world, and therefore inexplicable by purely mechanical or physico-chemical causes, occurs in a recent essay by one of the most eminent physiologists of France, M. Claude Bernard, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December 15, 1867, and entitled *Le Problème de la Physiologie Générale*. The essay is at once so interesting in itself and so germane to our subject, that we hope to be pardoned for making somewhat copious extracts from its pages in the following translation. M. Bernard, referring to the two antagonistic schools of physiologists (*les physiologistes animistes ou vitalistes* and *les physiologistes chimistes physico-mécaniciens*), declines to identify himself with either; but it will be noticed, that, in his desire to be impartial, he involves himself in contradiction by adopting each of the two opposing theories.

"The phenomena of life are as rigorously and as absolutely determined as those of the mineral kingdom. I admit, that, considered in their various forms of manifestation and in their essential nature, they possess, at the same time, a speciality of form which distinguishes them as phenomena of life, and a generality of law which assimilates them with all the other phenomena of the cosmos. In other words, I recognize in all vital phenomena special processes of manifestation; but, at the same time, I regard them also as all derived from the ordinary general laws of mechanics and chemical physics. There are,

in fact, in living organisms anatomical apparatuses or organic tools which are peculiar to them, and cannot be imitated outside of them; but nevertheless the phenomena manifested by these organs or living tissues have nothing special either in their nature or in the laws which govern them. That is a proposition which the progress of the physico-chemical sciences demonstrates more and more clearly every day, by showing that the phenomena which take place in living bodies can equally take place externally to the organism in the mineral kingdom. . . . . In the living being, I repeat, the chemical phenomena are realized by means of vital processes and of organic chemical reagents which are created by histological evolution, and which are consequently special to the organism and inimitable by the chemist. In the mechanical or physical order, vital phenomena are equally indistinguishable from mechanical or physical phenomena in general, except by the instruments which manifest them. The muscles, the nerves, the organs of sense, are only mechanical implements peculiar to living beings. In reality, therefore, general physics, chemistry, and mechanics include all the manifestations of Nature, organic as well as inorganic. All the phenomena which appear in a living body obey laws external to it, so that it might be said that all the manifestations of life consist of phenomena derived, as to their nature, from the external cosmos, but possessing a special morphology in the sense that they are exhibited under characteristic forms and by means of special physiological instruments. In the physico-chemical relation, life is only a special mode of the general phenomena of Nature; *it originates nothing, it borrows its forces from the exterior world, and does but vary their manifestations in countless ways.* Might it not even be added, that intelligence itself, whose phenomena mark the highest expression of life, is revealed externally to living beings in the harmony of the laws of the universe? But nowhere else than in living beings is it translated by instruments which manifest it to us under the form of sensibility and will. Thus would be found realized the ancient thought, that the living organism is a *microcosm* which reflects in itself the *macrocosm.*

"From what precedes," continues M. Bernard, "it evidently

follows that the physiologist, the chemist, and the physicist have only, in reality, to consider phenomena of the same nature, which must be analyzed and studied by the same method, and reduced to the same general laws. The physiologist, however, has to deal with peculiar processes which inhere in organized matter, and hence constitute the special object of his studies. . . . . The physicist and the chemist explain phenomena by the properties of the inorganic elements. The physiologist must in like manner investigate in the living being the organic elements in which functions are localized, and determine the conditions of vital activity in those elements on which he can act. The organic elements of living bodies are the anatomical or histological elements into which our organs and tissues are decomposable. Science has shown that a living body, however complex, is always constituted by the union of a greater or less number of elementary microscopic organisms, whose various vital properties manifest the different functions of the entire organism. Hence it follows that each function must have its corresponding organic element, and the object of general physiology is accurately to analyze the complex functional mechanisms in order to reduce them to their special vital elements. It is thus that the phenomena of sensibility and of motion are explained by the properties of the nervous and muscular elements, — that the phenomena of respiration and of secretion are deduced from the properties of the respiratory elements of the blood and from the properties of the glandular and epithelial elements. The organic elements of living beings, which generally present themselves under the different forms of fibres or microscopic cells, are the true concealed springs of the living machine. They are mutually associated and combined to form the tissues, the organs, and the apparatuses which constitute the wheel-work of the vital mechanisms: There is, moreover, in every living organism a true *internal environment*, in which the anatomical elements discharge their special functions and pass through all the phases of their existence. The organized or living matter which constitutes the histological elements has no more spontaneity than inorganic or mineral matter; for both require, in order to manifest their properties, the influence of external

stimuli. The spontaneity of living bodies is only apparent. . . . . It is absolutely the same agents or the same influences which excite the properties both of organic and of inorganic matter. . . . . Vital mechanisms, like non-vital mechanisms, are passive. Both simply express or manifest the idea which has conceived and created them. . . . . The animal organism is in reality only a living machine, which works according to the ordinary laws of mechanics and chemical physics, by means of particular processes which are special to the vital instruments constituted by organized matter."

Having thus determined the general relations of biology to mechanics and chemical physics, M. Bernard proceeds to explain the phenomena of organic evolution and renovation.

"The evolution and nutrition of a new being are veritable *organic creations* which take place under our eyes. . . . . Living bodies are unstable compounds which are unceasingly disorganized under the cosmical influences that surround them; they live only on this condition; and organs composed of living matter are used up and destroyed precisely like organs composed of inert matter. In order that life, therefore, should continue, it is necessary that the organized matter which forms the histological elements should be constantly renewed in proportion as it is decomposed; so that we may regard the cause of life as really residing in the organizing force (*la puissance d'organisation*) which creates the living machine and repairs its incessant losses. The ancient animist and vitalist physiologists clearly perceived this double aspect of vital phenomena. For this reason they held that an interior principle of life, which was the creative or regenerative principle, found itself in conflict with the exterior physico-chemical forces which destroy the organism. Nevertheless, if the exterior physico-chemical influences are the causes of death, or the disorganization of living matter, that does not mean, as the vitalists have believed, that there is an incompatibility between the phenomena of life and the physico-chemical phenomena: there is, on the contrary, a perfect and necessary harmony; for the causes which destroy organized matter are those which make it live, that is, manifest its properties. Neither does it prove that there is a combat or conflict between two opposite principles, —

one of life, which resists, and another of death, which attacks, and always ends by being victorious. In a word, there are not in living bodies two orders of forces separate and opposed by the nature of their phenomena, the one creating organized matter with its characteristic properties, the other destroying it through its vital manifestations; there are only histological elements which all act and develop (*fonctionnent évolutivement*) according to the same law.

"We know that there are muscular, nervous, and glandular elements, which subserve the manifestations of sensibility, motion, and secretion. There are likewise ovaric and plasmatic elements, which have the property of creating new beings, and sustaining the vital mechanisms by nutrition; but these creative and nutritive elements, like the rest, are used up and perish in discharging their functions, which themselves supply the conditions of an incessant renovation. Thus in the play of a passive machine the workmen get tired and equally expend their strength, whether they toil in constructing and repairing the wheel-work of the machine, or whether they toil in applying it to practical uses. The phenomena of organogenesis or organic creation are, then, neither more nor less mysterious for the physiologist than all the others. They reside in specialized histological elements, and have their physico-chemical conditions of existence well determined. The element of organic creation of living beings is a microscopic cellule, the ovule or germ. This element is undoubtedly the most marvellous of all, for we see that it has for its function the production of an entire organism. Phenomena ever under our eyes cease to astonish; as Montaigne says, '*L'habitude en ôte l'étrangeté.*' Nevertheless, what is there more extraordinary than this organic creation in which we assist, and how can we connect it with properties inherent in the matter which constitutes the egg? When general physiology would give an account of the muscular force, for instance, it proves that a contractile substance comes to act directly in virtue of properties inherent in its physical or chemical constitution; but when the problem concerns an organic evolution which is in the future, we are far enough from comprehending this property of matter. The egg is a *becoming;* it represents a sort of organic formula that

sums up the being from which it proceeds, and of which it has preserved, as it were, the developmental memory (*le souvenir évolutif*). The phenomena of organic creation of living beings seem to me quite of a nature to demonstrate an idea which I have already indicated, namely, that matter does not generate the phenomena which it manifests. It is only the *substratum*, and does absolutely nothing but give to phenomena their conditions of manifestation, — the sole intermediary by which the physiologist can act on the phenomena of life. Hence these phenomena must be subjected to a rigorous and absolute determinism, which constitutes the fundamental principle of all the experimental sciences. The egg or germ is a powerful centre of nutritive action, and as such supplies the conditions for the realization of a creative idea (*une idée créatrice*), which is transmitted by heredity or organic tradition (*tradition organique*). . . . . When we observe the evolution or the creation of a living being in the egg, we see clearly that its organization is the result of a preconceived law of organogenesis (*une loi organogénique qui préexiste d'après une idée préconçue*), which is transmitted by organic tradition from one being to another. We might find in the experimental study of the phenomena of histogenesis and of organization the justification of the words of Goethe, who compares Nature to a great artist. . . . . This is not all. This creative or organizing force (*cette puissance créatrice ou organisatrice*) not only exists at the dawn of life in the egg, the embryo, or the fœtus, but continues its operations in the adult by presiding over the manifestations of vital phenomena; for it is this which supports by nutrition, and renews without cessation the matter and the properties of the organic elements of the living machine. Nutrition, then, is nothing but the continuance and gradual exhaustion of this generative force (*cette puissance génératrice*). Hence, under the name of *organotrophic* phenomena must be included all the phenomena of organization and organic nutrition or secretion in the embryo, the fœtus, and the adult, since they are always governed by one and the same law. The surrounding physico-chemical conditions control the vital manifestations of the germ or ovule, like those of all the other organic elements. . . . . Life is a first cause, which escapes us like all

first causes, and experimental science has nothing to do with it; but all vital manifestations, from simple muscular contraction to the expression of intelligence, and the appearance of the organic creative idea, have in living beings well-determined physico-chemical conditions, which we can understand, and upon which we can act in order to control the phenomena over which the histological elements preside. . . . . By modifying the internal nutritive media, and taking organized matter, as it were, in the nascent state, we may hope to change the direction of its development, and thus its final organic expression. In a word, there is no reason why we should not thus produce new organic species, just as we create new mineral species, that is, cause to appear organic forms which virtually exist in the laws of organogenesis, but which Nature has not yet realized."

On the one hand, M. Bernard sanctions the mechanist theory by denying all speciality in vital phenomena as to their nature and the laws that govern them, by deriving them exclusively from the general laws of mechanics and chemical physics, and by admitting in them no force not "borrowed" from the external world. The speciality of form and process which they manifest is not, of course, to be denied on any theory; and this M. Bernard admits. But, on the other hand, when he comes to consider the peculiarly vital phenomena of organogenesis and organotrophy, which he himself makes coextensive with the phenomena of organization, nutrition, and secretion, whether manifested in the embryo, the fœtus, or the adult, he abandons the mechanist for the vitalist theory, by recognizing a special law (*la loi organogénique*) and a special force (*la puissance d'organisation, la puissance créatrice ou organisatrice ou génératrice, l'idée créatrice ou évolutive, l'idée créatrice organique*) which are neither mechanical nor physico-chemical. The same truth which Mr. Spencer is "compelled" and has "no alternative but" to recognize, and which therefore necessitates his theory of "organic polarity," necessitates a kindred theory in the essay of M. Bernard. But it is no essential part of the vitalist theory, as intimated by the latter, that there should be assumed a conflict or antagonism between the cosmical and the vital forces. This assumption, expressed in the well-known definition of Bichat, "Life is the sum of the func

tions by which Death is resisted," is no essential part of the vitalist theory as held by its most enlightened advocates. The vitalist theory teaches that life is the resultant of cosmical and vital forces acting in unison under fit conditions, and not a highly complex manifestation of merely cosmical forces, — that there is that in biological phenomena which constitutes them a class by themselves, and forbids the attempt to classify them with purely mechanical or physico-chemical phenomena. What these forces are in themselves we do not know; but if it is philosophical to attribute unlike effects to unlike causes, we are justified in insisting that essential differences shall not be blurred or ignored for the sake of constructing a symmetrical system. Hence we advocate the vitalist theory, not out of regard for any dogmatic or theological tenets which may be supposed to be favored by it, but solely out of regard for positive science and sound philosophy; and we find no better statement of its essential principles than is contained in the words of Mr. Lewes: "All that we are entitled to say is this: there is a *speciality* about vital phenomena, arising from the peculiarity and complexity of the conditions which determine them; and this speciality must warn us against reasoning about them as if they were *not* special, but were in all respects like inorganic phenomena; this speciality, in short, suggests the necessity of studying them in themselves, and not as if they belonged to the general phenomena of physics and chemistry, invaluable as the knowledge of these latter must always be as a means of exploration."* "In every vital process physical and chemical laws are implied, and the knowledge of these becomes indispensable; but over and above these laws, there are the specific laws of life, which cannot be deduced from physics and chemistry." †

* G. H. Lewes, Physiology of Common Life, Vol. II. p. 354.

† Ibid. Vol. I. p. 53. So also M. Littré, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August 15, 1866, p. 841: "Les propriétés élémentaires des tissus une fois déterminées, il apparut que la science de la vie n'était un appendice ni de la mécanique, ni de la physique, ni de la chimie, ce qu'avaient toujours été tentés de croire les savans d'auparavant." So also Mr. Mill, in his "Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," Amer. ed., p. 38: "The only means, for example, by which the physiological laws of life could have been ascertained was by distinguishing, among the multifarious and complicated facts of life, the portion which physical and chemical laws cannot account for. Only by thus isolating the effects of the peculiar organic laws did it become possible to discover what these are."

In reply to what we ventured to call at the outset the three great questions of philosophical biology, namely, the origin of life in the first instance, the origin of species, and the causes of organic evolution, we find on examination that Mr. Spencer takes the following positions. To the first question he gives no definite answer at all, restricting himself to an unequivocal denial of special creation and an apparent denial of spontaneous generation, — the only conceivable alternatives. To the second question he gives the development theory as his answer, making no essential change in it and no important addition to it. To the third question he gives as his answer the mechanist theory, which, however, he is obliged reluctantly to supplement with his theory of "organic polarity," without even attempting the impossible task of reconciling the two; whereas the vitalist theory alone is in real harmony with the idea of universal evolution, on which he is attempting to rear a universal philosophy. Judged, therefore, by the avowed aim of the work, we cannot regard the "Principles of Biology" as philosophically successful. The rejection of the theory of spontaneous generation, and the adoption of the mechanist theory, are two capital defects which inhere in the ground plan of the work, destroy its symmetry as a philosophical whole, and prevent its being really "illustrative of the laws of evolution." For the former is evasion of a logical consequence of these very laws; while the latter necessitates either the denial of manifest facts or the illogical use of a foreign conception to account for them. Notwithstanding, therefore, its great and numerous excellences in other respects, the work under review fails to accomplish fully its professed object as part of the "Synthetic Philosophy."

The attempt of Mr. Spencer to put a mechanical interpretation upon all phenomena renders his assumption of universal comprehensiveness singularly inappropriate. The radical one-sidedness of his philosophy becomes more and more apparent in proportion as it is unfolded. Aiming to formulate all phenomena as merely incidents in the redistributions of matter and motion, and thus to reduce them all to the operation of a single law deducible from the persistence of force, it betrays the narrowness of its fundamental idea more and more plainly

in proportion to the increasing speciality of the phenomena it would explain. The persistence of force and the convertibility of its various forms are one thing; the actual identity of these forms is quite another thing. Philosophy requires the recognition of differences as well as of resemblances. The success or failure of Mr. Spencer's whole system turns on the answer which must be given to a very simple question, — Whether mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, sociology, ethics, rest on classes of facts respectively so unlike as to give rise to unlike classes of conceptions, or whether the class of facts on which mechanics rests can be regarded as furnishing all the conceptions necessary to the explication of all the other sciences. By going outside of mechanics to devise a theory of "organic polarity" Mr. Spencer has himself answered this question adversely to the claims of his own system. Clearly, each science has its own peculiar conceptions, derived from observation of peculiar facts; and the only scientific course is to avoid confusion of one class with another. The different sciences relate to phenomena which are intrinsically so dissimilar as not to admit of formulation in terms of any one science; to seek thus to formulate them is sheer waste of ingenuity and labor. In its attempt, therefore, to achieve the impossible lies the fatal weakness, the fundamental and irremediable mistake, of the entire "Synthetic Philosophy." That this estimate is justified by the spirit of positive science, and justifies in turn our inability to echo the unintelligent, because undiscriminating, praise which has been lavished on this philosophy by enthusiastic admirers, will appear by the following excellent canon, stated by a well-known disciple of Auguste Comte, and ably illustrated by him in the case of Liebig's chemical theory of food: "*Never attempt to solve the problems of one science by the order of conceptions peculiar to another.*" * We should have found less to criticise in Mr. Spencer's two volumes, if he had not attempted to solve the problems of biology by the order of conceptions peculiar to mechanics.

In Mr. Spencer's judgment of the general relative value of the two hypotheses of special creation and natural development we entirely acquiesce. But we think him quite mistaken in sup-

* G. H. Lewes, Physiology of Common Life, Vol. I. p. 52.

posing that there is anything in the development theory at all irreconcilable with enlightened theism.* In some form or other, gradual evolution in unbroken continuity is more and more widely assented to, as a probably true theory of the history of life on the earth. The philosophy, however, which is to rationalize and unify the phenomena of universal organic evolution must go deeper than Mr. Spencer has gone. Even waiving all objections to his "law of evolution," it remains true that the utmost he has done is to establish a general formula. But mere generalization of facts is the function of science, not of philosophy. If philosophy is possible at all, it must explain generalization by unity of cause. The questions, therefore, which must be answered by a genuine philosophy of evolution are, whether *real causation* can be known at all, and, if so, what are the *real causes* of evolution as a continuous process. Of these questions Mr. Spencer has given no adequate discussion; nor do we propose here to discuss them. But so much as this may be said. The more completely the process of organic evolution can be traced in detail, its obscurities dispelled, and its perfect unity brought to view, the more widely its relations to the general course of inorganic phenomena can be detected in their subtile ramifications, the more plainly the universe is shown to be permeated by unvarying, harmonious, and all-inclusive law, so much the more does the entire system of Nature become admirably intelligible, and so much the greater becomes the probability of its origination in intelligence. If we grant to Mr. Spencer the demonstration of his thesis, that the "law of evolution" regulates all phenomena, he must grant in return that this is the best conceivable proof of Infinite Intelligence; for the cosmos becomes at once the embodiment of an omnipresent idea. If, as science advances, it continually discovers new adaptations and uniformities in Nature, then, although it may not be able to render

* Referring to the "elaborate appliances for securing the prosperity of organisms incapable of feeling, at the expense of misery to organisms capable of happiness," which exist in the countless species of parasites, and which he accounts for by the development hypothesis, Mr. Spencer says (Vol. I. p. 344), "With the conception of a supreme beneficence, this gratuitous infliction of misery on man, in common with all other terrestrial creatures capable of feeling, is absolutely incompatible."

a reason for everything, so many things are perpetually coming to light for which it can render a reason, that it becomes a fair induction to conclude that everywhere a reason exists. The stronger the evidence, therefore, that law is universal, and that universal law is intelligible, so much the stronger is the presumption that intelligence is Nature's root. When teleology is made to mean the direct and confident assignment of this or that motive for this or that natural adaptation, it may well be ridiculed as the bastard offspring of ignorance and conceit; but if it means only the supposition of omnipresent reason as the probable secret of omnipresent order, ignorance and conceit alone will ridicule it. The rational theist, far from imposing on Nature his own ways, is quite content to study reverently the ways of Nature; and, instead of "figuring to himself the production of the world and its inhabitants by a 'Great Artificer,'" as Mr. Spencer unintentionally caricatures theism, neither permits his imagination to deceive him with gross analogies, nor hesitates to accept with docility whatever science shall prove as to the true character of natural laws. But he is assuredly not so entangled in purely mechanical conceptions as to be incapacitated for rising to any higher idea of Infinite Intelligence than that of a Great Mechanic. Perceiving that mind is the noblest outcome of Nature, he sees in Nature itself the expression of that which is not less, but more, than mind, — the self-utterance of that which is not below him, but eternally and infinitely above; and in this supreme conviction he finds the open secret of the universe.

FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.

ART. II. — *Miei Ricordi di Massimo D'Azeglio.* Due Volumi. Firenze: G. Barbèra, Editore. 1867.

AT the age of sixty-five, in the retirement of his charming rural home, within sight of the fairest hills and most beautiful lake of his beloved country, Massimo D'Azeglio began the record of his life, — not to vindicate, far less to celebrate it, but to make its experience a lesson to the youth of Italy, and to preserve, in the vivid retrospection of bygone traits and aspects, the interesting facts of a career intimately associated with the fortunes, the fame, and the civil vicissitudes and progress of the nation. Perhaps the life of no one of her citizens, during the period included in these memoirs, could better illustrate the condition and characteristics of her people. It includes the memorable era from the campaigns of the first Napoleon to the reforms in Sardinia which made way for the establishment of the new kingdom; and all the ideas and incidents of statesmanship, art-study, authorcraft, aristocracy, republicanism, society, and citizenship involved therein are here revealed. What adds to the significance of the record, and gives it piquancy as well as pathos, is, that, while D'Azeglio so largely shared in the course of public events, and was so bound by intelligent sympathy to the political development of his native land, he was an exceptional Italian. We are, he says of his family, *di testa un poco dura;* he speaks of his *profonda desolazione d'essere nobile;* he confesses to a sense of humiliation on the score both of his high birth and his national origin, — for he thoroughly believed in personal responsibility, in the supremacy of character, and the moral necessity of labor, truth, and self-reliance, and therefore repudiated the claims of rank, and recoiled from the supine, self-indulgent, and uninformed spirit of his countrymen; he was superior to their traditional prejudices, and impatient of their superficial culture; the ideals of his youth were heroic; he lived above the world while in it, and, in the centre of a profligate and hypocritical circle, in the maze of political intrigue, or the Vanity Fair of fashionable life, acted always with courteous reticence, but with intrepid decision, on Carlyle's maxim, "To redeem a world has not been given

thee; over one man only hast thou a quite absolute power; him redeem, him make honest, and thy life and labors shall not be in vain." Hence the universal respect he inspired; hence the boundless confidence of the king, the gracious emphasis of his writings, the benign charm of his presence, the endeared spell of his memory.

His name in these latter days has been associated with that of Cavour; but, while united in purpose, they were far apart by nature. D'Azeglio was sympathetic, and loved art; Cavour was self-contained, and utility rather than beauty was to him an ideal. Indeed, Cavour's success as a statesman has been ascribed to his self-control, so rare a quality of his race; he was Anglo-Saxon rather than Southern European in this regard; and the people, so untrained in civic knowledge, gratefully confided in such a leader. One who saw him constantly at the climax of his activity declares he never but once witnessed in him any display of emotion. When the news came of the peace of Villafranca, so unlooked-for and so disastrous to the fast-maturing and splendid programme of Cavour, he sprang impetuously to his feet with an exclamation of anguish, rushed to the railway station, entered the camp, and, with reproachful indignation, threw down his office and his hopes at the king's feet, then turned away and sought refuge under his bitter disappointment in the seclusion of his country home. D'Azeglio's fine organization, conservative instincts, dislike of affairs, and conscientious intuitions unfitted him for statecraft; but his patriotism was deep, enlightened, exalted. Day after day, during the early Sardinian reforms destined to leaven with vital harmony the political organism of the peninsula, he lay upon a couch suffering from the old wound in the knee received in battle for the land he loved, eager, assiduous, hopeful, but weary of official routine, harassed by painful solicitude and his own clear sense of right, and impatient for the hour when he could be spared from office. And when serious divergence of opinion and his own state of health justified, if they did not necessitate, his resignation, he was at heart Cavour's best ally; and the tears he shed on hearing of his death attest his personal affection.

Victor Emmanuel was educated by the Jesuits, — a kindly,

well-meaning ruler, but of limited culture. The priests watched their opportunity, and when he was prostrate from one of the cerebral attacks to which he is liable, sought to win him to their purpose. On such an occasion a lady of the court — liberal and loyal — informed the minister that an intrigue was on foot to induce the king to repudiate the Constitution. Cavour hastened to the palace, but the medical attendants refused him admission to the king's presence, to which no one was allowed access but his confessor, attendant, and physician. The fatal document was prepared; the invalid was to be lured to sign it; there was not a moment to lose. Cavour sent for D'Azeglio, who was peacefully enjoying leisure, art, and letters at his villa, but who hastened to the capital at such a summons, and, on hearing the facts, presented himself at the palace, heretofore ever open to him; but he also was refused admission. The king's life, he was assured, depended upon his tranquillity. He wrote a few earnest lines, — a protest and a plea, — appealing to the royal sense of national faith, and sent it by the hands of the same fair patriot who had warned Cavour. The word in season saved the cause and the country. Again and again, in the secret history of the last Italian revolution, the influence of D'Azeglio — an influence derived from character as well as talent — thus came unostentatiously, but effectively, to the rescue. So much did Victor Emmanuel value his affection, that, when the latter, in reproof of his scandalous amours, refused his hand, the king never ceased to seek a reconciliation.

Artist, author, diplomatist, soldier, and citizen, the versatility of his genius was as remarkable as the purity of his motives, and his steadfast devotion to truth and right. The son-in-law of Manzoni, he carried on the standard literature of historical romance initiated by the author of the *Promessi Sposi;* a votary of landscape art, he set the example of that single-hearted study of Nature, as the only source of authentic expression, which has of late years so elevated and expanded the range of this sphere of painting; a patriotic liberal, he revived the most auspicious memories of his country by his writings, and imparted the most wise and seasonable counsels with eloquent skill; a Piedmontese officer in his youth, he became

a national soldier in his prime; a diplomatic *attaché* to his father's embassy at Rome after the fall of Napoleon, he represented Italy in England when experience and renown had crowned him with honor; a consistent advocate of national unity and progress, his enthusiasm was chastened by conscience and reflection. "Who has not been a citizen," he asks, "of Athens or Sparta, or, at least, of San Marino, when a student?" He never forgot that he was a citizen of Italy; but no blind elation thereat suffered him to lose sight of the defects and dangers of her people, or to forget the vital necessity of her social regeneration.

A comparison naturally suggests itself between Alfieri and D'Azeglio. They were both natives of Piedmont, and nobly born. Each left an autobiography, wherein the perverse routine of a mis-education is deprecated. Allied to, and brought up with, the local aristocracy, both were republicans at heart. Both repudiated the false system of life prevalent in their youth, and, by force of character, redeemed the errors of early with the lofty ambition and stern labor of mature years. Both wasted their freshness of sentiment in devotion to unworthy objects, and in each there was a complete and healthy reaction. Their love of country, baffled in its expression by despotic surveillance, found vent in literature. To both honor was a guide, safeguard, and watchword, and pride an elemental force modified by love; both were capable of stoical self-denial, and superior to the blandishments of an effete civilization; and D'Azeglio could echo Alfieri's declaration, that his head and heart were in perpetual conflict. Here the similitude ends, for these representative or ideal Italians differed in the application of their talents. The expression of their patriotism and their personal experience were as diverse as the times in which they lived and the spirit of their age.

D'Azeglio was slender and pale, with ample brow, large, expressive eyes, and a face, in his later years, marked with the traces of thought, of solicitude, and of sympathy, indicating a highly nervous organization and great refinement, with a certain latent geniality and intellectual power. Essentially lovable, exquisitely courteous, his personal magnetism and his manners perfectly accorded with the impression derived from his writings, his career as a citizen, and his acknowledged character as a man.

D'Azeglio's family, he tells us, is nearly extinguished. His only daughter, the Marchesa Ricci, published the *Ricordi*, at his request, soon after his death, which interrupted this labor of love just as his pen had reached the interesting period of civil reform and national unity, in which he took so important a part. There are those who see no just cause for regret at this premature close of his life-story, because the later chapters would inevitably have opened the scarcely healed wounds of political disappointment and personal chagrin; whereas we now have a vivid picture of his youth, his career as an author, his sacrifices and aspirations as a patriot, including a clear expression of his most cherished convictions and sentiments. The style of the *Ricordi* is singularly unaffected, and as candid as it is colloquial. As a description of Piedmont in Napoleon's time, and of Italy during the last half-century, it is such a memoir as only an artistic hand could write and an honest heart dictate. Although there are similar works in English and French equally free from pedantry and pretence, no Italian autobiography unites so much good sense and frankness with so naïve and readable a style. His views on this subject are thus stated at the outset: "Since in France they have invented *l'homme sérieux*, — since children smoke, youth of eighteen cease to dance, men of thirty marry dowries, and girls of fifteen millionnaires of fifty, — since, in short, the three mortal sins, pride, envy, and avarice, have put their feet on the other four, — there has entered into every language more or less of a magisterial, wearisome, melancholy, affected, and false tone, which I intend to avoid."

Of ancient Breton descent, and for generations resident in and identified with Piedmont, the manly aptitudes and self-reliant principles of the D'Azeglio family form a remarkable contrast to the effeminate traits of Southern Italy. These tendencies of character were, in the case of Massimo, confirmed by the example of his parents. His father was a man of strict probity, of religious principle, and of severe culture; his mother, a woman of conscientious tenderness and truth. The domestic discipline of such a family, though not free from the practical errors incident to the country and the age, was far superior, both in tone and scope, to

that which prevailed around them. Superstition and bigotry were modified by rectitude and devotion; a pedantic system, by natural gifts and independence of mind; honor was the motto and maxim; conjugal love, parental fidelity, and a healthful *régime*, with the influence of a sincere, though perverted, Christian faith, atoned in no small degree for senseless traditional routine, wearisome court service, and restricted experience. During the wars of the first Napoleon, the father of Massimo, a loyal soldier of the house of Savoy, suffered bravely and labored faithfully for the cause of king and country. He proved an efficient officer, was long a prisoner of war and a sad exile; and the boyhood of his gifted son was associated with warfare, of which his native state was the arena, with banishment therefrom, with the anxieties of an invalid mother, with patriotic aspirations and sacrifices.

Born on the 24th of October, 1798, in the Casa d'Azeglio, Via del Teatro, in Turin, the child's earliest years were alike sheltered by domestic love and exposed to public calamity. The honest and kindly monarch, to whose house the family had been for generations devoted, lacked strength of purpose and bold enterprise, but was endowed, like most of his race, with personal qualities not unworthy to enlist noble sympathies. The boy Massimo was taken to Florence, and with his experiences in that city began the conscious interest of his life, which, as renewed in the philosophic retrospect of honorable age, presents the best illustration of the vicissitudes of his country, the best comment on her national character. For, with the historical associations of the early career of Bonaparte, which so directly influenced the fortunes of his family, are blended his childhood's memory of the Italian representative man of that era, — one of the most vivid pictures of his infancy being the presence of Alfieri standing by his side, as he sat, a nude little model, in his mother's lap, while Fabre, the artist friend of the poet, sketched therefrom the study for a group. "*Ehi, Mammolino, stà fermo!*" said the tragic bard and stanch patriot: and that is precisely what he did, not only then and there, but through a long life of artistic aspiration and political transition, and what his father did before him, though in a different way and on far more limited principles, — the

patriotism of the latter having been essentially local, and cherished as such among his brother Piedmontese exiles in the Tuscan capital. Of this circle he was the respected head, as well as the favorite companion of the most studious and stern of purpose among the native society, often the chosen auditor of Alfieri's new tragedy, and one of the *habitués* of the Countess of Albany's *salon*. Faith in work — so rare a conviction among his countrymen — and fidelity to principle were by such surroundings encouraged in that young heart. As naturally, too, he soon began to write verses, and sometimes recited them to Charles Stuart's alienated wife, gossip about whom was his earliest experience of the amorous frivolities of Italian society. "I see her now in fancy," he writes sixty years after, "seated opposite the casement, in her usual Marie Antoinette dress; I see on the walls Fabre's pictures; I see the embrasure of the window overlooking the Arno, with its three steps." He remembers how Alfieri's irreligion saddened his father, and affected the interest of both parents in listening to *Alceste* and *Mirra*. While his elder brothers were sent to a Siena college, he was at first instructed at home with his sister, a sweet and tranquil child, who died in her youth. In the regular walks with his father, while sojourning at their villetta in Fiesole, or their city home in the Via delle Terme, he was educated, by precept and example, in a somewhat stoical fashion, — never much caressed or praised, but taught to bear pain uncomplainingly, to speak the truth, to regard honor as the law of life, and to respect others. "Now," he writes, "that I am old and have seen life, I bless the firmness of my father." And yet there were tender episodes in that discipline, so that it bred in the child more love than fear, and always reverence and faith. Montaigne says that one of *his* father's theories was, that the abrupt awaking of a child is a serious harm, and therefore he was roused gently from sleep by music. The elder D'Azeglio seems to have had a similar notion, for he often awakened the little Massimo, for their early walk, with a song.

Thus his childhood passed, if not always happily, in peaceful home-life and under auspicious influences, at Florence, which city he fondly calls *bella e simpatica*. Notwithstanding his sequestered life as an exile, Cesare d'Azeglio did not escape

the surveillance of Napoleon, whose decree forbade the education of Piedmontese children away from their native state. Roberto, Prospero, and Enrico were accordingly withdrawn from the Collegio Tolomei, — although their father offered to resign the king's service, now that his own country, as every Italian then called the city of his birth, was merged in the French Empire. The return of the family to Turin made a strong impression upon Massimo; their reception by the servants at the palace gate, and the salutation, "Has the *cavaliere* had a pleasant journey?" awakened in him a sense of their noble origin, — a circumstance always treated by the parents as unworthy of serious consideration, and subsequently a cause of positive annoyance to the younger D'Azeglio, who was seasonably impressed with the superiority of character to rank. Subjected to wearisome exercises of devotion by a Jesuit confessor, he wrote epigrams in his cell; obliged to study Latin and the mathematics to the exclusion of the modern languages and mediæval history, from a fear lest he should discover the abuses of the Papacy, while he knew what had happened at Athens, ancient Rome, and Babylon, he was comparatively ignorant of Italian annals. Destined, like most of the young nobles of Piedmont, to a military life, he learned to write with fluent accuracy, became a good horseman, practised field sports, and so attained two desirable advantages, — physical development, and a certain power of expression; but, like Alfieri, in the retrospect, he found his ostensible education incomplete and unsatisfactory. One of his teachers, however, Professor Giorgio Bidone, gave an impulse and a direction to his mind of permanent advantage, and, next to his parents, was regarded by him with grateful affection as a moral benefactor; for to his influence he ascribed an invaluable habit, — that of making probity and knowledge the test of worth. In the care of the wounded who were brought to Turin from Napoleon's battle-fields he also learned the great lesson of human brotherhood, and the sight of their sufferings early impressed him with the horrors of war and the claims of humanity.

Proud of his helmet and sword, while a mere youth, as one of the *Guardia Urbana*, he escorted the king on his return to the capital; but inexperienced as an officer, he felt the mor-

tification of outranking veterans. Seduced by the *ennui* of a soldier's life in time of peace, he was for a while the companion of dissipated young nobles, indulged in wild escapades, and even sold ancestral portraits to replenish his purse. But the charm of military costume and of the social consideration incident to official title, as well as the profligate lapses of adolescence, soon gave place to manlier habitudes. He saw the French succeeded by the Austrians, and accompanied his father on a diplomatic mission to Rome, where he was *fêted* in society, explored the relics of the old city with an archæologist, and her art with a connoisseur, and was treated with affection by Pius VII. This memorable visit revealed to him the corruption of the Italian priesthood, awakened his civic abilities, and, above all, confirmed his artistic tastes. It was before such writers as Niebuhr and Ampère had brought the light of modern science to the illustration of antiquity, before the national idea had dawned even upon the most enlightened of his countrymen; but the transition from soldiership to diplomacy, and the social and local influences of Rome, were the means of making young D'Azeglio an eager and devoted art-student. He had at last found his true vocation; music, painting, and poetry now engrossed his mind. His sketch of society in Rome is graphic; cicisbeism was in vogue, ecclesiasticism flourished side by side with frivolous pleasure-seeking; and the reverend guide whom his father chose for him led him astray. But his vivid perceptions and his reflective powers were excited by this new experience. He returned to Turin more than ever disgusted with the injustice of the military system, the absurdity of aristocratic pretensions, and the vanity of an idle and uncongenial existence. Amid the gossip of the *çaffè* and the excitement of pastime, his noble nature asserted itself; he felt that there were higher spheres of duty than that of a cavalry regiment; and was convinced that not what he *has*, but what he *is*, should be the solicitude of a true man. At this crisis of his youth the faithful preceptor came bravely to the rescue, encouraging his *protégé* to resolute self-culture. Like Alfieri, he renounced the follies of the past, and with intrepid zeal sought to gratify a noble ambition; but, more fortunate than his renowned countryman, he came to this wise

decision in early youth, instead of the late prime of life. Rising early, he sketched, studied, and read, with stoical perseverance, practised constant self-denial and what he naïvely calls the gymnastics of sacrifice. His boon companions sneered at the sudden reform, but his family and teachers augured an individual and honorable career from this self-reliant persistence. The D'Azeglios had, it seems, always been thought a little eccentric, — given to studies ignored by their contemporaries, capable of violent transitions, and very firm in their independence. Of course this view was confined to the prejudiced little court circle of Turin, where it was bruited abroad that the Marchesino intended to become a painter, to make art a profession. To work for a living was deemed alike derogatory to his lineage and painful as an expedient. Yet after much opposition and brave persistence, the young Piedmontese nobleman and ex-guardsman was suffered to take his own way, with the parental benediction and a scanty purse, but full of artistic enthusiasm and manly views of duty, the result, as we have seen, partly of chivalric inherited qualities, and, in no small degree, of exceptional educational advantages and auspicious parental example.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon the early years of D'Azeglio, because they explain his subsequent course, and account for what is most remarkable in his opinions and character. Thrown upon his own resources, bent upon the acquisition of an honorable subsistence, and eager to gratify a truly patriotic ambition, he broke away from the traditional routine and corrupting blandishments of life in Italy after the fall of Napoleon, to work out the problem of usefulness and honor by labor, loyalty, and art. One invaluable safeguard of his youth was horror of debt; one of the vices of his country abandoned after a brief experience was gambling; and one cause of the candor and catholicity of his social tolerance and his political moderation was his ethical theory, or rather moral conviction, applied both to states and individuals. "Liberty and independence," he writes, "it is requisite to seek and to obtain as the essential condition of the life of a nation; but it should not be forgotten, that, if the individuals thereof have not in themselves intrinsic moral worth, all the rest is vain. The work most worthy even of the entire scope of human life, is it not to rule, purify, and elevate our own nature?"

As a natural result of so abrupt a change, D'Azeglio was prostrated with nervous fever, and it was through a severe ordeal of physical suffering, as well as mental conflict, that he attained to the consistent and progressive spirit of a true artist. His life at Rome, in these first years of study, was not exceeded in frugal assiduity by the most devoted of his *confrères*. Lodging in the house of the Abbate Notali, Piazza Colonna, he practised drawing at the Academy, and, under the best artists of the day, studied the great masters, at intervals read the standard Italian authors, and exercised his own pen in dramas and sonnets, allowing himself no other recreation than an hour's gallop of a morning in the court-yard of the riding-school on Monte Cavallo, a privilege allowed him for a few *soldi* by the teacher, who had been charmed by his fine horsemanship, — living meantime on a sum fabulously small; for he preferred to be restricted to the limited allowance sent him from home, as a check upon pleasure-seeking and a stimulus to self-maintenance. A visit to Naples added very much to the young artist's experience. At Castel Gandolfo, though interrupted in his studies by a tedious attack of fever, he formed the acquaintance of several highly educated English people, — the Fairfaxes, Lady Dawson, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Knight, *gouvernante* of the Princess Charlotte, afterwards wife of Leopold of Coburg, from whom he learned English. The kind sympathy and intelligent companionship of these new friends cheered a long convalescence. In such society, he realized, as never before, the educational deficiencies of his country and her political degradation. Resuming his artistic studies, D'Azeglio seems soon to have reached the conviction that pedantic formulas are inadequate, and that success in art must be sought in truth; thenceforth he aimed exclusively to reproduce, as nearly as practicable, the effects of Nature. Landscape painting was then quite neglected in Italy, or pursued only in a conventional spirit. D'Azeglio differed from his countrymen in having a sensibility to Nature which made him wisely and fondly observant of her phases and phenomena; to this instinctive perception and sympathy he added an heroic vein, partly ancestral, and in no small measure due to his manly self-culture, which inclined him to historical art; hence

his special love, if not faculty, lay in what are called "landscapes with figures," — a sphere which, in his hands, combined somewhat of Claude's sentiment with Salvator's wildness.

With all his stern loyalty to art-studies and his isolated frugality, it was inevitable that the young, accomplished, and high-born Italian should be drawn, more or less, into the social life of Rome, and equally a matter of course that he should experience the tender passion. He gives us his ideas on the latter subject with singular candor; alludes with regret to wasted time and worse than wasted feeling; deprecates amorous intrigue, so common in the society around him, as involving constant sacrifices of truth and resort to contemptible deception, and scorns the idea of complaint when deceived: from which vague confessions we infer that the youth indulged in a long episode of fruitless passion, and knew the bitterness of disloyalty. Meantime, determined that he would not *fare il signore*, he continued to work with patient self-denial. His description of a summer sojourn with a fellow-student at Castel Sant' Elia, a deserted and dilapidated little town between Nepi and Civita Castellana, is full of graphic humor. The primitive housekeeping of the vagrant painters, their fertile expedients and cheerful economy, are characteristic of the best side of artist life in Italy; and the fine descriptions of natural scenery, not less than the enthusiastic advocacy of the school of Nature as distinguished from traditional routine in painting, indicate how earnest and philosophic his mind had become. In such passages of his memoirs we recognize the future novelist. Indeed, the wretched inn described in this chapter is the original of the one he delineates in the "Challenge of Barletta," and it is easy to see how the characters and circumstances he encountered as a wandering artist furnished the materials for many a subsequent word-picture in his novels.

It is easy also to trace the origin and impulse of his cherished political views in the thoughts which come to him as he gazes over the Campagna and the mountains from the balcony of his picturesque village studio, a few miles from Rome. Not only do the grandeur and grace of the hills and the exquisite hues of the sunset win his awe and admiration, but the distant view of the Eternal City inspires an historical revery,

wherein recalling the long line of emperors and popes that made Rome for ages the centre of political and then of religious authority, he protests against her subjection to national rule, pleading for her perpetual sway and consecrated integrity, as the central source of art and faith, hallowed by the gratitude of ages, and unprofaned by the turmoil and audacity of modern civilization: an argument eloquent, suggestive, and full of sentiment, but inspired by the soul of an artist rather than the mind of a statesman, and far more poetical than patriotic.

In art, however, as in politics and society, the moral sense and mental perspicacity of D'Azeglio led him to a higher vantage-ground and a deeper insight than most even of his educated countrymen attained. In the beginning of the nineteenth century he tells us that society was artificial, and that art suffered in consequence. He alludes to the injurious effects of patronage and academies, and describes the art prevalent in his youth as so organized that it favored mediocrity, and became a trade without individuality or inspiration. Every artist, he says, had his own hackneyed subject which he repeated *ad infinitum*. Fashion, not genius, ruled in this sphere; conventional subjects and methods usurped the place of Nature and of truth, especially in landscape art. "The woods, the oak and chestnuts of the Apennines, the shores of Sorrento and Amalfi, do not these," he asks, "deserve representation as much as the forest of Fontainebleau?" And to depict truthfully the beautiful shores and mountains, lakes and valleys, of his country, associating them with her heroic memories, became his earnest ambition and aim.

Benign were the freedom and discipline of the years of study D'Azeglio gave to art. Having, as he says, an instinct for the observation and analysis of his species, and also a zest for adventure, he was thus placed in relation with a great variety of characters and scenes: at one time living for weeks in a desolate old provincial castle, and at another domesticated with a peasant family; to-day painting a Madonna for the triumphal arch of their rural *festa*, and to-morrow improvising a frugal, but gay, ball for the entertainment of his humble neighbors; at Genzano and Tivoli, Albano and Rocca di Papa, at Marino and Velletri, he sketched, studied, mused, and observed. His

diaries note incidents, and his sketch-book catches figures and scenery, — a tempestuous voyage to Sorrento, a graceful *contadino*, some fact of life or effect of Nature, an herculean teamster who reappears in his novel, an antique model that illustrates a classical picture, a social phenomenon that elucidates the history of his country or throws light on some local characteristic. From Rollin and Telemachus he turns to Pignotti and Plutarch, from brigands to priests, from a court lady to a rustic beauty, from *caffè* to *atelier*, from politics to love, from an anecdote to a description, from a question of morals to a question of art, from *salon* to solitude, from the obsequies of a pope to the talk of a *caro villano*. Between action and thought, between sense and sentiment, his mind and sympathies vibrate so earnestly that we are not surprised to find him at thirty feeling like an old man because of the varied experience thus garnered.

He was comparatively mature when his second adventure in authorship established his literary fame. It was at that period of revival when Manzoni, Foscolo, and Pellico gave expression to Italian genius. Tommaso Grossi, the author of *Marco Visconti*, was D'Azeglio's confidant and counsellor. The affinity between historical painting and writing was never more effectively manifest; an identical process of research, arrangement, light and shade, central and subordinate figures, perspective and atmosphere, is exhibited, and the one art inspires and modifies the other. He naïvely acknowledges the nervous suspense attending his *début* and second experiment as an author, but he adds that his motive and aim made him invulnerable to criticism, as regarded the scope and spirit of his historical romance, so decided was his purpose "to initiate a gradual amelioration of the national character by awakening high and noble sentiments." We can readily believe his confessed delight in giving vital unity to the conceptions thus moulded from thorough research into the life of the past, and his identity of feeling with the sentiments thus incarnated.

Success attended D'Azeglio in both his chosen spheres. His earliest scenes were from Ariosto. A picture he sent to the king of Sardinia won for him a regal token of appreciation; the market value of his paintings rose with each new effort.

A list of eighty, exhibited from 1833 for ten successive years, includes landscapes from the most beautiful scenery of his native land, groups, figures, and historical compositions, — the last devoted to such subjects as "The Combat at Garigliano between the French and Spaniards," "The Challenge of Barletta," "The Battle of Gavinana," "Macbeth and Banquo," "Fight of the Col d' Assietta," "Fieramosca," "Brindisi di Francesco Ferruccio," etc. "*La mia vita*," he truly says, was "*pittura e scrittura*." Escaping censorship, notwithstanding its vivid delineation of the struggle for freedom and the glory of patriotic sacrifice, *Niccolò de' Lapi* at once attained the popularity and critical value of a standard historical romance; and thus, as author and artist, D'Azeglio won fame and pecuniary independence. His artistic trophies are widely scattered; many of them are to be seen in the Royal Gallery at Turin. His best known literary achievements are the two historical novels *Niccolò de' Lapi* and "The Challenge of Barletta," in which are gracefully and graphically manifest his careful study and picturesque use of the mediæval architecture, costume, language, domestic habitudes, and popular customs of his country; the characters evolved from the political passions, the faith, and the social traits of Italy; while through and above all a patriotic sentiment, intense and pervasive, indicates with what tact and zeal he made the noble memories of the past minister to the highest aspirations of the present, and, in an age of surveillance and apathy, succeeded without interference in imparting, with rare skill and eloquence, the most needful lessons of civic courage and national self-confidence.

His political writings, seasonable, judicious, and persuasive, are not less significant and influential, and they explain his course as a statesman and his convictions as an Italian. Of these, the *Ultimi Casi di Romagna*, and the argument for making Florence the capital of the new kingdom, are perhaps the most characteristic. D'Azeglio was utterly opposed to the abortive and casual revolutions, or attempts thereat, which for so many years, under the auspices of secret societies, kept up a latent excitement, and consigned the flower of the youth of Italy to the dungeon and the scaffold. He believed only in open, patient, intelligent development of

the national will and rights. Like Balbo and Gioberti, he had faith in confederated states. He shared the enthusiasm for Pius IX., so long as the pontiff sympathized with the national movement. He spent the year 1847 in Rome, and the next year was a leader of the liberals there. He fought and fell, severely wounded, in defence of Vicenza; and when Charles Albert signed the amnesty, still hopeful despite the bad faith of princes, he went to Florence, where the Grand Duke urged him to form a cabinet; but he distrusted that weak ruler, and returned to Piedmont. After the catastrophe of Novara, he retired to Spezia to recuperate his broken health, saying, "We have saved our honor; we will try again." After three eventful years of hopeful activity came a long period of reaction. Notwithstanding his severe disappointment, he kept alive the popular cause, threatened on every side when Charles Albert had abdicated. He was the adviser of the constitutional king; at great personal sacrifice, became a minister; carried on negotiations with Austria, and calmly endured the obloquy of partisan denunciation; he defended the civil against the ecclesiastical power, and proposed taking Cavour into the cabinet, and, though warned that his new ally would overshadow him, spurned the suggestion with chivalric pride.

It has been truly said that both of these aristocrats by birth were attached to democracy, — the one by reason, the other by instinct. When a division of sentiment and policy occurred, D'Azeglio cheerfully retired; for he was not the slave of political ambition, and was glad to resign its weary honors. He declined civic rewards, sold his horses, and once more became a wandering artist. Intrigue, slander, and faction disenchanted him with statesmanship. Meantime Cavour's boundless energy found scope. He made his bold move to win over a European Congress, effect an alliance, take part in the Crimean War, and found a kingdom. Hailing D'Azeglio's co-operation with gratitude, side by side they stood by the king, accompanied him to London, and the conservative ex-minister drew up a reply to Napoleon's query, "What can we do for Italy?" He prepared the way for the Congress. But the march of events was too swift for his deliberate steps; he was dragged along in the procession. No Italian

of the day better understood his country, for he had roamed over it as an art-student; no one cherished greater hopes in its behalf, for he indulged the most exalted visions of the future. His work in the great task of political regeneration was, however, preparative; he shrank from the bold experiments of his more energetic rival; prejudices and doubts checked his progress to the goal. Yet he proudly recognized the mission, while he could not always accord in the method of Cavour. In 1859 he wrote: "Henceforth I discuss no longer; I accept your theory, and acquiesce in it; the time has arrived for uniting all our efforts to insure its triumph. Henceforth I am a *Cavourist*."

He went to Rome to negotiate with the liberals, to Paris and London to represent the national cause; when Romagna rose, he was sent to Bologna; in the spring of 1860 he was governor of Milan. But Garibaldi's descent upon Sicily disconcerted him; he was repelled by the disingenuous course of the government in relation to that affair; his scruples triumphed, and they were honest. Once more antagonistic to Cavour, he retired to private life. Appointed Director of the Royal Gallery at Turin, the duties of that congenial office alternated with his villa life at Lago Maggiore, where he painted, walked, mused, and wrote, — among other things, the Life of Collegno, memoirs of his friends, and the Reminiscences we have thus imperfectly analyzed. His dominant thought was the elevation and purification of the Italian character, as the indispensable condition of true civil liberty; he respected the Papal authority, had more faith in popular education than in political sagacity, was fondly allied to the past, devotedly loved his country, and, in a word, was more of a patriotic artist than a practical statesman.

But the consistent aspirant for truth and right, however inadequate for prompt and intrepid efficiency at a revolutionary crisis, is the best conservator of the principles of reform and progress. Events have proved that the emancipation of Italy was to be accomplished through constitutional monarchy, and that the best endowed state in this regard was to leaven those darkened and depressed by foreign despotism. And this great primary transition was initiated by Massimo D'Azeglio. His tour of political inquiry demonstrated the fact that the people

were weary of local *émeutes*, and distrusted secret conspiracies; and the account of his interview with Charles Albert, when he laid before that unfortunate, but patriotic, prince the state of the public mind, and appealed to him to lead the Italians against the invaders and concentrate their national instinct and destiny, with his memorable response, forms one of the most significant and interesting chapters in the history of Italy's regeneration. To the last his thoughts and pen were devoted to the political enlightenment and elevation of his countrymen; his correspondence, parliamentary speeches, and private counsels, as well as his pamphlets, had this single object. The permanent establishment of the capital at Florence, in connection with the Roman question and the relations of Europe to Italy, were the subjects of his last discussions. "The Pope and the Congress" treated of the ecclesiastical principle; "The Honor of Austria the Honor of Italy" and *La Patria* led Guerrazzi and Montanelli to banish him from Tuscany; then came "The Government of Piedmont and the Court of Rome," and finally an earnest and able argument in defence of national as opposed to conventional rights, entitled "Politics and the Rights of the Church in the Light of the Italian Question." Good sense and morality were the staple of his political writings, rendered attractive by clearness and vigor of style and frankness of expression.

The apparent incongruities in D'Azeglio's faith and opinions can be explained only by reference to his experience. Thus, although his superior independence and intelligence set him above the sway of bigotry and superstition, the consistent religious principle of his father, the disinterestedness and self-devotion of his Jesuit brother, and that conservative instinct which lures the artistic mind to the solemn and the beautiful in traditional influences, kept the speculative and ideal man an adherent to the Church, whose abuses no one knew better or lamented more deeply. In politics, while progressive from instinct and aspiration, and with a love of country as high as it was intense, he yet thoroughly understood the moral and intellectual defects of his countrymen, and therefore had little confidence in external reforms unaccompanied by social enlightenment and individual energy. Hence, while he argued, wrote,

and fought to shake off the invader, he did not share the blind enthusiasm of those who thought that civil freedom alone would regenerate Italy; he felt that this must be a gradual process of education. His national pride was deeply wounded at the cession of Savoy and Nice. In his youth the French were identified with progress, the Austrians with reaction; but he joined heart and hand in the crusade against both, when the question of national unity was involved. His solicitude for his country was extreme. It was justly said of him, that, while above, he was behind his times; he looked back with sorrow upon the decay of the old heroic feudal love and loyalty. An integrity of character, not less firm than delicate, and a faith in open measures and gradual amelioration, made him the impla cable foe of intrigue and cunning; and therefore he was repelled by the *management* of Cavour, as well as by the old secret sys tem of the Italian liberals. He recognized self-sacrifice as the test of patriotism and the pledge of success; he believed in self-reliance: *Italia farà da se*, was his motto; but she could do for herself only in proportion as knowledge and character gave vital force and harmony to citizenship. He kept Piedmont intact during the period of inaction, and influenced the king to an honest policy. To cast off duplicity, that bane of the Italian character, he regarded as essential to its elevation and efficiency; to overcome self-indulgent habits he deemed the first step toward manly political self-assertion; he realized that knowledge is the power whereby liberty can alone be upheld. He never sympathized with Alfieri's intense hatred of kings, nor deemed their assassination a duty as removing the chief obstacle to human progress and peace, but sought the latter in individual rectitude and social regeneration: he opposed spas-modic and local revolution, however justifiable, on the same ground. In a word, he was too wise and humane to approve abortive and irrational combinations ending only in martyr-dom. All that is good, grand, and beautiful in the world he declares the child of sacrifice, of patient endurance, of gradual enlightenment, of that faith which enables us "to stand and wait"; he distrusted passionate and furtive revolts, while he had absolute faith in the power of renunciation to renew and ennoble the soul; firmness through long dark

fortune he honored; right, he declared, is triumphant not so much by active as by passive force,— the force of Christian self-control, consistency, and faith sternly kept with duty and truth. Evil he traced mainly to ignorance. "The worst enemies of Italy," he writes, "are not Austrians, but Italians; our great need is *character*. Italy is made, but not Italians. Liberty consists in obedience. Education should not only develop intelligence, but kindle the best affections and awaken the sense of truth. There is and has been a fatal want of equilibrium between the instruction of the mind and the education of the heart, and a minister is wanted for this last public economy to teach by example." This view he illustrates by the fact that "Napoleon, who caused the death of a million men, and broke countless hearts of their kindred, is renowned and admired, while he who saved the lives of millions, and dried the tears of their kindred, — the discoverer of vaccination, — is forgotten." Such views, while they modified the republican zeal of D'Azeglio, isolated him from the enthusiastic and advanced liberals, except at crises where the path of national duty and honor was clearly revealed, and then his thoughts ripened into deeds of devotion and efficiency.

The life of D'Azeglio thus recorded is the life of his country before railways and journals had modified its local traits; he describes the diversities of that life twenty years ago at Turin and Milan, at Rome and Naples, indicating the causes thereof. He partook intimately of its spirit, for his conscious existence was a perpetual struggle between inward rectitude and outward temptations, between a sense of duty and the force of circumstances. He was tolerant of speculative error, because he had known it associated with purity and devotion of character: his brother was a Jesuit, yet so ideal in his aspirations, so self-denying in his life, that he died prematurely from the effects of spiritual conflict; his father was behind the age in his political ideas, and suffered misrepresentation accordingly from the party of progress, yet so loyal to conviction, so faithful to his civil obligations, so devoted to his country, that he inspired his son with the grand conception of *Niccolò de' Lapi*. And that son, while he had little faith in "Young Italy," and repudiated Carbonarism, made himself a patriotic missionary, and travelled incognito to learn the sentiments of his country-

men, and convey them to the only ruler he believed so situated as effectively to become their champion. He hesitated to follow Cavour, but raised a monument to Ferruccio; he knew that revolutions were often abortive, but that rectitude was always triumphant. "We have seen," he writes, "Mirabeau transmuted into Robespierre, Robespierre into Napoleon, and Napoleon into Louis XVIII., with Cossacks bivouacked in the Place de la Concorde." Servility and mendacity he recognized as the inevitable fruits of tyranny, and therefore advocated the gradual emancipation of their victims, that the *morale* might recover its power in order to sustain administrative amelioration. Those who are familiar with the present social and economical difficulties against which the new kingdom is contending will find ample proof of the artist-stateman's prophetic insight and wise reasoning.

D'Azeglio survived his immediate family, and was the last of four brothers, all gifted and patriotic. Robert's civic virtues and energy gained him national gratitude; he was the author of many excellent and useful writings, and preceded his brother in the superintendence of the Royal Gallery, of which he was the founder. Massimo, in allusion to the death of his parents, truly says: "While father and mother live, we are certain of having those who love us for ourselves; when they are gone, this certainty goes, and there only remains the possibility." The daughter by his second marriage tells us that while at his villa, in December, 1865, after writing what proved the final chapter of the *Ricordi*, he was attacked with fever. This little house, built ten years before, on the shores of Lago Maggiore, between Cannero and Oggebbio, was the favorite retreat of his later years. He went thence to Turin, and recovered from the immediate disease, but it had already undermined his enfeebled strength, and he tranquilly expired on the 15th of January, 1866. One of his last visitors was the Prince of Carignano, to whose house he had been so faithful; his last audible word was "Italy."

The sacramental offices of the Church were administered by a priest who had long been his friend; but of the peculiar religious views of such a man it is enough to know what he deliberately recorded in his will: "God knows that all my life I have prayed in sincerity of heart; that I have alway

firmly held the faith that to love justice and truth, and to sacrifice one's self to others, was the best way to serve Him." He declared likewise that he felt "malice towards none, charity to all"; and that his greatest human consolation would be "to keep a place in the hearts of honest men and true Italians."

It is not surprising that D'Azeglio recognized a Providential guard and guidance as he retraced his career. Those few years of boyhood in Florence accustomed him to the pure accents of the Tuscan tongue; ten in youth at Rome won him to the love and practice of art; and the same number at Milan, in his prime, developed his literary talent, enriched his social nature, and blessed him with domestic and friendly sympathies; while the vapid and fastidious habits contracted during his early idleness under the porticos of Turin were conquered by the vicissitudes and frugality of his artistic sojourns in picturesque and rustic haunts.

The testimony of intimate associates reveals much in D'Azeglio's character in regard to which the modest spirit of the *Ricordi* keeps him silent. One assures us, that, after success had crowned his art, the greater part of his earnings was given to those poorer than himself. Another descants upon the value of his personal example, intelligence, and sympathy in art, politics, and society, and describes the *éclat* attending his best achievements in painting, literature, and patriotism. It has been justly said of him, that he was a type of that universality which distinguished such gifted Italians as Da Vinci and Angelo, — not in so great, but in a more spontaneous degree. His peculiar influence and usefulness as a citizen, member of parliament, author, artist, soldier, governor, and ambassador, have been recognized by discriminating admirers. He has been called the Fabius of the Italian Revolution. American students of his life and character will find much in him to remind them of their most illustrious citizens. Like Franklin, he avows the errors of his youth, and is a practical counsellor whose lessons are verified by experience; like Washington, he sought retirement contentedly, when his country could dispense with his services; while in the ethical basis and lucid style of his political writings we see a resemblance to those of Channing.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Art. III. — The New York Convention.

The Convention of the Democrats at New York was in almost every respect in marked and direct contrast with that of the Republicans at Chicago. The one, in its nomination for the Presidency, merely ratified the decision of the people, so unmistakably expressed that the action of the representative body upon it consumed barely an hour of time; the other found itself involved in a struggle which lasted for days, and was finally terminated by a result totally unexpected by the country at large and by the delegates themselves. The one engaged in an animated contest over the Vice-Presidential nomination, which it finally gave to the man best suited to strengthen the ticket before the people; the other tossed the second place in its gift almost at haphazard to the first bidder, and by this means obtained a candidate of singular and exceptional weakness with the majority of those whose alliance was necessary to the success of the party. The one adopted with the greatest unanimity, and indorsed with the heartiest applause, the plank of its platform pledging support to the principles of national honesty, and denouncing all forms of repudiation; the other wrought itself into the wildest enthusiasm over the resolutions which most openly favored every scheme that has ever been seriously proposed for defrauding the public creditor. The one, both by what it did and by what it refrained from doing, was successful as a party organization, left few vulnerable points to its opponents, and met the approval of the masses whom it represented; the other struck a chill to the hearts of its most devoted adherents by its manifold indiscretions, and wrung from the unwilling lips of Democrats all over the country an acknowledgment that great opportunities had been sacrificed by its blunders of word and deed.

The Convention met on the 4th of July, in the city of New York. The selection of that day was a curious instance of the subordination of every convenience to the supposed advantage of associating the date of meeting with the national anniversary, — a consideration which could have influence only with a very small and very feeble class of voters. It occurred on Saturday,

— the day of all the week most unsuitable for beginning the work of a national convention. To this, and to the magnitude of the city chosen as the place of meeting, was due in great measure the unexpected and unprofitable length of the proceedings. Any other city in America would be engrossed for the time being by such a convention, to the exclusion of the affairs of its every-day life; New York is so vast that it absorbed the Convention, which was lost in its crowds as the waters of the Mississippi are lost in the Mexican Gulf. The delegates who had been for several days in the city were so scattered that they made no progress toward acquaintance with each other or each other's views until they met in Tammany Hall. The hotels were too numerous and too widely separated to serve in the usual way as centres for the work of canvassing and consultation, which had to be mainly done during the sessions of the Convention itself. Its bulk was consequently unwieldy, and its progress towards a concentration of opinion exceedingly slow.

Thus the first day's session of the Convention did not even accomplish so much as a complete organization; and the intense heat of the weather tending to excite quarrelsomeness among its members, the record was made up of nothing but a series of petty squabbles over the minor points of preliminary business. It soon became evident that the different factions among the delegates were exceedingly jealous and watchful of each other, lest some advantage might be taken by one or another unawares. The most trifling proposition could not be made without an objection from some one, who thought he detected in it a hidden design to effect an ulterior end; and when, to bring some sort of order out of the confusion, an Ohio delegate moved the temporary adoption of the rules of the House of Representatives, a storm of opposition was at once raised by those who suspected the motion as designed to abrogate the requirement of a two-thirds vote to nominate a candidate, which has for many years governed Democratic conventions.

If the Convention made no progress and listened to no speeches in its session of Saturday, it at least gave its members an opportunity to look at and confer with each other, and the public a chance to see what manner of men had been

intrusted with the destinies of the Democratic party. The benches of the delegates contained more men whose names were familiar to the people at large than the Chicago Convention of the Republicans, which was made up rather from the rank and file than from the leaders of the party. Nearly all the prominent men of the Democracy were gathered together. New England, it is true, sent a comparatively obscure set of delegates, and from Massachusetts neither the oldest and ablest member of the party, Mr. Cushing, nor its newest acquisition, Mr. John Quincy Adams, was present. But from the other sections of the country came men who had given their lives to politics, and in one way and another had gained a wide notoriety. The character of their various reputations, however, indicated anything but a homogeneous Convention. Ohio sent General McCook, one of the most fiery soldiers of the Union army in the West during the war, — and Mr. Vallandigham, whose extraordinarily malignant demonstrations of hostility to the national cause gained him the semblance of martyrdom by an expulsion from the Union lines. New York sent Mr. Seymour and a bevy of politicians identified with all the intricate and corrupt local intrigues of that State. South Carolina sent one of the Rhett family, which has been so intimately connected for the last forty years with every form of treason against the Republic, — and Wade Hampton, who carried his allegiance to the Rebellion so far that he refused to recognize the surrender of his commanding officer. Illinois sent General McClernand, who was a brave, but indiscreet, commander of Union troops in some of the Western campaigns, and who lays claim to "the brains which enabled Grant to take Vicksburg." Tennessee sent Judge Nelson, that eccentric backwoods orator whose argument in defence of President Johnson in the impeachment trial sent terror to the hearts of the friends and delighted the enemies of his client, — and General Forrest of the Rebel army, who commanded the soldiers engaged in the atrocious massacre of prisoners at Fort Pillow, and has never disclaimed the responsibility for their acts. Maryland sent Mr. Montgomery Blair, who during a large part of the war was a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Generally it may be said, that the Northern delegates, with a few exceptions, as in the case of Messrs.

McCook, Blair, and McClernand, were fair representatives of that wing of the party which during the war violently opposed every measure taken in aid of its prosecution; and that the Southern members, with no exception, were men who entered into the Rebellion with enthusiasm, if they did not assist in creating it, and who since the close of the war have been active in resisting all efforts for the purification of Southern society from the relics of slavery.

On the second day the Convention made little positive progress in its work. It listened to a speech from its chairman, Mr. Horatio Seymour, who contented himself with attacking by familiar arguments the position of the Republicans, and seemed to avoid pointing out any principles of action for his own party. It enjoyed a very hearty laugh at the folly of a deluded champion of the Woman's Rights movement, who, having failed of any encouragement from the Republicans, brought her cause to Tammany Hall. This lady, Miss Susan B. Anthony, was ushered in with a courtesy which raised her expectations to a high pitch; but her address, which was simply a written request for an opportunity to be heard in person, was received with great hilarity, and then disposed of by reference to a committee; whereupon Miss Anthony withdrew in grievous disappointment. It listened with some patience to a great mass of resolutions, which individual delegates offered for incorporation in the platform, and which were never heard of more, — and waited with a great deal of impatience for the report of its Committee on Resolutions, which must precede any action in the matter of nominations.

This report, however, was a work requiring both time and labor, and did not make its appearance until the morning of the third day. The Committee were flooded with suggestions and harassed by diversity of counsels, amidst which they found it very difficult to come to a harmonious conclusion. On the critical point of the financial policy to be announced, the principle of the equality of States on the Committee threw the whole power into the hands of the advocates of repudiation. New York and Pennsylvania found it of little use to object, when their votes were counterbalanced by those of Nevada and Kansas; and all the Southern members by natural affiliation

threw their weight with those who sought to discredit the debt incurred in their subjugation. Thus the resolutions were framed to cover the confiscation of the property of the creditors of the government by arbitrary taxation of the interest of their bonds, as well as its annihilation by the payment of the principal in paper promises already broken. The Convention showed no repugnance to this day's degradation, however, when the resolutions were read for adoption, but greeted the repudiation clauses, unexpectedly positive and emphatic as they were, with a great outburst of enthusiasm. In this the mob of New York Democrats in the galleries joined; and the clamorous demonstrations of delight drowned any hope of reversing the judgment of the Committee which might have been entertained by Mr. Belmont and the handful with him in the Convention who as financial experts believed in national honesty as the best and cheapest policy.

Another point in the resolutions which excited the enthusiasm of the Convention, and which was at once recognized as a salient point of positive importance, was the reference to the work of the last two years in reconstructing the political institutions of the South as absolutely null and void. This phrase was introduced into the platform, as its author has since told his constituents and the public, by Wade Hampton of South Carolina. It meant, in his eyes, precisely what it said; and when he proposed it, the other members of the Committee, the leading men of the party in the North, came to him and pledged their full support to all the practical inferences of the declaration, including the forcible overthrow, should the party come into power, of the State governments at the South based on the equality of all citizens before the law, and the destruction of all that has been done toward promoting the education of the masses, enforcing the sanctity of the marriage relation, and asserting the dignity of labor. The news that such a declaration had been embodied in the platform came into Tammany Hall before the platform itself. It was caught up as the tidings of a great triumph by the Southern delegates, and passed from mouth to mouth along their benches with expressions of the greatest delight. Against this there was no symptom of objection from any quarter; and the platform as a whole was

promptly adopted, with a display of enthusiasm at the completion of this part of the business of the Convention which quite equalled the similar demonstration, at the same stage of the proceedings of the Republicans, six weeks before, at Chicago.

The Convention then proceeded to the work of nominating a Presidential candidate. The task was complicated in the extreme. Never before had a national convention met in this country to which so many aspirants for the Presidency were presented; and as a natural result of that circumstance, the Convention spent more time in balloting than any of its predecessors in Democratic annals. There was hardly one of the gentlemen whose names were mentioned who did not entertain some sincere and earnest hope of success. The most acute politician did not venture to predict the result at any stage of the contest; and those still more accurate astrologers, the betting men, hazarded their money on so many of the candidates, including some of the most obscure on the list, as to indicate still more plainly the thoroughly uncertain issue of the ballotings.

The most prominent name at the outset was that of George H. Pendleton. The enthusiasm for this gentleman among the Democracy in some sections of the West was very great; and had the Convention been held in Cincinnati or Chicago, his nomination would have been easily secured. He found favor with one class as the earliest, the boldest, and the ablest champion of repudiation; with another as the acknowledged leader of the peace wing of the Democracy during the war, and the defeated representative of that faction on the ticket of 1864. His excellent personal character, graceful oratory, and attractive presence were minor claims to regard. But the same things which recommended him to his special partisans made him exceptionally offensive to another class of delegates, who yearned above all things for victory in the campaign, and who looked upon Mr. Pendleton's opposition to the war and his committal to the greenback theory in reference to the national debt as insuperable obstacles to success under his leadership. Thus the Convention was naturally divided into devoted friends and earnest enemies of Pendleton, the latter including all the

adherents of the numerous other candidates in the field. The supporters of the Ohio politician, well aware of the disadvantage at which they were put by the distance of the place of meeting from their own strongholds, had brought with them to New York a small army of outside retainers, each bearing a counterfeit greenback as a badge, and all charged with the duty of keeping up a great uproar about the transcendent claims of Mr. Pendleton, the absolute necessity of his nomination, and the certainty that he would carry with ease all the States of the West. But this noisy host was at once lost to view in the noisier crowds of the New York streets; and its presence was not of the slightest service. The firmness and confidence of the opposition to Mr. Pendleton made themselves felt in all the preliminary business of the Convention, and before the ballotings began the only thing in regard to the result which could be counted on as reasonably certain was that this gentleman, great as his strength might be for a time, would not become the nominee of the Convention.

But after him no one name rose above the level of the mob of candidates. General W. S. Hancock was the first choice of a few delegates and the second choice of many more, on the ground of his supposed power to attract some of the floating, unattached vote which must be secured to control the election. Mr. Hendricks had no original supporters, but much latent strength in the favor, as their second choice, of the weaker members of Mr. Pendleton's force. President Johnson had some very warm friends in his own State of Tennessee, and was entirely acceptable to the Southern delegations, who threw their vote almost solid for him at the outset. His prospect of obtaining the nomination was a very slight one indeed; but he himself did not abandon the hope easily, and his agents were busy laboring for converts and promising patronage and offices as a reward for votes in his favor, up to the very last moment. Several of the States of the East had local candidates of their own, of comparative obscurity, selected and adhered to with a view to having them in readiness for a possible compromise when the Convention should become weary of wrestling over greater names, and when they might be brought forward as successfully as Polk and Pierce

had been in closely divided conventions of the past. Connecticut presented Mr. English, and there were those in the Convention, on the last day of the balloting, as well as on the first, who felt thoroughly confident that he was to receive the nomination in the end. Pennsylvania put forward the name of Mr. Asa Packer, a man still less known to the people at large, with similar hopes in his behalf. New Jersey, with less confidence, but with equal pertinacity, clung to the name of Mr. Joel Parker. The demonstration of New York in favor of Mr. Sanford E. Church undoubtedly was without any sincere hope or purpose of bringing the Convention to his support, and was arranged and kept up with ulterior designs; but this fictitious candidacy was an exception. Even the friends of Mr. Reverdy Johnson and of Judge Field had moments of confidence that the tide would ultimately turn in their favor. There was only one leader of the party who had emphatically and repeatedly declined to allow his name to be used in connection with the Presidency, and that was Horatio Seymour.

But even the list of Democratic leaders did not include the whole number of candidates. Enrolled in their uncongenial company was the name of Chief Justice Chase, who from the beginning had been a Republican, and a favorite leader with the extreme radical wing of that party; who was identified with every measure which the Democratic party were united in denouncing; and who had made no speech and written no letter announcing the abandonment of his old views. The phenomenon of Mr. Chase's appearance in the Democratic councils as a solicitor for the Presidential nomination at their hands, unique as it is in our political history, is not to be explained in a sentence. The advances toward it were most delicately and cautiously made, and in such a manner as to leave very few permanent traces for the guidance of the historian. So recently as during the impeachment trial of the President, the Chief Justice, though he had ceased his former habit of open and ostentatious partisanship, was claimed by most of the more moderate Republican journals as in full commuion with the party. The storm of abuse with which some organs of Republican opinion assailed the Senators who had differed from the majority in the verdict on impeachment

fell with especial violence on the head of Mr. Chase. He did not, like the other members of the court thus assailed, receive the visitation as a transient effect of popular excitement. From that day he began to write short and very carefully studied letters, technically called private, but promptly given to the public, and evidently intended for such a use, indicating in unmistakable terms his willingness to accept and his desire to receive the nomination for the Presidency as the candidate of the Democratic party. Each successive letter went a little farther than the preceding in guarded expressions of a readiness to abandon, if requisite, the theories with which Mr. Chase and the Republican party were alike identified, in regard to the necessity of guaranteeing the citizenship of both races in the conquered States of the South; until at last the Chief Justice announced that he was willing to leave this question to the States themselves, — meaning, in Democratic interpretation of terms, that the white people of each State should decide whether the black people should be permitted to vote.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Chase was making these advances on his part, the most strenuous efforts were put forth to induce the Democratic party to accept them. The argument employed was terse and powerful. It consisted simply in the assertion that Mr. Chase's nomination was the only one which could open to the party a reasonable prospect of success at the polls in November. The Democratic masses, it was urged, would support him in spite of the offensiveness of his record, for the sake of defeating the Republicans; and doubtful Republicans enough would be attracted by the weight of his name to turn the scale in his favor. These considerations were pressed upon the delegates in many ways. Several Democratic newspapers acknowledged their force. One of the New York hotels was made a rallying-point for the operations of the friends of the Chief Justice, and liquor and tobacco were more freely dispensed in his name than by the adherents of any other candidate. There were plentiful hints that more substantial inducements were ready for those open to persuasion by direct methods. Mr. Chase himself at Washington was in constant telegraphic communication with his supporters in New York; and his daughter, the wife

of a Republican Senator, was in New York in person, in busy consultation with those leaders of the Convention who were working in her father's interest. These leaders seemed to feel that there was need for some reticence and secrecy; and very few of them saw fit to announce themselves at the outset as allies of a deserter from the Republican camp. Of the few who did so announce themselves, and who labored openly and freely from the first for the nomination of Mr. Chase, as the one hope for the salvation of the Democracy from renewed defeat, Mr. Horatio Seymour was the chief.

On the other hand, the personal hostility against which Mr. Chase had to contend was quite as bitter as that which beset Mr. Pendleton. The Democrats who had sincerely opposed the war as an unjust and wicked attack on the liberties of a people struggling for their rights, regarded with intense disgust the proposition to give the leadership of the party to a man who before the war had been the uncompromising enemy of slavery, who during the war had advocated every stringent measure for so carrying on the contest as to make the emancipation of the negroes a result of victory, and who since the war had not hesitated even on the Supreme Bench to exert himself in every way to confer the franchise upon the freedmen. The friends of repudiation could not tolerate the idea of voting for a candidate who himself had created the form of the national debt, and had bound himself by every pledge of act and word for the honest fulfilment of its terms. To these men the prospect of seeing the Democracy defeated and a Republican President in the White House was not half so odious as that of a nominally friendly administration with which they could have no real sympathy, and from which they could expect no recognition, no aid, no patronage. These delegates were ready for any alternative to defeat Mr. Chase's nomination; and it was their determination, their numbers, and their undoubted influence with a large class of the party in the West, that made it necessary for the friends of the Chief Justice to move very cautiously, and to wait in patience the opportunity which might be counted on when the Convention should be wearied with the clashings of lesser candidates, all alike predestined to defeat.

In all this labyrinth of intrigue, traversed by a score of conflicting interests, the body of the Southern delegates took little part. They yearned for success quite as ardently as any of their associates from the North, but they left to those associates the choice of means for securing it. The candidate must necessarily be a Northern man; the election must be decided by the votes of Northern States. The gentlemen from the defeated Confederacy had got the platform; they were willing to be guided by their friends at the North in the choice of a candidate. They cast a complimentary vote at the beginning for the only Southern man whose name could possibly be mentioned to the Convention, President Johnson; and then they devoted themselves to the cause of harmony, throwing their votes wherever the majority from the North seemed to concentrate, for General Hancock as willingly as for Mr. Pendleton.

In such a condition of the field, the formal nominations by the States in alphabetical order were hurried through with, and the business of balloting began. The first calling of the roll of the States, and indeed the half-dozen repetitions of the call which occupied the first day of voting, gave very little indication of the ultimate result. Mr. Pendleton, whose friends, when the canvassing began a few days before, had predicted that he would set out with a majority, had a hundred and five votes on the first ballot, — a little less than one third of the whole number, where two thirds were required for success. President Johnson stood next to him, with sixty-five votes, which speedily dwindled away in subsequent ballots, being cast almost entirely by Southern delegates. The rest of the votes were scattered about in small clusters made up from one or two States each, among the various local candidates, and General Hancock.

Three hours of constant voting did not materially alter this first development of the state of affairs, and presented only two incidents worthy of note in connection with what followed. On the fourth roll-call, the Georgia delegation, which had been casting about among the names already mentioned without much apparent satisfaction, threw its entire vote for Horatio Seymour of New York. Mr. Seymour was not then in the chair, which indeed he left during most of the time of the

Convention to one of the vice-presidents; and the crowd in the galleries greeted the announcement of the vote with a great shout of delight. The delegates, however, took the matter very coolly, and, had it been persisted in, it is not likely that Mr. Seymour could then have received the nomination. That gentleman at once came forward and with a good deal of emphasis declared that he would not under any circumstances accept the position. He added, that he had repeatedly refused from his own choice to allow his name to be used, and that now his honor demanded that he should not permit it. The Georgia gentlemen and the Convention apparently understood this declination as final, and Mr. Seymour's name was at once dropped.

On the next ballot, Indiana, which had hitherto, under instructions, voted unanimously for Mr. Pendleton, asked leave to withdraw for consultation. The reason assigned for this step, when the candidate supported by the State was still slowly gaining ground, standing now at a hundred and twenty, was, that the name of Mr. Hendricks, a citizen of Indiana, had been put forward from another quarter. But Mr. Hendricks had up to this time received less than a dozen votes; and the action of a portion of the representatives of Indiana, in thus early indicating a defection in his favor, roused the wrath of the Pendleton men against him, and created an ill-feeling which proved fatal to his prospects.

It was not until the meeting of the Convention the next morning, however, that the Indiana delegates announced the result of their conference, in giving a divided vote between Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Hendricks. In spite of this ominous break in the centre of his line, Mr. Pendleton continued to gain a little as the scattering votes were concentrated, and upon the seventh ballot he stood at a hundred and thirty-seven, while General Hancock had only reached forty-two, and Mr. Hendricks had even a smaller number. Thus far the special local candidates, Messrs. Packer, Parker, Church, English, and Doolittle, had retained at least the votes of their own States. But at this juncture one of the number was withdrawn from the field. New York, after a brief consultation, threw her vote entire for Mr. Hendricks, raising him by this

addition of thirty-three to a higher point than had been previously reached by any of Mr. Pendleton's opponents, and thus inducing a flocking to his standard from other quarters which speedily carried him still farther forward.

The precise motive of this action on the part of the New York delegation is one of those political secrets which can never be made the subject of positive proof. It is alleged, however, and with such substantial support as to leave very little doubt, that it was part of a systematic scheme looking to the nomination of Mr. Chase. The Chief Justice was well known to be the choice of a majority of the New York members. His name could not prudently be brought forward until the cohesion of the strong column of Mr. Pendleton had been destroyed. The experience of seven ballots had shown that Mr. Pendleton's followers were not to be seduced by any attraction yet offered. It was necessary to make a feint in favor of some other candidate capable of carrying away some of the Ohio gentleman's supporters, but not likely to be inconveniently strong in his own turn. Mr. Hendricks was a Western man, and so answered the first requisite; he had already incurred the bitter hostility of the Ohio faction, and so answered the second. The result proved, so far as it went, the wisdom of the selection.

While a rapid succession of ballotings was effecting only a very gradual modification of the relative position of parties, after Mr. Pendleton had reached his highest point of very nearly half the votes in the Convention and had begun to sink again, after Mr. English had followed the example of Mr. Church in retiring from the lists, another incident of some apparent significance varied the monotony of the proceedings. A single delegate from California desired his vote, counting one half by the voting standard of the Convention, to be recorded for Salmon P. Chase. At once there was a tempest of applause, not only from the spectators, but also among the delegates, quite as hearty as that which had saluted the financial resolutions of the platform. It was the tribute of the Democracy to the name and fame of the Chief Justice; and it was the most substantial tribute he was destined to receive. The spontaneous greeting called forth by the vote in his favor showed in some

measure the deep feeling which existed in favor of his nomination as a step toward success; but it was also partly due to that love of the sensational and surprising among the lookers-on which regarded a vote for him simply as a bold demonstration, a defiance of precedent, and which would have paid the same tribute to a vote for Jefferson Davis or for Horace Greeley.

Though they accepted the applause as an augury of success in the future, and used it to point their arguments as an indication of the popular wish, the managers of the Chase movement were not ready, at this stage of the proceedings, to follow the lead put forth from California. Their mine was not ready for the match. According to their judgment, a serious attempt at this time to press Mr. Chase would have still fallen short of attaining a two-thirds vote; and the prestige of his name would have been lost by an unsuccessful effort. So they still held in reserve whatever force they had organized; New York went on voting for Hendricks, by that means gradually detaching support from the waning strength of Pendleton; and the roll of States was called again and again, with a tedious iteration that only the knowledge of some curious intrigue going on beneath the surface made endurable.

After fifteen ballots, the Pennsylvania delegation abandoned its obstinate adherence to Mr. Packer, which had already called forth many expressions of disgust from the impatient spectators, and went for General Hancock, who hitherto had commanded only fifty votes. The movement had something of magnetic influence, which the demonstration of New York in favor of Mr. Hendricks had failed to exert. There was in the name of Hancock a prestige of success, and some of the same considerations employed in support of Mr. Chase told equally well in his favor. In spite of his military record, the Southern delegates were well-disposed towards him, from his stand at New Orleans in opposition to the reconstruction acts. Nearly every Southern State cast its vote for him on the next roll-call; and he was at once carried ahead of Mr. Hendricks, ahead of Mr. Pendleton, up to very nearly half the whole number of votes in the Convention. So strong was the impulse in his favor, that his nomination was quite generally taken for granted.

Some of the newspapers in the lower part of the city, eager to be in advance of their rivals in enterprise, announced it as an accomplished fact; and a salute was fired from a cannon directly in front of the hall of the Convention, in honor of the triumph of Hancock.

Had it not been for the movement, as yet not unmasked, in the interest of Mr. Chase, it is probable that either General Hancock or Mr. Hendricks might at this moment easily have been nominated. There was a sufficient number yet remaining neutral, as between these two, to have turned the balance in favor of either. But the preference for Mr. Chase was strong and stubborn, and was yet biding its time. The manifestations of that dangerous element in popular bodies, enthusiasm, in favor of General Hancock, had become alarming; and to stem it, a motion was made to adjourn. This proposition, so palpably inopportune at what appeared to those not in the game of intrigue the crisis of affairs, was barely defeated; and it seemed still possible for the friends of General Hancock to push on over the little interval between their last recorded vote and victory, in spite alike of the open opposition of the Hendricks men and the hidden opposition of the Chase men. But an accident darkened their prospects.

This mishap came in the form of a somewhat comical quarrel in the Illinois delegation. The chairman of that body chose to interpret the instructions of their State Convention, to "vote as a unit for Mr. Pendleton," as authorizing a similar vote for any other candidate whom the majority might decide upon. He therefore cast the whole vote of Illinois for Mr. Hendricks, in disregard of the wishes of several individual delegates, who preferred other candidates. One of these dissenters vigorously pressed his protest upon the Convention; the angry chairman strove to put him down; half the delegates in the body took sides with one or the other of the parties to the squabble, who stood confronting each other with belligerent looks and words; until at last the danger of a more unpleasant outbreak was avoided by the only possible expedient, an adjournment, carried by those who perceived that the Convention had no harmony to spare, and that any delay was better than a scandal which might supply ammunition to the enemy for the whole campaign.

To this necessity General Hancock was sacrificed. Indirectly, by possibility, the success of the party was sacrificed, and the control of the nation for four years was given to the Republicans. A large part of the night was spent in scheming and bargaining, on the basis presented by the new aspect of affairs. Mr. Pendleton's supporters, seeing the chances of their candidate destroyed beyond the hope of restoration, determined still to control the action of the Convention, and to bestow the nomination at least where they could support it without the loss of self-respect, and where it would not injure the prospects of their leader four years hence. The managers for Mr. Chase thought they saw their opportunity drawing near, and plied their various methods of persuasion with more activity and openness than ever. The friends of General Hancock found with dismay that the interruption of the tide of enthusiasm in favor of their candidate was fatal, and that already many who had helped to make up his last promising vote were preparing to desert him. A host of other and minor intrigues were set on foot in different quarters. The Connecticut men went back to Mr. English, seduced by promises of compromise combinations in his favor, so specious that so eminent a Democrat as Mr. John Morrissey was willing to stake money on the chance that English would after all be made the nominee. Pennsylvania men were sounded on the expediency of returning to Mr. Packer, in case Ohio would set the example of a grand rush in his favor. So many schemes of this kind were contemplated that the Convention met on Thursday morning, July 9th, the fifth day of its session, in quite as confused and uncertain a condition as at any time previous.

But matters henceforward hastened to a conclusion. On the first ballot of the morning, the nineteenth of the entire series, after a formal letter from Mr. Pendleton had been read, withdrawing his name from the contest, the Ohio delegation, who were held well in hand by their leaders, and determined to lead, if they could not rule the Convention, tried their experiment of presenting the name of Mr. Packer. Pennsylvania wavered only for a moment, and still adhered to General Hancock. No other State followed the lead. On the next ballot Ohio took a new tack, giving a part of its strength to Mr. English; but here

again no responsive enthusiasm in the mass of delegates was awakened, and the movement was abandoned. Something more than the stale device of putting forward an unknown politician to serve as a man of straw in the campaign and in the Presidency was evidently needed to satisfy the Convention and the party.

The omission to put forward the name of Mr. Chase at this juncture, when it really might with judicious management have swept down all opposition, is to be explained only on one rational hypothesis. The nucleus of his strength lay in the support of New York. The delegation from that State had voted, in secret conference that morning, Mr. Seymour urging the decision, to give a unanimous support to Mr. Chase at the proper moment. But that moment would not be reached until Mr. Hendricks's chances, created as they had been by the action of New York the day before, should begin to decline from a falling off in some other quarter. The duty of keeping up the appearance of political honor seemed to demand this delay, since the motive of the manœuvres of the New York managers would otherwise be too obvious, and a substantial basis would be laid for the charge of treachery which had already been made against them in the Convention. So New York went on casting her thirty-three votes again and again for Hendricks, while her delegates as individuals were busy in obtaining promises in favor of Mr. Chase. Massachusetts, although her votes had hitherto been thrown steadily for Hancock, felt no restraint from any such delicate motives; and on the twenty-first ballot one third of the weight of that State was transferred to Mr. Chase, giving him four votes, and calling forth again the clamorous delight of the galleries. The signal was thus given for a gradual rally around the name of the Chief Justice, which should weaken Mr. Hendricks sufficiently to justify New York in quitting him for her real favorite, and so settle the whole question.

But if there were acute and ingenious men in control of this scheme, equally shrewd masters of political intrigue were opposed to them. From the point of view of Mr. Vallandigham and his fellow-Democrats from Ohio, there was everything to lose and nothing to gain in the nomination of Mr. Chase, which now seemed so imminent. They resolved to take the bull by the horns. The chairman of their delegation mounted

his bench in the middle of the twenty-second balloting, and, with a great display of ardor and enthusiasm intended to prove contagious, gave the whole vote of Ohio to Horatio Seymour. The Convention looked on with doubtful surprise. The galleries gave the cheers which they were ever ready to bestow upon anything novel. Mr. Seymour himself at once appeared in the chair, and addressed the Convention. His refusal was even more positive than the previous one. He thanked the gentlemen for their confidence in him, but assured them that by yielding to their wishes he should place the party and himself alike in peril. He reiterated, that to accept the nomination would make him a dishonored man. Upon some occasions, he said, a man might properly yield to the pressure of others; but on a subject like this, he must stand to his own opinion against the world. "Gentlemen," he said in conclusion, with the most deliberate emphasis, "again I thank you; but your candidate I cannot be."

The delegates and spectators generally accepted this as conclusive. But Ohio was fully prepared for the contingency. Mr. Vallandigham himself now arose, and not only declared that his State would not withdraw her vote, but directly called upon the other delegations to indorse it, and to force the nomination on Mr. Seymour. That gentleman did not again come forward. A group of earnest men surrounded him, urging him to make no further resistance to what they represented as the wish of the whole party, and assuring him that the nomination of Mr. Chase would split the Democracy in twain. Mr. Seymour hesitated; and his hesitation was fatal to the plan he had so elaborately constructed. At first, indeed, the Convention refused to fall into the trap set for it by the delegates from Ohio. Pennsylvania repeated her vote for Hancock, and most of the States which had voted for Hendricks continued their support. When the end of the alphabet was reached, only fifty-three votes had been obtained for Mr. Seymour, nearly half of which were those of Ohio. But before the clerk could announce the footings of the columns, one of the Southern delegations changed its vote from Hancock to Seymour. The example thus set proved contagious. The Convention abandoned itself to uproar; and while some of the delegates were yet looking in each

other's faces in wonder and perplexity, the announcement was made that Horatio Seymour had received the votes of every State, and the cannon in the street below began to fire its second salute in his honor.

The result thus attained surprised the candidate, the Convention, and the country. It disappointed many members of the party, who had been eagerly looking for something to insure success in the campaign, and who saw little promise of it in the name of Seymour. It was unpalatable to many, who had expressed their distaste for some of the measures and some of the leaders of the Republican party, and who were counting upon the abandonment by the Democracy of some of the associations of its war record, and the nomination of some candidate who had supported the government fully and freely in putting down the Rebellion. It was unacceptable to the more ardent advocates of repudiation, who found no indications of sympathy with national dishonesty in any of Mr. Seymour's utterances on financial topics. It was especially unsatisfactory to those who had thrown themselves heartily into the movement for Mr. Chase. On the other hand, it was gratifying to many Democrats, who had an aversion to going so far into the mire of the greenback heresy as a support of Mr. Pendleton would have carried them. It was unobjectionable to those who clung to the traditions of the party, and disliked to go outside its lines for a leader. On the whole, Mr. Seymour was accepted as a candidate who would be likely to command the full legitimate strength of his own party, though he could scarcely be expected to attract any support from without.

Comparatively little thought was given to the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, for which there were few aspirants. During the earlier sessions of the Democratic Convention there had also been held in New York an auxiliary gathering of veterans of the Northern army, called to counterbalance the effect of the similar gathering at Chicago. This convention of Democratic soldiers was perhaps the most turbulent assembly ever known in this country. Its sessions were little more than continuous uproar; and the slight approach to order at last obtained was accomplished only by the novel device of appointing a sergeant-at-arms to each delegation, whose duty

it was to keep his own neighbors and colleagues quiet. Out of all this confusion proceeded little more definite action than a recommendation to the Democratic Convention to nominate General Hancock for the Presidency, or, failing in this, to give the second place on its ticket to General Franklin or General Ewing. Having nominated a civilian for the executive chair, it was natural that the Convention should revert to this advice; and geographical considerations having put Franklin, as a second Eastern man, out of the question, the name of Ewing was presented by his friends with every confidence of success. The Convention, however, treated him cavalierly, and manifested its preference so decidedly, that, before the roll had once been called, the name of Ewing was withdrawn, and General Francis P. Blair, Jr., was nominated for Vice-President by a unanimous vote.

General Blair had been a soldier; but his name was decided on without any hope that it would attract the suffrages of any great body of his comrades of the Union army. He had been a Republican; but there was still less expectation that his example would be productive of the conversion of any of the less steadfast of his former political allies. He was put forward almost exclusively, at the outset, by the Southern delegations; and their favor was bestowed upon him solely and avowedly because he had recently written a letter in which, with much violence of expression, he had said that it would be the duty of a Democratic administration, forcibly and in defiance of the majority which might still exist against it in Congress, to overthrow the newly established governments of the South, and restore the old system, recognizing political rights in the white race only. Every member of the Convention who had been a general in the Rebel army spoke in favor of General Blair's nomination, which they did not scruple to put upon this very ground; and the Northern delegates speedily fell into line in support of it. Thus the nomination for the Vice-Presidency was so bestowed as to strengthen the ticket, if any gain of strength in that quarter were possible, among the white men clinging to the memories of slavery and rebellion at the South, and to furnish at the same time a most powerful weapon to the opponents of the ticket at the North, who

appeal to the desire of the people for peace and quiet, and for a permanent settlement of the questions left by the war.

The rejection of the humiliating advances of Mr. Chase, although brought about under such circumstances that it cannot be considered the deliberate action of the delegates, remains the central point in the history of the Convention. Had the Democratic party responded favorably and placed him at the head of its ticket, even with the incongruous platform dictated by its extreme men, the character of the campaign would have been wholly changed, and it would have been impossible to predict the result. From one point of view it may be estimated that the nation would have been the better for it, since the Chief Justice would undoubtedly have lent some dignity to the Democratic canvass, and have forced the Republicans to act with unusual prudence, while many disturbing elements would have been finally expelled from our politics. On the other hand, it may be thought that the disastrous result of Mr. Chase's experiment will be productive of good, as teaching a lesson of fidelity to principle, and as illustrating the dangers besetting that ambition which descends to ignoble means in pursuit of its ends.

George B. Woods.

Art. IV. — *Principles of Geology; or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology.* By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. Tenth Edition. London: John Murray. 2 vols. 8vo.

"*Nunc naturalem causam quærimus, et assiduam, non raram et fortuitam.* — In the economy of the world, I can see no traces of a beginning, no prospect of an end." Dr. Hutton used this language in announcing his famous theory of the earth eighty years ago. The choice of words was unfortunate, and theological wrath burst upon him with true Scotch energy in consequence. Even now a reader may not at once understand how the earth's economy is separable from the earth

itself, nor how a student who is unable to discover the process can escape denying the result which yet is before his eyes. Dr. Hutton maintained only that geology had nothing to do with first causes, or with the origin of matter, questions which belonged to other branches of science; but though he would not even discuss the world's beginning, the world's economy was a different thing. He had been unable to detect any sign that the natural influences now at work had not always been in action or would ever cease to be active; nor would he consent to imagine extraordinary agents in order to account for geological phenomena, until it could be proved that ordinary agents were unequal to the task. These rules, apparently so simple as to be commonplace, have become the foundation of geological science, fixing limits beyond which it has no right to pass, connecting all phenomena in an unbroken series, and applying to them only the known laws of the existing world. A careful study of such changes as are now taking place in the condition of the earth's crust is recognized as the single necessary means to an understanding of changes in past ages.

There seems to be nothing unreasonable or extravagant in these views, unless it be their very bald and prosaic stamp; but they were in absolute contradiction to the scientific theories most in fashion, and they were peculiarly obnoxious to religious prejudices. Against a combination of scientific and religious intolerance no power on earth could prevail. Dr. Hutton was suppressed. His theory was dropped. No school of geologists ventured for forty years to build on the foundation he had raised. While in Germany men slowly created the science of mineralogy, while in France the tertiary strata yielded brilliant discoveries, and in England the museums were filled to overflowing with huge fossils from the secondary formations, no one attempted a comprehensive system, so weary had science become of theory. The calm lasted until 1830, when Mr. Lyell published his "Principles of Geology," and reopened the old controversy by asserting and developing Hutton's theory. The work exercised a great influence, since that which in 1788 had been a premature hypothesis, incapable of proof, had become in 1830 the natural result of long and careful observation, and appeared, if not perfectly satisfactory, at least the near-

est approach yet made to a satisfactory generalization. Edition after edition of the book was called for, as every year advanced the range of knowledge. It was reprinted and widely read in America, where its views were commonly accepted. The ninth London edition appeared in 1853, and after fifteen years' interval Sir Charles has now published a tenth edition, which has been as eagerly received as any of its predecessors.

The "Principles" deal, as we have said, with the theory of geology, the process by which the earth's crust has taken the form we see. Readers who care to learn what this form is, who want a statement, not of the forces which have been at work, but of the minerals and fossils which have been the result, may seek their information in Sir Charles's "Elements of Geology," a part of the subject included in the first edition of the "Principles," but afterwards found to require separate treatment. We shall undertake only to deal with the theory, dismissing the co-ordinate branch as beyond the power of compression.

Sir Charles Lyell is thoroughly English and thoroughly methodical in his science; nor are our countrymen likely to be unduly forgetful of this circumstance, even though they remember that he has been among the warmest and most disinterested friends that America and Americans have ever had in England. Dealing, as he has to do, with a topic which lends itself more readily than almost any other to the exercise of the imagination, so that few students can resist the fascination of building geological castles-in-the-air, he seems to feel a certain amount of pleasure in lopping away fanciful excrescences which other men foster, and in treating the earth's marvellous history in that coldly scientific spirit which admits only what is enough, and no more than enough, to produce the result observed. We cannot say that the "Principles," still less the "Elements," would amuse persons who look for a vivid series of pictures reproducing the mysterious and poetical outlines of a dead world. Sir Charles wanders among the monotonous and flowerless forests of the coal-measures without saddening our spirits, and describes the enormous reptiles of the lias in language as calm and little sensational as though ichthyosauri were still gambolling in shoals along the banks of the Thames.

Following his steps, we cannot but feel, that, however varied and curious, beautiful or hideous, may have been the forms of past existence, there is still a rigid and obstinate barrier of law which confines them within limits not essentially different from those we are familiar with in common life. Sir Charles is essentially a conservative philosopher, at least so far as concerns a rigorous adherence to a strictly defined method. At the outset of his career he seized upon one great principle, bold enough, it is true, but scarcely to be called fanciful or paradoxical, and to its proof and development he has devoted a long and active life, advancing so cautiously as often to lean, in his friends' opinion, somewhat too strongly towards negation. Like Hutton, he has always maintained that geology has nothing to do with the origin of things. There is no original world, he says. Search where we may, we cannot find a particle of the earth's surface which we can prove to be older than organic life. The theory of the earth's igneous origin is especially his aversion. Why found anything upon it, he asks, when we know, that, whether the globe was originally fluid or solid, in either case it must inevitably have assumed, sooner or later, the same form as now, from the mere action of atmospheric and astronomical causes. Nor will he even admit the necessity that below the earth's solid crust there should be a fluid nucleus or core. There are arguments for and against such a nucleus; but Sir Charles is obviously of the opinion that below the earth's crust there may be many things of which we can have as yet no idea. When Agassiz and his friends introduced into the science the glacial theory, certainly the most brilliant geological discovery of the last half-century, Sir Charles was slow to accept it until the accumulation of evidence overpowered all possibility of resistance. In his last edition he contested energetically the theory of progressive development, maintaining that there was no evidence to justify the common assumption that earlier forms of existence were necessarily simpler than later forms, the more complex making their appearance in an ascending scale till the arrival of man at last. And at the same time he met Lamarck's argument in favor of the transmutation of species by a distinct assertion of his belief that "species have a real existence in

Nature, and each was endowed at the time of its creation with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished."

Owing to this scientific spirit of caution, or to this national characteristic of hostility to theories, Sir Charles's books, if they have not the charm of a lively imagination, have at all events a certain solidity which gives them high authority. Readers will not come to them in the expectation of finding many startling theories, or many brilliant generalizations, which have not the distinct purpose of supplying a "*causam naturalem et assiduam*" for one that is "*raram et fortuitam*"; but they may rely upon finding in each successive edition what solid progress the science has made, and what new fields of investigation have been opened.

The plan of the "Principles" is simple and easily followed. According to the Huttonian theory, all past conditions of the earth, so far as they are visible to the geologist, were brought about by the slow agency of causes still existing, and, since the first appearance of organic life, there has been no violent, universal interruption of development. Perhaps only the most sanguine geologists feel even now any strong confidence that the truth of this theory can ever be proved to demonstration. The diversity is so enormous between fossils of so-called successive strata, and the quiet of our earth since historical times contrasts so strongly with the evidence of wide and laborious convulsion offered by mountain ranges like the Alps, that one may well be pardoned for hesitating to generalize too boldly. Mont Blanc is but a young mountain, which owes at least two thirds of its upheavals to periods later than the older tertiary. The strata about it are tortured, twisted, folded over and over, the oldest above the newest, until the whole country seems to have been ground in a mortar; yet we are required to believe that this process may be, and most probably is, actually going on at some spot in the world, under our very eyes, without our perceiving it. On the other hand, the rival hypothesis asserts a series of grand catastrophes, by which all life was extinguished only to be incorporated again in new forms, — and of prodigious, but apparently rare, convulsions of Nature, which have transformed by sudden paroxysms the appearance of the

world. Of the two theories, Hutton's was certainly the most reasonable. That all life has ever been extinguished on the earth at any one moment since it was called into being is too violent an hypothesis to be accepted without irrefragable proof. There are species which to all appearance have lived undisturbed through some of the worst of these catastrophes, as, for example, the *Terebratula striata*, a small marine shell common in the chalk seas, and apparently identical with the *Terebratula caput serpentis* in our own. And so far as mere physical convulsions are concerned, the disturbances have been limited both in violence and range. We find in so old a deposit as the oölite the delicate stamp of the dragon-fly undisturbed, though mountains have been raised near it, and every form of animal and vegetable life has been repeatedly changed since its entombment; while from the miocene strata we are shown so strangely evanescent a memorial as the tender pattern of a butterfly's wing on which are still to be traced colors that may well be twenty million years old.

Assuming, therefore, that the Huttonian theory is to serve as the basis of geology, all past changes in the earth's crust may be referred to causes now at work. These changes affect the organic and the inorganic world, and the agencies at work to produce them were formerly considered to be heat and moisture, but of late years more and more attention has been called to the influence of climate as a true and independent cause. For this reason a considerable part of the "Principles" is now devoted to the subject of climate, the remainder being divided under the two heads of organic and inorganic phenomena, which are accounted for according to the laws known to us from experience. Climatic geology, inorganic and organic geology, are therefore dealt with independently in turn, according to a strictly logical method. We shall not go back to discuss opinions now familiar to every one from the earlier editions of the work, but we shall attempt to point out some of the most striking changes of view, which make the tenth edition almost a new book.

Following Sir Charles's arrangement, we have to deal first with the subject of climate. We have already mentioned the

unwillingness shown by him to accept the doctrine of great climatic changes, when Professor Agassiz, stepping so boldly out of his own strict sphere of science, forced upon geology his celebrated glacial theory. The introduction of this new geological agent seemed at first sight inconsistent with Sir Charles's argument, obliging him to allow that causes had in fact existed on the earth capable of producing more violent geological changes than would be possible in our own day. But the proof offered by Agassiz soon bore down all resistance, until the question is now no longer whether very astonishing revolutions in climate have taken place, but rather why they have taken place, and how often.

So slender are the means of deciding precisely what may have been the palæozoic climate as compared with our own, that a difference of temperature between one period of a million years and another might well escape our attention in that early age, even where any record was still preserved. That there were such differences has been shown to be very probable, but it is wiser to postpone problems about the primary period until the nearer history of tertiary and recent times has been worked out. Whatever can be proved to have happened once on the earth will probably be found to have happened frequently, since we have no right to assume that any true cause has acted only in a single instance. We understand Sir Charles and the more advanced geologists to abandon as untenable the favorite theory, that the radiation of internal heat, while the earth was still cooling from a liquid state, raised the temperature on its surface throughout the primary period to a higher point than would now be possible. Some other agency had therefore to be discovered, capable of explaining phenomena so mysterious as the apparently high average warmth of palæozoic times. Thus far, however, little progress has been made in these climatic studies, except as concerns the tertiary and recent age.

Within the last few years the darkness which had hitherto covered this region of geology has been partly dissipated, and partly, as it seems to us, made only more visible by the light thrown upon it by Professor Heer. This Swiss geologist, collecting the rich harvest of fossils buried almost at his own door in the miocene deposits of Oeningen, selected from them

such species as were most closely allied to species now in existence, and, arguing from the known characteristics of the latter, has, by a series of most ingenious inductions, proved the nature of the miocene Swiss climate. A marvellous wealth of vegetation is shown to have existed on the shores of this Oeningen lake. But we venture to think the most significant fact pointed out by Professor Heer is, that, of the genera which then predominated in Europe, a very small proportion still exists there, as compared with the numbers that flourish elsewhere. The miocene age has bequeathed by far the largest portion of its riches, not to Europe, not to Asia, nor even to Africa, but to the country of all others least likely, under the present geographical division, to share them, — to North America.

After proving by means of the Oeningen fossils that Central Europe enjoyed a miocene climate much resembling that of Madeira or the Canaries at present, a climate whose average temperature was higher by 9° Cent. (16° Fahr.) than now, the Professor tested his theories by an experiment so bold that the imagination cannot fail to be impressed by it. He turned to the region about the pole, — arctic countries, from which at different times geological collections more or less extensive have been brought by explorers to the various museums of Europe. These collections, coming from North Greenland, from Melville Island, Banksland, the Mackenzie River, Spitzbergen, and Iceland, were submitted to Professor Heer's examination by consent of the societies or governments to whom they belonged, and from the portion which was of miocene age he has drawn proof of a rich vegetation once existing over the whole region now covered by ice or snow. Here, under the seventieth parallel of north latitude, were found masses of fossil leaves perfectly preserved, even to delicate seed-vessels which almost a breath of air would have burst. Oaks, with leaves half a foot long, flourished in North Greenland forests among a far greater variety of trees than could now be found in any forest of Central Europe. The poplar, the beech, and the oak, the plane-tree, the Wellingtonia, and the lime, once grew luxuriantly within twelve degrees of the pole, — and, if the firm land extended so far, it is safe to say that the more hardy pines, willows, and alders were then to be found at the pole itself.

Here, again, as in the case of the contemporary Swiss forests, it is remarkable that several of these miocene species, then common to Europe and to America as well as to the whole arctic region, have now their closest representatives, — shall we dare say their descendants? — not in the Old World, but in California and Louisiana.

There could be no more decisive proof of the theory which Heer had deduced from the Oeningen deposits than this strange evidence drawn from beneath arctic ice. The elevation of temperature argued from the miocene flora of Switzerland was more than confirmed. While the climate of Central Europe was only 16° Fahr. warmer than now, and while this temperature gradually fell, as now, according to the latitude, it seems as though from the thirtieth parallel northward to the pole the loss of heat had been less rapid than in our own time. On the forty-seventh parallel the miocene climate was 9° Cent. (16° Fahr.) warmer than ours; but at the pole the apparent temperature was 16½° Cent. (30° Fahr.) higher than now. Whether this variation from what we should naturally expect was real or only apparent is a point not yet decided. Since the temperature is calculated from the vegetation, it is possible that there may be an error in this attempt to deal with a state of things unknown to our experience, and that the miocene warmth of a long arctic summer may have more than counterbalanced the effect of winter's cold, thus bringing vegetation farther northward than might be expected. However this may be, the fact is now considered established that the miocene climate was 16° Fahr. warmer than our own, and that the isothermal line, which represents a mean annual temperature of 32° Fahr., the freezing point of water, and which is now on or near the fifty-eighth parallel of north latitude, was then thrust back to the pole itself.

We do not yet know how long this state of things lasted in the northern hemisphere, nor what fluctuations accompanied the subsequent history of miocene and pliocene times. But in the marine formations of the later pliocene period it is observed that species of shells peculiar to the warmer seas began slowly to disappear, supplanted by northern forms. Arctic mollusks drove the legitimate inhabitants of temperate

seas far toward the south, and usurped their place. The process was probably slow, but its action and results are more apparent than the sequence of its steps. We suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a perpetual winter so severe that cautious geologists like Sir Charles Lyell hesitate to accept the evidence before their eyes. Glaciers poured down the mountains, eroding, polishing, scouring with long grooves the hardest rocks, and carrying boulders and drift over hill and valley. New England would seem to have been buried under a solid mass of ice, or under a sea always packed with ice. The miocene flora and fauna of Europe were apparently forced back to the Mediterranean and annihilated, while in America they escaped, either by a retreat into Mexico or by some other now vanished path to the tropics, or from some local cause now not perfectly obvious. Geologists are still vainly attempting to come to an agreement among themselves as to the limits which should be allowed for this march of polar ice and arctic species. The track of the glacier is visible to a certain point, and erratic boulders are found within certain parallels of latitude, but Professor Agassiz asserts that under the equator itself the whole valley of the Amazons was filled with one huge glacier which built up its gigantic moraines across the river's mouth. Without adopting extreme views, it may be considered as proved that an arctic flora and fauna occupied Europe and America, and when at last returning warmth drove the ice backward, here and there little patches of northern vegetation, cut off from their families, took refuge among the mountains, where they still remain, on the Alps and the Apennines, among the Grampians and the Alleghanies, like blockaded towns waiting their friends' return. Careful observers believe, too, that they have discovered evidence of warmer periods intercalated between other periods of recurring cold.

Although it is improbable that the earth's present temperature is a precise mean between miocene warmth and glacial frost, yet, since such an assumption would rather fall short of explaining the glacial phenomena than explain too much, we need be under no fear of exaggerating the oscillations of climate by arguing, that, as the miocene temperature was 16° warmer than our own, the glacial must have been at least 16°

colder; and since any cause which increased the warmth of the pole in miocene times might also have increased the cold afterwards in the same region, we might infer an oscillation of no less than 60° Fahr. within the arctic circle. But there seems to be no reason for insisting upon this last point. Enough was proved, when it was shown to be probable that the isothermal mean of 32°, which was once at the pole and is now on the fifty-eighth parallel, at an intermediate time fell as far south as the fortieth parallel, so that the glacial climate of Philadelphia may have been the present climate of Iceland.

The discovery of this climatic element in geology was one of more importance than can yet be fairly estimated. We cannot measure the force of the new agent, nor have geologists yet the means of calculating what share it may have had in the destruction, the creation, and the confusion of organic even more than of inorganic forms. But the glacial theory is not complete, it lacks indeed its most essential side, if science content itself with recording the phenomenon without comprehending its cause. What was this extraordinary influence which brought alpine glaciers straight over the Jura, and swept the forms of miocene life out of Europe? Sir Charles Lyell and other men of science, who can preserve their good sense under temptation, cannot prevent the mass of imaginative human beings from wild speculations. Nine in every ten will certainly jump to the conclusion that this apparition which we call the glacial epoch is but the world's great ever-recurring winter, as the warmer age that preceded it was the world's summer, and we mortals are creatures so limited in our existence, that, flourishing in April, our experience does not even extend back to March, nor teach us to predict May.

If this theory were less obvious, its truth would perhaps be somewhat more probable. Even as it stands, there is much to be said in its favor, as we shall presently show. But Nature does not necessarily revolve in cycles. Sir Charles Lyell, always unwilling to call in a doubtful and unfamiliar agent where anything simpler can be made to supply its place, adheres to his old opinion that these climatic variations may be sufficiently explained by assuming corresponding changes in physical geography. A globe on which all the dry land were

massed about the poles would have a climate far cooler than one on which all the dry land were massed under the equator. Land at the poles is a storehouse for ice and snow, while land within the tropics is a furnace for the distribution of heat. Water about the poles checks the accumulation of ice, and moderates cold, while water about the tropics absorbs and moderates heat. Calculations have been made to prove that a comparatively small amount of geographical change would be sufficient to produce climatic variations fully as great as those we have stated.

If we venture to doubt whether Sir Charles's explanation is satisfactory, we do so only under the cover of Sir Charles's own philosophical maxims. *Naturalem causam et assiduam quærimus, non raram et fortuitam.* Nevertheless, although the geographical theory does not seem to have quite so large and liberal a character as one might wish, there is no fair reason to reject it, if it conforms to the phenomena observed. Unfortunately, the more geology is studied, the more its incompleteness becomes obvious; it cannot make progress without theorizing, yet very few of its theories have the proper number of legs to run upon; the facts, if not contradictory, are wanting.

The geographical doctrine of climatic variations applied to the case we are discussing requires that in warm periods, as the miocene, for example, there should have been less land than now about the pole, and more land within the tropics. As time passed on, the land about the pole is supposed to have risen from under the sea, and ice to have accumulated upon it, while land within the tropics sank, and the glacial age began. In proportion to these oscillations of land and sea was the greater or less degree of cold; but increased warmth was always the sign of more sea about the pole, or fewer mountains there, or of less sea within the tropics; while increased cold was always preceded by an elevation of polar land, or an extension of tropical ocean.

We will not now discuss the amount of geographical change required by this theory, for it seems as though the next step were properly to inquire whether anything is known of the facts. Theoretically, there is nothing whatever to prevent our assuming in geology very much what we please in regard to the

relative position of land and water, so long as the assumption is carefully confined to the three fourths of the globe now sea, of whose history we know almost nothing; but no such liberty can fairly be taken with the north pole; and if we are required to believe that in tertiary times there was less land within the arctic circle than now, we have a right to ask that science should go to the arctic circle and prove the fact. We already know something of that region as it appeared in the warm miocene days, when, theoretically, we should suppose it to have been under water. In Greenland, on the Mackenzie, in Spitzbergen, on all sides of the pole, wherever land exists now, land existed then, covered with forests which indicate a wide extent of firm dry ground. These forests were filled with a vegetation common to Europe and America, indicating as clearly as anything in geology can indicate that a close connection by land then existed between the two continents. Where was this lost bridge between Europe and America? Professor Heer, resting upon the fact that Icelandic fossils do not show the same homogeneity with those of Greenland which those of Greenland show with other arctic fossils, maintains that this land connection must have run to the north, or, in other words, that Greenland extended over to Finland, and that a continent existed precisely where according to theory there could not have been any land at all. We need not give absolute faith to Heer's theory, though it was framed on fair premises, with no reference whatever to the point we are now discussing; but, apart from this, there is strong reason to suppose that the islands which now exist between the American continent and the pole were in the tertiary age closely connected with each other, with Greenland, with America, and with Spitzbergen and Europe.

It may perhaps be argued that there was more land than now north of the equator, within the fortieth parallel, which might account for the increase of heat; and as it is impossible to deny with certainty any assumption in regard to the bottom of the sea, this explanation is more reasonable than the other. But Sir Charles Lyell has pointed out that this very region is, of all the world, most remarkable for the very unusual proportion of land, as compared with water, which it

now contains. To assume that it contained still more land in the tertiary period is contrary to the geographical theory itself.

Let us carry the argument a little farther. According to theory, it is clear, that, whether there was a polar continent in the tertiary period or not, there must have been a considerable additional elevation of land within the arctic circle as the glacial age approached, and a corresponding depression within the tropics. So far as the tropics are concerned, we may safely leave the matter to decide itself according to further observation; but in regard to northern countries, this theory brings us face to face with one of the most inexplicable coincidences that ever perplexed geology. So far from there having been a considerable elevation of land in high latitudes during the glacial period, the plainest proof exists of a remarkable depression beneath the water, not only in the arctic region, where the tertiary deposits are everywhere covered with glacial drift, but far and wide throughout the northern hemisphere. There is something so strange and contrary to theory in this simultaneous accumulation of ice and water, that an attempt has been made to explain it by inferring the existence of an enormous ice-cap at the pole, which actually disturbed the earth's equilibrium and made the ocean gravitate towards the frozen mass. Unfortunately, no possible accumulation of ice could alone explain a submergence of fourteen hundred feet, proved by upraised marine shells, in the latitude of Wales.

Sir Charles argues in reply, that these cases of depression may have been local and more than counterbalanced by great local elevations, which would raise mountain ranges covered with vast depths of ice and snow. But we cannot discover a particle of evidence to justify the assumption that the submergence was local. So far as it is possible to ascertain the geographical conditions of a period so obscure, we seem compelled to admit that both the Old World and the New were affected equally and simultaneously by water as well as by ice during the glacial age. There appears to have been even the same general distinction between the climates of Europe and America then as now, for the range of erratics corresponded in curve with the present isothermal lines. In America, as in Europe, marine shells of the glacial period are commonly confined to

elevations of from one to seven hundred feet above the sea, while erratic blocks and grooved and polished rocks extend to elevations of several thousand feet. If the isothermal curve was constant, we have a right to infer that the cause which thrust it southward or drew it northward was a general, not a local cause; and if the phenomena accompanying the submergence of land were identical in Europe and America, the inference that this submergence was local seems to be unwarranted. We will not say that the geographical theory in regard to climatic variations may not be the best solution yet offered of a very difficult problem, but we should be glad to know how it can be made to harmonize with the facts. So far as there is any evidence at hand, both the depression of land and its subsequent emergence about the pole were general, not local, and took place in an order directly the reverse of that which the theory requires.

Although Sir Charles Lyell maintains energetically his own view of the case, supporting it by arguments whose force we do not question, he is far too liberal a writer to reject absolutely any other theory which is based upon probable grounds. For this reason he has devoted a long chapter to the explanation of an agency as yet little understood. We shall not undertake to follow him through the difficult reasoning and calculations of this thirteenth chapter, in which, pursuing suggestions first thrown out by Sir John Herschel, and afterwards elaborated by Mr. James Croll, he shows that astronomical influences may have considerably affected the earth's climate. Starting from the fact that the earth's orbit is not constant, but is so acted upon by the planets that during long periods the earth may be drawn no less than 14,500,000 miles farther from the sun than at other periods, Mr. Croll has shown, that, although this eccentricity of orbit does not affect the total amount of heat received each year from the sun, the average quantity varying very slightly at any time, yet it may very seriously affect the distribution of heat. For five thousand years together, the hemisphere which happens to have its winter at the time when the globe is farthest from the sun will lose one-fifth part of the whole amount of winter's heat, which will be transferred to summer. No one can pretend to say what would be the effect

of making winter one fifth colder and summer one fifth hotter; but Mr. Croll has suggested that the intense heat of the summer sun, acting upon vast accumulations of winter snow, would create long seasons of fog, clouds, and rain, which might probably reduce the whole average temperature of the year, and check the melting of the ice.

Sir Charles furnishes a table, calculated by Messrs. Stone and Croll, showing the variations in eccentricity of the earth's orbit for the last million years. During that time there have been four periods when the eccentricity has exceeded ten million miles, the most remarkable of which occurred 850,000 years ago, with an effect calculated as equivalent to the addition of thirty-six days to the winter of the hemisphere which wintered in aphelion. The mean temperature of the coldest month in the latitude of London was −7° Fahr.; that of the hottest month was 126°. Making a deduction from the summer heat on account of clouds and fog, we may easily obtain a climate that would cover England with glaciers.

This theory is certainly attractive and perfectly philosophical. Perhaps it may contain the germ of a new geological system, and, when further elaborated, may be found to throw new light upon many difficult points; but, as it stands, we are obliged to bring against it the same objection we have urged against the geographical theory, that it does not accord with the facts. The present eccentricity of the earth's orbit is very slight, so that, after admitting the glacial period to have been brought about in the manner described, a still greater difficulty arises in attempting to account for the antecedent warm tertiary period, and for an average degree of heat higher than can be obtained by calculation. We do not understand how this objection can be met; but if ever it should be satisfactorily overcome, the glacial theory may be considered as almost complete. Only the recurrence and the effects of these revolutions in the earth's economy would then remain to be studied, and we venture to think that not a long time could elapse before every geologist would find the basis for a new science in the history of climatic variations.

In concluding his chapters upon climate, Sir Charles has used the theory of eccentricity as the foundation for a curious

attempt to calculate the age of organic life. About five per cent of marine shells peculiar to the northern hemisphere have disappeared since the beginning of the glacial period. Assuming the time elapsed as one million years, a complete change in the existing testacea would require twenty million years. The range of our modern shells extends back to early miocene times, and there are twelve such complete cycles of change before we reach the Laurentian epoch, so that we obtain a rough estimate of 240,000,000 years as the limit of life on the earth; yet even before this the foraminifer called the *Eozoön Canadense*, a sort of coral-builder, during an indefinite series of ages, built its home and its tomb in the Laurentian limestone of Canada. Sir Charles does not, however, mean his estimate to be taken strictly. He would probably be fully as willing to assume a thousand million of years for the development of organic life as a quarter of that time. Nevertheless we may hope that scientific data for a closer calculation may possibly be discovered, and, were this once effected, that another step would enable science to fix the limits within which species have flourished, and the race of man among the rest may expect to carry on its development.

The second great division of Sir Charles's work embraces the causes which have brought the inorganic world into its present condition. Much that is new in the way of illustration has been added to this portion of the "Principles," without any serious enlargement of view or change of opinion. We find here still the old division into aqueous and igneous causes of change, with the familiar arguments drawn from the Falls of Niagara, the deltas of the Nile, the Ganges, and the Mississippi, from the slow wearing away of sea-cliffs by waves and tides, from the steady denudation caused by rain, from the local action of glaciers, and from the curious phenomena of springs. Time has not weakened, nor has it, we think, greatly strengthened, the evidence that volcanic activity, apparently fitful and accidental, is really persistent and uniform; that continents are now rising and falling as they rose and fell in the earth's earliest period, and that time is the only element needed to explain the operation of igneous forces in past

ages. Nearly one half of the whole work, and certainly its best known and most firmly established half, is devoted to the elaboration of these views in regard to inorganic geology; but although they excited great interest thirty years ago, when they were comparatively new and revolutionary, these opinions relate to a subject which is now of only secondary importance. Geology is bearing the fruits predicted by Hutton's religious opponents. It is dealing, for good or evil, with subjects more and more delicate. The attention of science, and of intelligent men, is now no longer concentrated on inorganic forms, on rocks and the arrangement of strata, but on organisms, on life and its manifestations. We prefer to leave unnoticed all that Sir Charles has added to his chapters on the causes of inorganic change, in order to examine at greater length his opinions on the history of organic life.

The same reform which Hutton had attempted to introduce into geology was, at the beginning of the century, attempted for ontology by Lamarck. As Hutton maintained that there had been no break of continuity in the earth's economy, but that causes still existing had made the world what we see it, so Lamarck affirmed that there had been no want of continuity in organic existence, but that every shape endowed with life had been derived by the ordinary process of reproduction from shapes previously existing.

The service which Sir Charles Lyell rendered to Dr. Hutton has been rendered to Lamarck by Mr. Darwin. But in referring to the theories of Lamarck and Darwin as one, we speak merely of their common starting-point, transmutation, not of the development which each writer has given to the principle. Mr. Darwin has gained more supporters than Lamarck, because he has pointed out and argued with extraordinary ability an explanation of the phenomena more reasonable than Lamarck's; but we doubt whether even Sir Charles Lyell would believe that Lamarck's decried and ridiculed theory had so closely anticipated Mr. Darwin, had not his own chapter in the "Principles," written in 1830, to explain and oppose Lamarck, been still before his eyes.

Viewed merely as a question of applying certain realistic

laws of criticism, the two hypotheses of Hutton and Lamarck, of Lyell and Darwin, seem to have an irresistible tendency to march hand in hand, one through the inorganic, the other through the organic world. In each case the assumption which gave life to the theory was, that Nature never moved by leaps, but that all her steps would, if properly studied, show a logically rigid sequence. In each case it was insisted that a close study of the existing world was alone necessary to explain the process of its formation. There would have been no reason for surprise, therefore, if Sir Charles Lyell had begun his career by associating the two theories as inseparably connected, the fall of one being fatal to the success of the other. But Sir Charles was not a man to place himself in a position which was then at least untenable, nor to pledge himself to one theoretical opinion merely because it harmonized with another theoretical opinion of his own. Cautious as he always has been in his scientific progress, when, in the earlier editions of the "Principles" he was obliged to meet the question of transmutation, he expressly and even formally avowed his belief that Lamarck was wrong. He repeated this conviction in 1853. Mr. Darwin's work appeared five years later, and the controversy took a new shape. When Sir Charles's "Antiquity of Man" was published, in 1863, it was obvious that he no longer adhered to his views of ten years before, and now, in his last publication, he recants his former opinion as formally as he then announced it, and declares his belief that Lamarck was right.

When the leading authority in any branch of science announces that the basis upon which one half, and that the most important half, of his science rested, is insecure, and must be removed in order to substitute another, constructed on an opposite principle, the public cannot be too cautious in avoiding to take sides in the dispute, nor can it be too rigorous in exacting an explanation of the reasons which have caused such a revolution in opinion. Sir Charles has made no secret of his reasons, which are elaborately explained in the work before us, and we, in our turn, without pretending either to justify or to condemn him, shall attempt to show by what process he has reached his conclusions.

Every one knows, or should know, that all organic forms, whether extinct or existing, are divided, for purposes of classification, into two groups, the one comprising all plants, the other all animals hitherto discovered, — and that these groups in their turn are subdivided, according to established principles, into smaller groups, which again resolve themselves into groups smaller still, until at the bottom of the scale we arrive at the last possible point of systematic distinction. These lowest possible groups are called species, but below these again the physiologist is often able to recognize marked varieties which fade imperceptibly into identity.

The starting-point of classification is therefore the species, and every geologist, every physiologist, every individual who reads a page of any scientific work dealing even remotely with theories of organic life, must inevitably be met sooner or later by the inquiry, What is a species?

Few scientific men would to-day venture to risk their reputation by defining absolutely the meaning of this, the commonest and most elementary term in their vocabulary, upon which the whole question in dispute between the two schools of physiologists depends. The common reader must satisfy himself by considering species to be collections of individuals which reproduce their like by generation, and are averse to sexual union in proportion as they are remote from each other in structure. We are compelled to add, however, that this definition would probably satisfy no scientific physiologist.

Excluding microscopic beings, we may assume that there are between one and two millions of species in existence. Yet we are far from suggesting that this estimate, vague though it be, even approaches exactness, or that science is at all more absolute on this point than we have found it to be in dealing with other essential matters. Every physiologist has enjoyed a delicate sense of his own omnipotence over forms which have had the misfortune to be discovered for the first time. He is at liberty to class them as varieties, or to invent for them a new species, according to his individual views of their — and of his own — importance. Nor is it merely in regard to newly discovered forms that this liberty may be exercised. Man does not know and cannot learn whether he is himself one species or

a dozen. All the varieties of human beings have usually been classed in one species; but so great a zoölogist as Professor Agassiz, following out an accepted principle to its strictly logical result, recognizes in the different races of mankind, such as the negro, the Indian, and the European white, the distinctive characteristics of as many true species. In estimating, therefore, the number of known species as between one and two millions, we have no intention of implying that there may not be millions more.

Somewhere, however, classification must begin; and so far as the real difficulty is concerned, if the term species were laid aside, the public would feel a considerable relief. The essential point is to account for distinction at all; nor is it worth the while of any party to attack or to defend the arbitrary classification which has been so common. Both parties would, we suppose, be glad to establish, merely in the interests of science, any arbitrary rules of classification by which to recognize species, without prejudice to the true point in dispute; but the public has no direct concern in so purely scientific an arrangement; it asks only to know what are the causes of varieties in form, whether specific or generic, or neither the one nor the other.

On this subject the difference of opinion has now become irreconcilable; for, while all the highest authorities in physiology, with but few exceptions, maintain, that, notwithstanding the existence of a limited faculty for self-adaptation in the organism, every separate form has yet its own precise and unvarying boundaries, and had its origin in a distinct, physical, external act of creation, the followers of Lamarck and Darwin affirm no less positively that no such absolute boundaries exist, but that every form of organic life owes its peculiarities of structure to an innate capacity for change. Science has only these two theories to offer; and the controversy has now gone so far that it becomes every day more and more difficult for any scientific man to escape committing himself either to the one theory or to the other.

When Sir Charles Lyell, in former editions of the "Principles," rejected the hypothesis of Lamarck, and, following Cuvier and Linnæus, declared his belief that there were limits of variation from original types, beyond which no true species

could pass, he rested mainly upon the assumed fact, that, although experiment proves undeniably the considerable modifications which a short period of domestication may produce in animals or plants, it proves no less clearly that the rate of change is not permanent, and that beyond a certain line there ceases to be any change at all. When man first establishes himself in a wild country, he may find animals which are fearless and incapable of self-protection; when he has persecuted them for a few generations, they may become cautious, watchful, even cunning; new instincts may be developed, and pass by inheritance from parents to offspring. But there comes at length a time when the habits of the species are capable of no further alteration, and it will sooner allow itself to be exterminated than develop new faculties. In the same manner breeders may succeed in obtaining an animal or a plant which differs strikingly from other varieties of its species, but there is a limit to this process. We have succeeded in breeding the race-horse to a high point of speed, but we should probably go on breeding indefinitely without obtaining any proportional increase of speed. The oldest records confirm this view of the limited power of variation in species. Mummies preserved in Egyptian tombs prove that the bull, the dog, the cat, the crocodile, even the wheat which grew on the banks of the Nile more than three thousand years ago, did not merely resemble, but were identical with the species which still exist on the same spot.

Assuming, therefore, that species have a real existence in Nature, and that each was endowed at the time of its creation with permanent attributes and organization, Sir Charles was naturally led to accept the general doctrine of final causes. Since the individuals composing species are averse to sexual union in proportion as they are remote from each other in structure, this aversion must be one of the peculiarities with which species were endowed at the beginning for the purpose of maintaining their distinctness. A hybrid, therefore, the offspring of individuals belonging to separate species, could not be fertile, and accordingly one principal test of species should be hybridity.

Finally, Sir Charles was obliged to meet the difficulty which

of all others is most embarrassing to a geologist, and which appears ultimately to have proved the turning-point of his opinions. Even though Lamarck's transmutation theory be rejected, there remains the curious phenomenon of progressive development to account for, — that successive appearance of organic beings on the earth, in the order of their relative perfection, which is popularly supposed to be one of the most curious discoveries in geological science. Sir Charles boldly denied the fact. He asserted that there existed no argument of much weight to prove that there had been in truth any such progressive development of organic forms; certainly geology furnished no argument whatever in favor of the fancied evolution of one species out of another.

Nevertheless it was impossible to doubt that the highest of all beings, man, was of very modern origin, and the antiquity of man was precisely the question with which Sir Charles now undertook to deal. He found all the geological evidence pointing, not to the original creation of man in his highest type, but to the gradual evolution of that type from one less perfect; man, as Sir Charles found him in caves and gravel-pits, was a step downwards, not a step upwards. Thus he was led back to the theory of progressive development; and, if determined to preserve his consistency, he must have accepted the doctrine peculiarly disagreeable to his special cast of mind, that the creative energy which shaped the world had not yet ceased to act, and that when active it moved still by leaps, creating new forms at will. In the ninth chapter of the present edition he has, with his usual caution, reconsidered the reasons on which his opposition to the theory of progressive development was founded; and although he still thinks that the subject is not altogether clear, and that the fossil testacea, for example, show no such progressive advance in organization as might have been expected, he agrees that there is fair ground for believing the invertebrate animals to have flourished before the vertebrata, and, in the latter class, fish, reptiles, birds, and mammalia to have made their appearance in a chronological order analogous to that in which they would be arranged according to an advancing scale of perfection in their organization.

To accept the fact of progressive development was with Sir

Charles only the first step towards Lamarck's doctrine of transmutation; but geology, as he had said, furnished no argument in favor of the evolution of one species out of another. It is true that there was nothing in geology to forbid such a belief, and Sir Charles ultimately found in the study of insular floras and faunas a very ingenious line of reasoning against the opposite doctrine of special creation; but so far as positive evidence of transmutation was concerned, geology had nothing to offer. Sir Charles had no choice but to depend upon Mr. Darwin.

Having stated, in 1853, his reasons for rejecting Lamarck's theory, Sir Charles gives in his present edition the reasons which have led him to change his opinion. Later investigations, he says, have convinced him that the facts are not what he supposed them to be. He was mistaken in supposing that the limits of variability had ever been reached, or that any peculiarities which actually exist in Nature might not be produced by the process of selection, as the race-horse's speed was produced, even though there must of course be an ultimate barrier to further progress in any particular direction. The problem to solve was merely whether animals and plants owe their actual forms to slow development, — not whether they can be made to assume peculiarities unknown in fact. Furthermore, it was immaterial to prove that any one shape has been permanent for a length of time; since it is not the faculty for remaining unchanged that is in question, but the capacity for change.

In his thirty-sixth chapter Sir Charles offers the evidence which seems to his mind decisive, that the limits of variability in species have never yet been reached. As he quotes the cases from Mr. Darwin's work, we shall imitate his example to a certain extent, even at the risk of repeating what has become very familiar to persons who feel enough interest in their origin and destiny to give their attention to this question. Every zoölogist who attempts to prove the faculty which organisms possess for self-adaptation feels in the depths of his mind a conviction that some particular group of animals or plants is better adapted than any other to furnish the facts required. Mr. Bates, in his delightful book on the natural history of the

Amazons, avows that his special weakness is butterflies. Nature, he says, has written on their delicate wings the history and genealogy of the species. Mr. Darwin is perhaps most devoted to pigeons, because the pigeon can be mated or married for life, and its varieties breed as truly as any true species. Nothing can be more ingenious and pleasing than the train of argument by which he shows the probability that all the one hundred and fifty named races of domestic pigeons are true descendants from one original type, the rock-pigeon; and we shall sum it up here, since the whole theory of transmutation seems bound in the validity of its results.

The rock-pigeon is a bird of a slaty-blue color; its tail has a terminal dark bar, the bases of the outer feathers being externally edged with white; its wings have two black bars. Of its supposed descendants, some are white, some black, some spotted with color, some mottled; the pouter has a longer body, a greater number of sacral and caudal vertebræ, broader ribs, and larger breast-bone; the fantail has thirty or forty tail-feathers, instead of twelve or fourteen; and in some breeds the whole skull differs in outline and proportions. All these one hundred and fifty domestic breeds may be crossed, and the mongrel is fertile. Mr. Darwin's object being to prove that all these breeds, with their extraordinary diversities of structure and habits, were only natural varieties from a common stock, he adopted the following process. By a cross between a white fantail and a black barb he obtained a mongrel, in color either black, brown, or mottled. A second mongrel, also mottled or dusky, he obtained by a cross between another black barb and a spot, — a white bird having a red spot on the forehead and a red tail. Coupling these two mongrels, the barb-fantail and the barb-spot, he got a third variety, which proved a bird of as beautiful a blue color, with the white croup, double black wing-bar, and barred and white-edged tail-feathers, as any wild rock-pigeon. This test of the origin of pigeons was also to a certain extent a test of the well-known principle thus applied, according to which characters which have been in abeyance for many generations in both of the parent stocks may be reproduced. Mr. Darwin has applied the same process, with a like result, to the most distinct varieties of our common fowl, and suggests a

wider and more difficult application in the case of the horse. It appears that asses, and especially their foals, have occasionally distinct transverse bars, like those of the zebra, on the leg, and sometimes have the shoulder-stripe also. There is in India a breed of horses always striped in the same way, and examples of this peculiarity have been collected by Mr. Darwin from many breeds of horses all over the world. The mule, or cross between the horse and the ass, is frequently marked like the zebra. The hybrid between a chestnut mare and a male quagga was much more plainly marked than his sire. And, finally, the hybrid between the ass and hemionus, neither parent being striped, had legs, shoulders, and face marked according to the same rule. Hence Mr. Darwin concludes that the horse, ass, hemionus, quagga, and zebra may have a common descent from some animal striped like the zebra.

The evidence accumulated by Mr. Darwin convinced Sir Charles of his mistake in assuming, as he had done, that the limits of variability in species had ever been practically reached. The result in regard to hybridity as a natural protection to species was equally little calculated to check the revolution in Sir Charles's opinions. Although no one disputed the general principle, that, in proportion as animals or plants are remote from each other in structure, they are averse to union, and their offspring tend to sterility, yet in practice it was found that the gradations were so delicate, the greater or less degree of fertility in a hybrid so extremely difficult to ascertain, as compared with the greater or less degree of fertility in a mongrel, in other words, the boundary between species and varieties was on this side so vague and shifting, as not to warrant the establishment of any absolute law. As sterility faded into hybridity, and hybrids faded into mongrels, so the distinctions between genera and species, and between species and varieties, faded into each other, leaving to the classifier only an arbitrary line of division. Just as the animal and vegetable kingdoms meet at a point which belongs strictly to neither or to both, so there are groups of species too closely allied to admit of any intermediate variety being classed with one rather than with its neighbor.

To these arguments in regard to the variability of species

Sir Charles has added another, and we believe that the high English authorities of Mr. Darwin's school consider this chapter on Insular Floras and Faunas to be the best and most original in the new edition in its bearing on the creation of species by variation. Assuming that the distribution of organic forms on islands remote from continents affords as severe a test as possible for practical application of the theory of natural selection, Sir Charles lays down the principle, that, if this theory be correct, we may depend upon finding, in every island, merely offshoots, more or less varied, from the nearest continental families of plants and animals. If, on the other hand, the theory of special creation be correct, there is every reason to suppose that islands which enjoy the richest soil, the most varied conditions of height and exposure, and a complete separation from all other land, would be each the field for a large and generous exercise of the highest powers of creation. Either there is something more than an intellectual kinship between the forms of life, — either there is a physical, material bond, without which life is impossible, — or we may expect to find the proof of such material independence on these spots where Nature has been prodigal of her resources.

Sir Charles has selected for his purpose the islands with which he is best acquainted, the Madeiras and the Canaries. Geologically he believes these groups to have been always in the same insulation as now. Thrown up by volcanic action in the miocene age from the bottom of a deep sea, and surrounded by a zone of ocean nowhere less than a thousand feet deep, they have pursued, during many millions of years, a course of sunny and peaceful development, interrupted at most only by occasional volcanic convulsions. Even the glacial period seems not to have been felt here, for the miocene flora has survived the shock which proved elsewhere so fatal, and no flowering plants of arctic species are found upon the mountains. A few doubtful erratics alone indicate the passage of icebergs. No more favorable spot could be found for the independent development of organic life.

Nevertheless, these islands are no exception to a rule which has been found applicable to all islands, that an affinity can everywhere be traced between insular forms, considered as a

whole, and those of the nearest continent, — a relationship closer than that which connects them with the fauna and flora of remoter regions. Sometimes this affinity becomes identity, as in the British isles, and shows, that, at a period not far remote, the whole area must have been a part of the continent itself. Even now a rise of only five hundred feet would extend the main-land over this whole region. But in proportion as the channels which separate land from land become deeper, the resemblance between neighboring faunas and floras becomes less, and, in the case of an island like Madagascar, all the species of quadrupeds differ from those on the continent, though nearly all the genera are the same, while among the other members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms there is a greater or less degree of resemblance to continental forms, according to the class to which they belong.

Beginning with the higher forms of organic life, we learn that there is not a single quadruped of any description, not even a squirrel or a field mouse, peculiar to the Madeiras and the Canaries. With a single exception, there is an entire absence of all indigenous mammalia throughout these islands, which seem so marvellously adapted for their support, and this exception is itself quite as significant as the rule. There is an indigenous bat. We are left, therefore, to assume either that the creative power has acted arbitrarily, refusing to plant the higher forms of life, excepting the bat, on these islands, or that the presence of the bat is due to the power of flight which its progenitors exercised in migrating from some neighboring land. In the latter case we are led to a general law in regard to insular floras and faunas, that the extent to which species of mammalia, birds, insects, land-shells, and plants agree with those of other lands will be proportionate to the facilities enjoyed by each class in crossing the ocean. This is, however, one of Mr. Darwin's laws, with which the theory of special creation can scarcely be made to accord, without taking from the latter a great part of its distinctive character, and leaving little more than a mere question of words between the two principles.

But if Mr. Darwin's *a priori* reasoning would lead us to infer the probable absence of mammalia in such a situation, it

would, on the other hand, require a very great similarity between insular and continental species of birds. In this case, also, the argument appears to hold good. Almost all the birds of Madeira, the Canaries, and the Azores are absolutely identical in species with those of the main-land. As regards insects, however, which enjoy no such wide and independent range of movement, the diversity in species is very great, and not only do many of them, which are wholly unknown to the continent, flourish on the islands, but each group of islands has, in this respect, a fauna of its own, although, with occasional exceptions, the genera still remain common to all. Sir Charles is disposed to suspect many of these peculiar forms of a descent from miocene and pliocene progenitors, and the probability of such a connection is strengthened by the undeniable affinity which the vegetation of these Atlantic islands shows to that of the miocene age. Without the discoveries at Oeningen, and elsewhere, which proved the extraordinary range of the miocene flora throughout the northern hemisphere, one would have inferred from the presence in Madeira of what are now American plants the existence of some recent direct connection between the Atlantic islands and the North American continent.

Birds are able to reach remote islands by flight; insects and seeds may be carried by the birds themselves, by floating wood, possibly, in particular cases, even by gales of wind or ocean currents; but the climax of difficulty in crossing wide expanses of water falls to the share of land-shells. Yet, if we turn to the land-shells of Great Britain, it will be found that all the British islands, more than two hundred in number, including the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Hebrides, the Scillies, contain species absolutely the same, and not differing from those of the continent. In Madeira, on the contrary, not only do the shells differ from those found elsewhere, but the different groups of islands are independent of each other to such a degree that Porto Santo and Madeira, only thirty miles apart, have but about twelve per cent of their land-shells in common, and in this small fraction are contained some distinct varieties. Nor is this isolation peculiar to modern times. Fossils prove that the same discordance existed in the pliocene age, only

about eight per cent of the shells having since become extinct. Sir Charles frankly confesses that here is a difficulty which has not yet been explained, though he does not despair of finding an explanation. Obviously, on his theory, the progenitors of these mollusks must have been brought from some continent, and he may easily assume that such was the case, although he cannot prove the mode of transit; but, granting that the wide channel of more than three hundred miles between Africa and Madeira was no barrier to the passage of shells, it seems impossible to explain why a channel of only thirty miles between Madeira and Porto Santo should have proved a barrier so effectual.

On the other hand, it may be maintained that here is evidence in favor of the theory of special creation not a jot less striking than the contrary proof furnished by the absence of mammalia; although, if this line of reasoning is assumed, it will be necessary to accept the extreme doctrine of an absolute creation from nothing, not merely the intervention of creative power to alter or adapt an existing embryonic shape. We doubt, however, whether it would be worth the while of any party to maintain the local origin of these common forms of life. Difficult as it may be to explain how the shells were brought from a distant continent without being brought from a neighboring island, it would be still more difficult, in fact it would verge very closely on the ridiculous, to argue that the omnipotent and beneficent creative power was exercised on behalf of certain species of Helix, Bulimus, Pupa, and on their behalf alone.

We have endeavored to state as clearly as possible the process of reasoning by which so conservative and so eminent a writer as Sir Charles Lyell has been led to adopt opinions which many excellent men consider revolting. A more tangible objection than this repulsiveness, and one more likely to influence scientific men, is, that Mr. Darwin has, after all, announced only a theory, supported, it is true, by the greatest ingenuity of reasoning and fertility of experiment, but in its nature incapable of proof. We cannot but think that Sir Charles was conscious of this difficulty, and that his course has been influenced, not merely by the strength of Mr. Darwin's argument,

but by the character of the hypothesis opposed to it. There was little in the old system calculated to attract scientific support, so long as zoölogists continued to invoke an apparently arbitrary and supernatural interference, in explanation, not of all variations from established law, but only of such as each individual zoölogist deemed to require explanation; nor was the development which the theory received in the hands of its great and brilliant supporters of a sort to win the sympathy of a mind so practical as Sir Charles Lyell's. As we understand the hypothesis of special creation, Sir Charles, in accepting its logical consequences, would have argued, that, if species are each distinct entities, permanent in their nature, precise and unvarying in their boundaries, then each species must have its own type, not merely physical, but ideal, not approximate, but absolute, with which all its varieties and all its functions must harmonize. This type is the representative of a pre-existent power, of a preconceived plan as it exists in the mind of its creator. The organism which is in the act of development moves from step to step; the acorn becomes the oak, and the embryo the man, through many intermediate stages, each of which makes possible the one that follows; but the accomplished result is not merely the sum of these intermediate conditions; its form is regulated by more general and higher relations; it is perfect only when it has assumed the shape which harmonizes with its type. The crystal is not a mere collection of molecules, nor is its form regulated by the mere evaporation of water. Or, to use a more simple analogy, the watch is not a mere combination of materials; it is complete only when it has realized the conception of its maker. Organisms in Nature have within themselves a vital force which always strives to realize this conception; and this vital force is the idea, the type already mentioned, incorporated in the material elements of the organism.

This theory, if we understand it and the purpose of its authors rightly, is a logical result of the necessity of explaining the process by which an immaterial creative will impresses itself upon inert matter. We have no intention of questioning the merits of this hypothesis; but we can easily imagine that to Sir Charles Lyell it must have appeared inadmissible, since

Sir Charles's whole strength lies in the direction of Realism, while this is essentially an idealistic conception, such as few English minds could grasp at all. To fancy Sir Charles Lyell, of all Englishmen, in the act of grappling the notion of a type controlling an organism, would be an association of ideas so incongruous as to approach annoyingly near the laughable. But there would be no possibility of inducing him to meet the discussion. He would put it aside at once by some such alternative as this: Either the type exists as an external agency, as an entity independent of the organism, or it has no such existence. In the latter case it is superfluous, and I may disregard it; in the former case it appears to me impossible, and I do not care to discuss it.

If it be true that the physiologist has no choice but to accept either the one or the other of these principles, either the doctrine of Lamarck and Darwin, or that of Von Baer and Agassiz, at all events the same cannot be said of the public at large, which is in no way called upon to accept either. While the controversy is still raging, we are bound to consider both theories as in a greater or less degree partial, liable on each side to further development or to absolute refutation. Extremely little is as yet known with certainty on the subject, too little to warrant any unscientific person in becoming a partisan of either opinion, and far too little to justify one party in announcing dogmatic conclusions, or in excommunicating its opponent. Precisely the same phenomena are used on both sides as the basis for arguments diametrically opposed to each other, and considered in each case decisive. Embryology, for example, teaches that all animal organisms originate in an egg, — if, indeed, that can be called an origin which itself originates in something still more remote. The egg passes into an organism, the organism becomes more and more complex, and, after a period of longer or shorter duration, the individual is perfected. But in the process of development the embryo passes through the lower forms before assuming the higher. The embryos of mammals cannot be distinguished at a certain period of their growth from those of birds, lizards, or snakes, except, perhaps, by their size. All vertebrates have in the embryo fissures on the side of the neck, the rudiments of gills,

though only the lower ones develop these rudiments into functional organs. The frog first develops gills, then the gills are suppressed, and he breathes through lungs. These are the commonest examples of a fundamental rule in embryology, that the special type is always evolved from a more general type.

Probably no fact has had more weight than this in support of Lamarck's doctrine of transmutation. Why should the feet of lizards, the wings of birds, and the hands of man, rise from the same fundamental form? Why must the frog first exist as a fish? Why must a crustacean, as we are told by Professor Agassiz, pass through an earlier stage of life as a worm, and be transformed into an insect at last? Why has the human embryo rudimentary gills and a tail? Why is the special type always evolved from a more general type? Lamarck replies, that the reason is as self-evident as the fact; the later form is only a modification of the earlier form; there is a bond which unites all animals, and this bond is the material connection of descent, extending through hundreds of millions of years, and affected by an infinite variety of conditions, but never interrupted, never arbitrarily interfered with, never losing its material character.

While Lamarck and Darwin triumphantly point to this conclusion as the only reasonable and philosophical inference from the premises, their opponents no less energetically and triumphantly call attention to the fact, that, close as the resemblance between embryos may be, so that the microscope itself can discover no basis for distinction, yet not one animal misses its proper development or grows to be anything other than what it was intended to become. The line of demarcation, apparently so slight as not to be detected by human skill, and, according to Lamarck, so variable as to be the sport of the will, in fact is one more rigid than steel. A bond unites all animals, it is true, in a graduated series, and the special type always appears to be evolved from the more general type; but the bond is one of the intellect, not of matter. "It exists in the Mind which made them. As the works of a human intellect are bound together by mental kinship, so are the thoughts of the Creator spiritually united."

So long as the high authorities of science agree no better than this in regard to the meaning of their own discoveries, the public at large must be contented to wait with patience until something more decisive is learned; and perhaps patience will be less difficult, though exercised in regard to a subject which involves the fate of all mankind, if it is considered that neither of the two parties which are in such eager dispute has as yet fairly met the problem which is at the bottom of every one's thought. How is it that the rock-pigeon has bequeathed to one hundred and fifty distinct true races of descendants as many qualities which it did not possess itself? Here is no special creation, unless special creation and natural or artificial selection are practically the same thing, and the whole dispute a mere question of words. Here Mr. Darwin's theory explains nothing; it merely records a fact. We here step beyond the range of science, and begin a hopeless attempt to struggle with first causes.

We understand Sir Charles Lyell to guard himself most carefully on this question, as on similar questions in pure geology, from the charge of attempting to deal with theories of a first cause. Mr. Darwin has perhaps given to his theory of natural selection too close a resemblance to an actual originating force; but Sir Charles, as a geologist, deals only with the facts before him. If any one proposed, as any one easily may propose, to him the argument, that, in throwing the qualities of each species back into the organism of a predecessor, he only postpones the evil day, and at the end of all there must at any rate be one act of special creation to account for the lowest possible form of life,— and if one, why not an indefinite number?— he would reply, that, for his own part, it was personally a matter of indifference to him whether he assumed that the first cause had acted once or ten million times, or was acting without repose. The one hypothesis was no more inconsistent with religion, nor perhaps even with pure reason, than the other. But with him it was the first principle of philosophy to economize forced suppositions. He sought a permanent and natural, not a rare and fortuitous development; and as the evidence offered by Mr. Darwin seemed to relieve him from the necessity of invoking special agencies, he would be acting a part not only contrary

to his life-long habits, but thoroughly unphilosophical, if he persisted in their employment. And if still further pressed as to the first cause of all, he would refuse a categorical answer. If I wished to prove — he would say — that the Italian language grew out of the Latin, and the modern Greek out of classical Greek, would my opponent be thought to have common sense, if he pressed upon me the question how language began, and was there one original tongue or many? The subject does not belong to my science.

To adopt a theory is, however, only a preliminary step, and it only creates surprise in Sir Charles's case, because men at his age rarely have the intellectual activity to quit the paths in which their minds have so long moved. Now that he has given a formal adherence to Lamarck and Darwin, we have a right to expect from him, and from the geological school about him, such a practical application of their new instrument as, forty years since, he made, with so much success, of the Huttonian theory of the earth; and should the new doctrine prove itself, we will not say absolutely true, but sufficiently near the truth to be useful, geology ought to profit by it, at least as much as it did by Hutton. From this point of view Sir Charles's work on the "Antiquity of Man," though only four years old, is already incomplete, — not so much because of any new discoveries as because its author would probably now deal with his material more boldly, having no longer to prove that man was not of very recent creation, but at once assuming this point, on the theory of transmutation, as a foregone conclusion, and going beyond it. We cannot but think that there should be here an admirable opportunity for American geologists and physiologists of the same school to throw a great deal of light upon the early history of the human race, if not absolutely upon its origin; for evidently, according to Mr. Darwin, the race has had a development in America not unlike those insular species of plants and animals which Sir Charles describes on the Atlantic islands. On the theory of selection, man was not indigenous in America; he was not a development of the lower quadrumanous forms peculiar to our country; and this for several reasons. Our American monkeys are far more widely sepa-

rated physiologically from Old World monkeys than the American Indian or any other American type of man is separated from the European or Asiatic. If the American Indian were descended from the American monkey, he should have not only nostrils widely separated, but also thirty-six teeth and a prehensile tail. This last peculiarity, which is unknown to the less gifted monkeys of the Old World, is of special importance, because the prehensile tail is more useful than a leg or an arm; and it is obvious, that, on Mr. Darwin's principles, a race of men with so useful a member must, in a wooded country, have had enormous advantages over their tailless neighbors. Since no such race exists, we are obliged to grant to the ordinary tailless American a foreign origin. Perhaps as yet no perfectly authenticated evidence of man's existence in America previous to the glacial period has been discovered, but such evidence is scarcely needed to make the fact highly probable; for human bones and implements have already been found in caves and glacial drift which leave little doubt of man's contemporary presence, and it is against all probability that he could have migrated from Asia or Europe over thousands of miles of barren ice and sea during the glacial period itself. A far more reasonable hypothesis is, that man, like the plants and lower animals, flourished during the latter part of the warm tertiary age about the pole, and, like the plants again, was driven southward, and his family divided, by the coming of the glacial winter. Since the day when the last connection was cut by the advancing wilderness of polar ice, man has pursued in America a course of separate development, the highest form of which was seen in Mexico and Peru; and there seems to be nothing violent in supposing that most of the slight differences in shape and color which characterize many North American varieties of Old World species may have been a result of the same process and of the same amount of time.

The glacial American ought, therefore, if ever accurately identified, to give us the nearest type of a pliocene, circumpolar race, and beyond this America can throw no light upon the development of mankind. The origin of man will then be placed far back in pliocene times, in order to allow for his extension from a single centre, which, under the Darwinian system, is a

necessity. On the same basis, we must allow at least a miocene emigration to the platyrhine monkey which first came to America with his thirty-six teeth and his prehensile tail, while we must be prepared to find the origin of the monkey tribe itself disappear in the enormous gap which divides the eocene from the cretaceous age. In all this there would be nothing inconsistent with our present vague geological knowledge; for, although no pliocene man has yet been identified, few geologists would care to deny the possibility of his existence, while an eocene monkey not unlike an American type is known to have lived in Switzerland. All that we have assumed is the truth of Lamarck's hypothesis, a purely scientific matter, about which we shall certainly not venture to express an opinion.

HENRY BROOKS ADAMS.

ART. V. — EPIC PHILOSOPHY.

HOMER begins the Iliad with "Sing, GODDESS," as if not himself, but a divine being, were the true poet. Shall we suppose that his invocation is merely formal? that it is consciously addressed to Nothing? To do so were to appreciate ill the simplicity and sincerity of Homer. Were it not also to misinterpret the law of all language? Words are never empty formalities at the outset; it was only a veritable meaning that made them. Men do not go about consciously giving names to nonentities. As well suppose a living body to have come into being without the action of any organizing force as persuade one's self that language is originated without belief. Words, like men, may grow old and die; but only by sincere, vital action are they born. It is true that defunct vocables sometimes have their Hades here above ground, wandering about as shadowy semblances of their former selves, neither well dead nor yet alive. But Homer belongs to the young world; and his words are not merely living, they are in excellent health, with red blood in them, and a bloom on the cheek. When, therefore,

he says, "Sing, O Goddess," one may be sure that the invocation is no piece of perfunctory compliment, but that his heart keeps pace with his tongue.

Upon whom does he call? The question may be asked with interest, for there is in this part of the old Greek mythology a profound significance, a fine soul of meaning, which remains true for us, and will be true forever, however its forms may prove transitory or grow strange. The "Goddess" is the Muse, — the Muses considered as one divinity. The Muses, again, were said to be daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, or Memory. It will be no waste of study to inquire into the significance of this parentage, and with Homer's devout appeal in mind.

Zeus, in the old Hellenic conception, is the eternal One, the unitive, sovereign genius of being. The physical meaning of the word, we are told, is *sky*, the pure heaven, changeless, all-embracing; but by a deeper and truer meaning it denotes the inner divine sky of the soul, rounding in, with its translucent, indivisible unity, the divided opacity and discord of time.* "From One all things proceed, and into the same are resolved," says Musæus, as quoted by Diogenes Laërtius. Zeus is this One, but rather in the moral sense, that of rule, than in the more metaphysical sense, which Musæus seems to have in

* All strictly primitive words seem to have at first a like twofold significance, physical-spiritual. It is the trick of lexicographers to represent the physical meaning as primary, the higher sense as only secondary and superinduced. Let us test this procedure in a single instance. The original sense of *rectus* is said to be *straight;* the secondary sense, *right*. We turn, however, to the root, *reg*, and find that the nearest word to this, formed immediately from it, is *rex* (regs), a king, or straightener in the strictly moral sense. Could evidence be clearer that the moral meaning was in the word from the first, at the root of it, and that, in making it a mere afterthought, the lexicographer has followed, not the indications of language, but his own whim of opinion? I cannot but anticipate a sure determination of the fact, one day, that man is a speaker only as he is a spiritual being; pure spiritual sensibility joined with a lower kind of impressibility to produce root-words. At first the words are held as common property by the two producing factors, nor is their twofold character for a long time, it may be, explicitly recognized. *Zeus* meant originally, I suppose, both a physical object, and a spiritual reality signified by that object; but to the first namers this meaning was strictly single, not double. When reflective discrimination began, and the word, instead of being divided in itself, and made to bear two widely distinct meanings, like our word *heaven*, went wholly over to the higher, the indication is that this import was the more powerful in it from the start.

mind. It is the testimony of language that man uttered his impression of this comprehending One when he first said *sky;* and since such an object must have been among the earliest named, we can trace that supreme recognition to the very dawn of his conscious being. All-comprehending, all-reconciling spiritual unity, — it is an import which the soul enshrines from the first and forever. And this is the Homeric Zeus, progenitor of the Muse.

On the other hand, Mnemosyne, Memory, symbolizes the sum total of such things as memory is concerned with, — incident, accident, event, whatever *happens.* In wide contrast, therefore, to the peace of eternity, she images the storied variety and conflict of time, the world of things eventful, — of multiplicity, diversity, contrariety, contention, the surface-world of Nature and man, with heterogeneity and mutation for its inseparable characteristics.

Thus in Zeus and Mnemosyne we have, on the one side, the universe in the everlasting peace and rest of pure unity, — on the other side, the universe in the character of dividedness, changefulness, with a myriad of diverse features and conflicting energies, here playing through a colored phantasmagory of magic mutation, there yawning in chasms of hate, set against itself, crashing in upon itself, blind with contending passion, black with tragic fate. From these opposites the Muse is born, — from these as at once opposite, and yet joined, made one in spousal love.

The Muse, then, is that symphony of existence which arises from the conjunction of these two terms, Spiritual Being in its essential pure oneness, and the world of finite character and action, of diversity and evanescence, the world of time. This conjunction is Music, — "music of the spheres," in the Pythagorean phrase: an imagination peculiar to Pythagoras only in form of statement. It is upon this melodious Voice of the All that Homer calls devoutly, and of which he would be but the reporter or secretary.

Here we lay hold upon the prime fact by which he stands as the type of poetic genius. To him it is existence itself that is tuneful. Through the diversity of characters, the conflict of passions, and the whirl of events, the divine secret of the world

sings to his soul.* The impassioned, it may be infuriate, tossing, warring, woe of time gives, as he deems, but the notes, out of which the Spirit of the All makes up its eternal harmony.

That antique imagination may be embraced with serious modern conviction. Zeus and Mnemosyne symbolize still the two opposites, of which poesy is the wedding festival. Whoever truly sings, be it "the sweet psalmist of Israel" or Greek Æschylus, the author of the Book of Job or that of the Excursion, sings their espousal. The universe is unity; being rests in spiritual peace and poise forever. The sky is never clouded; only the earth is clouded. Nevertheless, there is the constant antithesis to this wholeness and repose, — antithesis expressed in ten thousand shapes, and pushed with such inexorable energy and excess that we wonder how the bands of eternity do not burst, and suffer the world to welter in immitigable craze. Oppositions and emulations arise, multiply, rage, gain appetite by what they feed on; countless tribes of creatures live only by slaughter, created to kill; existence sprouts all over in horns, fangs, tusks, claws, while from its horrid alembic venoms, hates, envies distil, and drip, drip upon its own blistering heart; hungry pestilences devour nations, — then, like the boa, retire and sleep into new hunger, that they may return to new feast; "the earthquake smacks its mumbling lips o'er some thick-peopled city," or the volcano binds about it, while yet living, a shroud of fire; strife is around man, and strife is within him; the lightning thrusts its blazing scymitar through his roof, the thief creeps in at his door, and remorse at his heart. Who, looking on these things, does not acknowledge that man is indeed fearfully as well as wonderfully made? Who would not sometimes cry, O that my eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might weep, not the desolations of Israel alone, but the hate of Israel to Edom and of Edom to Israel, the jar, the horror, the ensanguined passion and ferocity of Na-

* Virgil, on the contrary, regards himself only as the singer. It is true, that, after announcing himself as such, he makes a formal invocation to the Muse, but misses even formal propriety in doing so. For he does not pray the Divinity to pour for his ear the melody of existence, nor even to exalt his soul and make it melodious, but only to apologize, if possible, for the strange conduct of the Olympians: *Mihi causas memora:* Let the Muse, since she visits in that family, tell what set on Juno to pursue with revenges that remarkably nice man, my hero.

ture? But when we would despair, behold we cannot. Out of the conscious heart of humanity issues forever, more or less clearly, a voice of infinite, pure content: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for THOU art with me." Sometimes, when our trial is sorest, that voice is clearest, singing as from the jaws of death and the gates of hell. And now, though the tears fall, they become jewels as they fall; and the sorrow that begot them wears them in the diadem of its more than regal felicity. We, too, rest in the rest of Being; the changeless axis is here, it is in our souls; and around it all the movement of existence becomes orbital.

Eternal rest, endless unrest, — rest and unrest, it would seem, of the same universal whole. There is comprehending unity, that nothing invades, nothing eludes; there is yawning chasm that seems to go through the world, cleaving its very heart. Every globule of existence spins between these irreconcilable opposites. And yet they are not irreconcilable, for they *are* reconciled, though it be ineffably.

Now it is this tossing rest, this multiple unity, this contradictory and contending identity, that makes the universe epical; and to represent this within practicable limits, embodying in human speech the enticement, the awful, infinite charm of that mystery forever resolved and forever remaining, is the grand task of the epic artist.

The poet is the restorer of wholeness. He can strike the universal chord, that of identity, or spiritual unity. But he does this, observe, not by confounding distinction, blurring characteristic, hiding difference, explaining away contradiction, but, on the contrary, by displaying them. No one adheres with a fidelity religious like his to special character, finite fact. Individual feature and complexion, the peculiar expression of all objects, the circumstance and finest edge of all events, are, as it were, sacred to him, and come forth from beneath his pen with an exquisite, loving exactness of rendering. He will give you form, color, manner, gait, garb, tone of voice, measure of stature, tune of thought; minute he will be as Nature herself, nothing small to him which is characteristic; his very human condition he will, as it were, forsake, to spring with

grass-blades and hum with bees, to ripple with the ripening wheat and pass in the shadow of flying clouds, to dance with sunshine on the sea, or join its sprite-like hide-and-seek among quivering leaves; sorrow, too, and dismay he will depict as with a kind of love, — tempests that rage across the green fields of humanity, clothed in night and whirling along boughs rent from the tree of life, — frosts that descend untimely upon vernal years, to leave their blossoms shrivelled and all the glory of their garniture gone forever; and by this chase of diversities and celebration of contradictions he will bring out the refrain of the living whole, the repose, the unity, the infinite content of being.

Contrast this procedure with that of the mere generalizer. The latter spares himself all this delicate and subtile exactitude, very likely thinks it trivial. Betaking himself to generalities, he evaporates one generality into another more diffuse and vague, and, by an incessant elimination of feature, arrives finally at a statement the most general possible. At best he has attained only congruity, not consanguinity. His thought holds together, suppose, in itself; it does not bring souls, natures, together; it does not awaken the sense of a universal kindred, wherein the one immortal heart is felt to beat.

Even the naturalist, patient, tireless observer, faithful by his good-will to Nature in her speciality and her unity alike, can draw creatures into association only by mere points of outward resemblance, as two kinds here by a likeness in the hoof, two kinds there by a similarity in the hide, again two kinds by approximation in the shape of a scale. There is a catalogue of superficial resemblances, not community. The poet does not thus go on merely to enumerate points of external peculiarity and resemblance; he, on the one side, delineates the individual thing in the very feature, color, and aroma of its special being, yet, on the other hand, keeps up the interior conversation of each with all. Not by dead similarities, but by the living, flowing fellowship of heart-language, do the unlikes of voiceful Nature blend and symphonize in his thought.

Mr. Ruskin censures a dictum of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to the effect that poetry deals only with what is general and permanent, to the exclusion of transient particulars. The eloquent

critic brings forward good instances, with which Wordsworth offered him an abundant supply, to show, on the contrary, that the poet has an inevitable eye for minute traits and evanescent expression. The truth is parted between them. The poet sees the varying surfaces of Nature, and feels in them her constant heart. By a delicately true portrayal of what is most limited and transient, he appeals to a sentiment universal and perennial. Playing with the play of Nature, flitting with winged fancy through all the variety of her manifold forms and changing hues, he yet feels in all, and by the magic of melodious suggestion can make others to feel, that inner identity, that unceasing, ineffable return into oneness, which in the hidden sanctuary of existence is a joy of espousal forever. It is the ringing of these marriage-bells of Nature that is the music behind the words of his verse.

To be cordially sensible of an illimitable kindred, which, moreover, is not only boundless in scope, but divine in kind, purer far and richer in every beautiful claim and blessed response than any blood relationship, — is it not a surpassing delight? But the felicity comes to the last, finest edge, when one may enter into this immortal fellowship without loss of individual character, and, speaking there only his own vernacular, may join by means of it, and with no foreign nor provincial accent, in that language of the heart of humanity wherein was never yet a confusion of tongues.

Man is a stranger in the world, looking on with remote, unrelated eye, till the Muse make him at home there. This, touching upon all that seems most shut up to itself, most set apart from the spirit and sympathy of man, awakens a surprising refrain of fellowship in his breast. Now he lives a life not bounded by the limits of his individual constitution. It is as if an invisible system of nerves ramified from his breast, with a pole in every passing shadow, in every star, in whatsoever has form of being or seeming to the sense. Once that this is rightly addressed, his own being is reflected in all, claimed by all; his voice has an illimitable echo; his heart blends its beating with the vast rhythm of Nature; everywhere are relation and response; from sun and moon look down glorified human faces; wood and river teem with half-humanities, that sway in the

trees and slip in the tide; from the lifted mountain-tops, and from the waste grandeur of the reticent, never-covenanting sea, comes a language at once theirs and his own; the bladed grass claims kindred from beneath his feet, and the shadow cast by a stone on the moor moves him with some deep home-feeling, as if it were inscrutably inwrought with shadowy memories of the cradle and the mother's lullaby.

The poet can touch these nerves, and give sympathy the happiness of that unmeasured scope. But he can thus touch them, observe, only at their poles on the surfaces of Nature. Of this a sufficient suggestion is given by the economy of the human body. The brain itself is insensitive; its feeling, at least its pleasurable feeling, is found at the fingers' ends, at the surfaces and extremes of the body. So it is that this universal heart in man is to be happily awakened only at the fingers' ends, the farthest reach, of its manifold relationship. Hence it is that the purest poetry is most objective. This touches the heart healthily, where the nerves of imaginative sympathy come to the surface. Introspection, on the contrary, invades the system, and strikes the nerves midway, hence is unhealthful and painful.

It is only in the sense of unity with the whole that the heart finds peace. Chasm is brutal. Yet he who seeks unity otherwise than in the diversity of Nature and movement of life, he who seeks it by prying and intrusion, finds, not a charmed repose, but only sickness. Nature sings to him who respects her secret, and who only by a reverent remoteness comes near; and he who sings to others will scrupulously keep up the polarity of life, displaying identity only through the medium of peculiarity.

Take as an illustration Burns's "To a Mouse." The "wee beastie" is represented to the life, its habit and condition given without varnish.

> "That wee bit heap o leaves an' stibble
> Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!"

Leaves and stubble, got by nibbling: this is a veritable mouse, no transparent sham, like Dryden's "Hind and Panther," which are seen at a glance to be no more than a pair of cut and dried theologues masquerading on four legs, whereof

two are evidently broomsticks. But while a mouse, it is yet man; and the poet only brings his delineation to ripeness, when he says,—

> "Me, thy poor earthborn companion
> And fellow mortal."

The outward circumstance retains its distinction, the hearts touch and beat together, and we have a truly poetical situation.

Emerson's "Humble-Bee" furnishes an illustration that will bear even closer inspection; for the external peculiarity is shown yet more pointedly, while the interior sympathy is not less, though suggested with a delicate reticence that adds to the charm. The painting is so minutely and exquisitely exact that I have sometimes said, should Nature one day lose the breed of bees, and forget what they were, she might recover the type from this model. Yet who reads without feeling that the humble-bee is one of us?

> "Yellow-breeched philosopher,"—

it does not come jarring in, but belongs there; and because this open stroke of sympathy — in which, however, the humor still hints at distinction — is consistent with a piece of painting so objective, we have here a poem in the right sense of the word.

A like effect is reached, when a peculiar human character is so pictured that we at once perceive its remoteness from ourselves and feel it all in ourselves. The more entire, isolated, unapproachable, the more poetic its impression, if only it be so depicted that to every stroke of the delineation our hearts vibrate response. The more peculiar it shows itself, the more does it awaken in us the sense of our community. This is poetry.

It may be said, then, that poetry is the expression of comprehending spiritual unity by means of that which opposes and apparently denies it. This definition, however, is here only provisional. I hope soon to substitute for it another, which, while embracing this, shall be more adequate. At present let us obtain with precision what is in this.

First, let it be observed that the character of things which is opposed to their unity with the soul must not be in its own place denied. Even to disguise it there is to make its subsequent identification with the heart ridiculous. Dress the

mouse in jacket and trousers, as we sometimes see monkeys in the street, then say, "Fellow mortal," and the by-standers burst out laughing. Set the bee to discoursing on fate and free-will, and "yellow-breeched philosopher" loses its tone of fine sympathetic humor, to become a sorry jest.

Observe, secondly, that the separation of objects from the heart of the poet and of man is maintained by one order of apprehension, while the identity exists only to another. The one is bluntly, stubbornly, indomitably maintained by the prosaic understanding; the other is melodiously affirmed by the imagining heart, eternal priest at the marriage altars of Nature. Moreover, it is the interest of imagination that the prosaic faculty should hold its ground, yielding never an inch. There can be no espousal, if there is no duality, — no making one, unless there are two. The sense of spiritual community *plays over* somewhat which contradicts it; and it is this playing over which constitutes the poetic act. The imagination abhors confusion, though it craves community. It leaves finite objects, merely as such, to stand by and for themselves, refusing all cordial kindred with the spirit of man; and then, in nevertheless making fellowship between them and the human soul, it shows these objects to be capable of such fellowship only in quite another character than that which is proper to them as *things* merely. I will illustrate these points by a stanza of description taken from Wordsworth: —

> "The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
> Are hung, as if with golden shields,
> Bright trophies of the sun!
> Like a fair sister of the sky,
> Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
> The mountains looking on."

Well, this is fine! — the understanding would say. Are we to *believe* that the fields have put on the corn as a suit of clothes? or that the said patches of corn, while having that sartorial character, are also captured shields, which the sun has hung up to commemorate his victories? or that the sky and lake are a kind of Jane and Nancy in the same family? or that the mountains really do look on? No; so far as the understanding is concerned, these statements are made only to be

disbelieved. To it they are sheer untruth, and are meant for untruth. The understanding is pre-engaged to dispute, to deny, to repugn them altogether. Just that is a part of the programme; and to leave it out would spoil the performance. Did not the statement infold its own contradiction on a lower scale, and thereby obtain the opposition of the prosaic understanding, like the opposition of the viol-string to the bow, it were not poetic truth. To say that Peter is clad, that Jane and Nancy are sisters, or look as if they were sisters, and that Hezekiah looks on, might be to affirm what is entirely credible; but such truth is not poetic truth, for the reason that it does not address itself to spiritual credence. In order that imagination and spiritual apprehension may be reached, there must be that "play over" we have spoken of, — therefore somewhat over which, and in contrariety to which, the play goes on. Thus the great privilege of the spirit to find the whole world kin is freed from confusion with any such community as the prosaic mind can recognize.

I have thus far spoken only of poetry; let it now be said that I have constantly had in view the being of man, regarding this as the poem of poems, — fast locked to any metaphysic which does not approach with a key corresponding to its poetic quality. In the being of man, in the universe of God, there is that "play over." It is, indeed, the grand secret; he that finds it out reads the Sphinx's riddle, and may save his soul alive. Finding it out perfectly, he will know what Spirit is; and until one knows that, does he in the highest sense know anything?

In order to clear up this matter, and prepare the way for further exposition, I wish now to establish a primary scale of degrees, that we may see definitely what is over, what under, and the validity of each in its own kind. And to invite a vigorous attention, I may say that we have now come to the hinge upon which all turns.

Nature as *thing* is Force and Form, no more. Scrutinized to any extent, it will exhibit only these characters, fixed force and form.

To the world of things corresponds in man the perceptive understanding. This finds in things a thing, — character, if one may speak so, — finds, that is, their special determinations, and the consequent isolation of each thing in itself. It is, we

might say, a brace between things, to keep them forever apart, without interior communication. It sees every object — ox, grass, hill, river, stone, man — as only itself, utterly locked up in its special identity.

Becoming scientific, however, the understanding not only discriminates, and specially identifies, but finds connections, and *looks* toward unity. But the unity is on the same level with the diversity, and is therefore only partial. There is unity of form between man and a fish, as both are vertebrate animals; there is diversity of form, as the one is a mammal and the other not such. The community of the two, and the special, isolate identity of each, are alike of form, and are therefore mutually limiting. Unity, accordingly, is never attained. The scientific intellect is more full than the ordinary perceptive understanding; but it works within the same limits, has the same kind of recognitions. It recognizes form, force, the constancy of force, and, lastly, as its highest perception, the *form of force*. What we call "natural law" is, of course, simply force formulated, that is, constant in measure and definite in character. Gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity, do not differ as *force*, but only as *forms* of force. Force and form, then, constitute the whole character of Nature in one aspect; and to it in this aspect the prosaic understanding corresponds.

Accordingly, the understanding can never, in any adequate manner, say *God*. It attempts often enough, with stretched mouth, to achieve that grand enunciation, and often supposes the feat accomplished. But its God can be only some particular object or force, supposably an immensely great thing, but after all only a *thing*, one thing among others. Of late some of its officers are making bold to say that no such Thing is discoverable. "God?" some Lewes will say; "what force or form of force is it? Is gravitation God? Is chemical affinity God? If neither of these, what force, then, and where is it?"

Suppose I answer, that God is *in* those forces, and in all others?

"In them?" he may reply; "how in them? how in gravitation? *As* gravitation? Then he is gravitation; and we have two words for the same thing. As somewhat other than gravitation? But what? Do we discern in gravitation anything but itself?"

"But there is somewhat which makes it," I plead.

"Makes what?" he will say. "Makes stones fall? Gravitation does that. Is there a making behind this making? Well, double, triple, centuple, if you will, the *makings*, all we come to is that stones are made to fall. There is a force which has this character; and wherever it is, the character of it is the same. Though the note of hand be indorsed by a hundred individuals one after another, the value of it remains the same."

"But," I say, making a last effort, "God is the unity of all forces."

He smiles provokingly. "You mean, perhaps, that he is that correlation and mutual convertibility of forces of which we are beginning to learn. Truly, I give you joy of a God so substantial!"

I leave the *savant* in possession of the field, easily victorious. It should be frankly confessed, that, as by no peeping and prying and inferring among the fiddle-strings can we discover the genius of the composer, so by no inspection of the formulations of force do we obtain the smallest glimpse of infinite Spirit.

Here we are, then, locked utterly into the limits of finite Nature. Can we, after all, make escape? I do not inquire whether we find in our own breasts a hint of spiritual comprehension and freedom, — we undoubtedly do find such; but it is said that this subjective impression, being contradicted by everything else in the universe, must be suppressed as mere private prejudice or illusion. Some indeed bravely refuse, and pledge their faith to the testimony of "consciousness"; the other party smile superior to "consciousness" none the less; the contestants find no common ground. We will therefore face the difficulty, and inquire whether it is possible to discover a road leading from Nature to Spirit, and *to Spirit as in itself* ALL. I think it can be found, and without any tedious groping.

Be it observed, then, that Nature has another character, very different from the one just noted, — the character, namely, of Sign or Expressiveness. To the primitive civilizers of humanity it is scarcely known otherwise than in this nobler character. Everywhere the first grand sallies of the human mind

overleap the fixed constitution of things, and alight upon somewhat of a higher order, which the world of things *suggests*. Is it not to this overleaping that all human speech is due? Man looks upon an object, and between it and the eye there springs up a felt poetic significance, which, before reflection has come to complicate mental action, is no sooner felt than it issues by a responsive sign, a word. Spontaneous naming is the act of identifying an object with its poetic significance, declaring that the thing *is* what it signifies. Only while the expression or suggestion of objects is taken in entire good faith as their reality is man a producer of root-words.

In the case of words which convey distinctively a moral, metaphysical, or spiritual import, this repose upon the sign-character of Nature is obvious. *Spirit* is *breath; right* is *straight; wrong* is *crooked*, — wrung, turned forcibly aside; *light* is *truth* or knowledge, — "the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" (the Parsees are said to worship fire or light, that is, they worship what it signifies, as Christians also do); *heaven*, too, is God, — "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven" we say indifferently; *warmth* is *love; coldness* is *indifference;* and so on: it were easy to multiply familiar examples, — and I seek no others, — to the weariness of the reader.

But I believe, still further, that man's ability to name physical objects in the directest manner depends no less, though less obviously, upon their sign-character. Were they to man, as to the dog and ox, mere force and form, he would respond to them, in the animal fashion, by the forces of his organism only, by appetite, aversion, anger, fear, and the like. The aspect of green grass excites only the stomach of a cow: here is the mere relation of finite to finite; and accordingly the creature opens its mouth, not to speak, but to bite, — not to utter the object, but to swallow it. Man, on the contrary, sees natural objects as picture, suggestion, significance, and speaks them because to him they are speaking. How could he represent them by signs, did they not present themselves as significant, and as veritably present in their significance?

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge." Verily, statements so noble as this,

coming to us from a far-off antiquity, might tempt one to think that the primitive poetic mind of humanity took off the cream of truth, and left its skimmed milk to science. But can we not perceive that day and night are indeed and forever voiceful? Speech runs and ripples over all the surfaces of Nature: here in grand affirmative tides, Amazons and Missouris of significance; there in vast, perpetual eddies of reverse meaning; again in whirling and dancing equivocations, evanescent half-expressions, with which only the flitting instability of fancy can keep pace. Speech breaks out as from an inner heart in things, and wraps itself as a many-colored mantle about them, hiding what they are in what they suggest; insomuch that the understanding must search as with a candle to discover beneath that glorious disguise their fixed and specific character. Science, coming late and with labor, tries to lift the mantle, tries to divest Nature of her garment of meaning; but one fold falls down as another is raised; only by endless pertinacity of industry and wide combination of effort is the *thing* at last denuded, and seen as it is in itself.

Half the world is now busy in this labor. "Off with it!" men say; "off with that garment of suggestion wherewith Nature clothed herself to the untaught intelligence of humanity!" As the work goes on, there are huzzas mingled with moanings, complainings, reproaches, — huzzas over notable progress achieved, complaint that so great a labor needs now to be done. The first men did us a mischief, it would seem, by permitting Nature to assume that array of significance. Had things been seen from the start as things really are, then what toil and difficulty had our age been spared! But those men, perverse, must go and be "theological," or "metaphysical," or the like: *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. The greater, however, the glory of our age, when, despite these needless hindrances, it peeps and pries, until at length the world of things appears without disguise. We complain, but still more do we exult. The great enterprise prospers; off it comes, that pictured array; the Thing lies bare!

Not quite, however. Seen *only* as it is in itself, the world of things is not yet, nor, in my judgment, is likely to be. Never yet was there a mind dry and prosaic enough to behold

any object in the mere light of the understanding, — to see in a horse, for example, only anatomy and physiology. To Dryasdust also, even to that portentous specimen of the genus, the Dryasdust of science, — Herbert Spencer, say, — the neck of the war-horse is indeed clothed with thunder, the Pleiades have sweet influences, the zephyr whispers, the storm roars, morning blushes, the sun rises rejoicing, night is vocal with solemn suggestion, and the blue heaven more, much more, than some gases and an optical illusion. Let Mr. Spencer do his best to see in Nature, as he says, only "force," it will be to him also a language, will *speak* to his sensibility. Let Briareus use all his hundred hands, the mantle of meaning will fall down, and with its lettered folds wrap the heart of the Titan himself.

For by the Word the worlds were indeed made, as the Scriptures say. "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Was; for light itself is but a shining syllable, and darkness another, that shines only in the breast of the speaker, not outwardly; and all the universe exists, word-like, only for and through its expressiveness. By the Word, by the perpetual act of Spirit giving expression to its inherent import, — which is its substance, itself, for Spirit is Absolute Import, self-affirmed, — the worlds were made, and do exist. Because Nature is spoken, it speaks; because it speaks, the spirit of man, kindred with the eternal Word, may espouse in Nature its own import, and evoke the representative world of uttered thought and feeling.

The imaginative intelligence recognizes in visible existence this character of Sign, and reads off from it a significance for the soul.* *Force* and *form*, says the understanding; *import*, says the poetic intelligence. This *is* thus and so, reports the one; this *means* thus, announces the other. The former regards the finite world as substantial, and as asserting only itself; the latter regards the finite world as denying its own substantiality in behalf of that which it signifies.*

* Swedenborg sought to establish a science of significances, a science of Nature on that higher degree. Hence the gulf which separates him from the ordinary man of science. The latter is engaged in supplying what, with reference to the import of Nature, we must call its *grammar;* he looks to the classification and syntactical

"As denying its own substantiality," I say. How is that? I hope the reader will say, How is that? and will say it with a purpose to be pointedly dissatisfied, unless the question be answered clearly and precisely.

A sign, observe, is necessarily the sign *of that which itself is not.* It exists only to say, "I am not IT," and in doing so to point effectually toward that which *is.* As the finger on the sign-board is not the road or city, as the spoken word *man* is not man, but only sound, so is it with all signs whatsoever: they point wholly away from themselves, being in themselves nothing to the purpose; they are there only for the eye to pass over; and, considered with reference to their real purpose, their entire being is a mere flitting away and vanishing into that which they suggest. Plainly, that which is meant by a word is the real thing. Plainly, a word, by the fact of having a meaning, implicitly denies that itself is at all the real thing. The meaning made the word, holds it in possession, and is all the being of it. The significance is the substantial fact; the sign, by the very fact of being such, professes itself the contrary. If now we venture to apply to the universe this easy and plain discrimination, all the difficulty will be in the venture, none in the application. Two and two are still neither more nor less than four, be the figures written in hundredths of an inch, or from Labrador to Cape Horn. Making bold to write our figures large, we may say with some confidence that the natural universe, as Sign, only spoken into being, and having its being only in its meaning, *denies its own substantive existence;* the meaning of it, not itself, is the real Fact; it is but a pointing, as of an index-finger, to that which indeed *is.*

What does it say *is?*

When one reads a word, considering it *as* a word, what does he implicitly affirm? Or what does the word itself, by the fact

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relation of its etymons or elements. Now Shakespeare and Nature alike, merely as parsed, are void of meaning: we arrive at an order of arrangement, and at nothing more. Swedenborg sought not merely to parse, but to read; he assumed a meaning, and attempted a scientific exposition of it. I am not of those who think his success perfect, or other than very imperfect; sometimes it is only the dignity of the enterprise which forbids one to laugh. On the other hand, one must own that a grammar of the cosmos, were it complete, would not be sufficient. To do Lindley Murray on that scale is to work at a large task indeed; but though one parse the universe, is it enough merely to parse?

of being such, imply? It implies, and he who reads it implicitly affirms, Mind. Only from Mind could words issue; only to it are they expressive, — that is, indeed words. When the natural universe appears as expressive, a manifold sign, a language, it affirms Absolute Mind, Spirit. Only from this could a universal significance issue, only by it be embraced. If Nature mean anything, Spirit is what it means. And so the human race has thought; its apprehension of this truth is embodied in the confessions and litanies of all ages.

Now to read the world as a language, finding in it an import for the soul, is the essentially poetic act. We have thus arrived at the final definition promised: Poetry is the free reading up and down from Nature to Spirit and from Spirit to Nature, each seen in the other. The outward feature of Nature and life must be preserved, with the finest, most delicate exactitude, that we may not read in a blurred type; and yet in all the soul must find its own immanent secret.

The understanding, meanwhile, holds out sturdily against all this. Its business is to paint the index on the guide-board, that this may be there for that traveller, the spiritual imagination, to go by. Its utmost stretch is to observe that the traveller does go by, — that, looking on the sky, for example, the untaught man has cried, "Dyaus," "Zeus," "God," making a sign of it, and flying infinitely beyond. But it can never verify this enunciation, nor indeed can believe in it; and, trying to give some account of that passage, it will strain a point and say, "Rhetoric." This, too, is liberal of it, extremely liberal; it has grown to be a highly polite and tolerant understanding, when it gives the name of rhetoric to that passing by; before arriving at these handsome manners, it had bluntly said, "Nonsense."

Has it now been made clear what poetry is? And has it also been rendered apparent, or at least credibly indicated, that the conscious being of man is itself, in the sense explained, a poem? If so, we may proceed to consider the epic in particular, anticipating that epical truth will be found not only in books, but in the fact of the universe.

We already know that the epic will represent comprehending spiritual unity, and beneath this its apparent contradiction.

We know also that the latter will be made to suggest just that which it seemingly contradicts, and so to negate its own negation. This is the character of all poetry; but what distinguishes the epic?

Its primary distinction is, that here the scale of the drawing is strictly and explicitly universal. Existence in its full breadth is the ground; the import of life in its full depth is the theme. Here are to be the ultimate poles: the pure Infinite, in contrast and correlation with finite Nature, — the sovereign, perfect consciousness of man, in like contrast and correlation with the most poignant contradiction supplied by his natural experience.

First, the unity is here that of Being itself, absolute Spirit. It is not merely a relative and subjective unity, that of mouse and mountain daisy, beggar and king, with *me*, but the pure One, which in oneness comprehends all. The oneness is, indeed, *the* oneness, — the One to which, in the highest sense, there is no Other, — absolute solvent, that liquefies all, englobing worlds like drops of dew, cosmic dew of suns and stars, mist of milky ways; and which, having pictured itself in Nature, whispers in the enchanted heart of man, I AM.* First, then, the eternal Zeus, rest of all hearts, community of all natures. No epical thought or genius has man without a consciousness of this perfect, universal Identity, this all-embracing sky of the soul.

Let this point be emphasized. What sort of epic were that wherein this ultimate import of the spiritual consciousness should not nobly and expressively appear? The sort of epic which is made such only by the title. The world has seen such, but could not keep them long in view. The Genius of the Whole is somewhat necessary to the parts, be it in a tree or in a universe, and so in a poem which attempts to sing the perennial character and relations of man's life.

It is not a little curious to see how the grasshopper intelligence of Voltaire skips about this prime requisite of the epic

* It is peculiar also to the epic that this Unity is made explicit, represented objectively, while in the drama proper it remains implicit, felt, not seen, a light to enlighten, but no sun visible. Compare Homer and Shakespeare. The *Prometheus* hovers between the two.

in his *Essai sur La Poésie Épique*. That he should attempt such a topic is laughable. Few men have been more skilful to break a jest; but here he was broken upon one. I once knew a youth who fancied himself a musical genius, because, having not the slightest ear for music, he was never to his own apprehension out of tune. At sight of a note he could promptly produce a noise; and though, to compare small things with great, it was like Milton's gates of hell grating harsh thunder, yet the innocent creature, not being deaf, as the hearers wished they were, never doubted that he was melodious, since beyond doubt he was vocal. I was reminded of him by reading the "philosopher" of Ferney upon the Epic; for never, perhaps, was a very clever man more incapable of following on the track of an epic imagination, or less aware of his own inability. He perceives that in Homer the gods appear; whereupon he briskly announces, that, in order to an epic, the "marvellous" must be introduced. Now the marvellous, merely as such, has no more a place in epic poetry than in science; nor, indeed, does it find place in any form of noble literature. The blank gape it produces is in the mind just that vacant O, that annular eclipse of intelligence, which the moon-mouth would indicate by the shape it assumes.

The Olympus of Homer is his holding-ground in the heavens. Therein he casts anchor, and so rides out the storms of time in security and peace of heart. He would have "marvelled" to find himself without it, and adrift on the sea of events. He sings first of all that which sings itself in him, the great faith of his soul.

Homer has, indeed, a keen sympathy with that which, perhaps ironically, is called "real life"; and therefore is able to paint it with an almost matchless precision and verisimilitude. He is heroically faithful to Mnemosyne. Here is her whole story, told without euphemism. Here is, now the struggle, and now the stupor of passion, now the rolling resistless tide, and now the sudden eddy and refluence, of courage, — rivalries, too, mixed irresolvably of noble and ignoble, honor and infamy, spun into the same thread; here are the ebb and flow, the toss and whirl, the interlacement, the twisted tangle, the blind and blurting conclusion, of actual life. Here also is the charm of

feature and picturesque detail; individual action stands out in boldest relief, individual portraiture is lavished, while to all this is added the effect of diverse costumes, tongues, manners: the details, handled in a way less masterly, were bewildering in their multiplicity; and the picture, but for its breadth, would be motley in the crowding of colors and contrasts. But the artist is at his ease with much as with little, — always the master. And yet, were this all, the Iliad would not be a poem: it were only a wondrous piece of photography.

It is that Olympian repose with which Homer is able to overarch this field of action, it is that peace of the All which he makes to breathe about the storm and change of man's little world, that shows him a poet rather than a photographer, Homer rather than De Foe. As his terrestrial observation is wide, genial, and exact, so the faith of his soul, its hold upon celestial Unity, is sure. To both he is just, and to each in its place and kind. And the objects of both, though opposite, blend in harmony; and the greater, though not only greater, but *all*, does extinguish the less; and the less, though it remains in vigor of feature and ruddiness of strength, *passes* while it remains, and only the One-and-All *is*. Thus his picture became a glass wherein the men of his time saw their life with more than mortal vision. There the visible had become ideal, yet retained its character; there the invisible had become apparent, yet nowhere had broken the lines or blurred the feature of actual experience. There the tempest of our little life was seen rounded in with skies of everlasting calm: participants in the divine secret, the mortal beholders looked on and saw with new-informed eyes the cerulean circumambient eternity, as now it condensed its viewless burden into our whirling cloudlet of time, and anon drank it off into its own transparent peace.

I confess we can no longer see the same perfectly in the same mirror. To us the Iliad is not, cannot be, a pure epic. Homer's faith is not precisely that of the modern world; we are able to follow him throughout only, as it were, by sympathy prepense. That "majestic, deathless head," whose nod once shook the world, and was the end of controversy to gods and men, is now subject to the dispute of any too ready tongue,

sovereign no more. But the eternal Zeus lives under another name, or without name; Greece and Ilium we have, like the poor, always with us; the epos of existence remains; and Homer's speech needs but a translation into that diction which is behind the words, to become ours.

Have we sufficiently dwelt upon the first grand requisite of the epic? Is it clear that this celestial unity must appear in the written poem, because in the being of man that sovereign import plays forever over the discord and disunity of our outward experience? The matter has, indeed, been treated slightly, but I will suppose that enough has been offered on this head. Let us, then, turn the leaf.

That unity must have its opposite; the nature of poetry, as we are aware, requires this. The opposite, too, must in the present case be no trivial one; the play-over of Absolute Spirit should be worthy of it. The eagle does not display his strength of wing by merely flying across a ditch that a grasshopper might leap. Show us a chasm yawning all the way from east to west, wide as the world; and when the genius of the universe shall cast over that an arch whose keystone is the zenith of eternity, it will do somewhat. Of this consummate act the epic poet is to make us witness.

Every epic artist represents, as antithetic to the unitive genius of being, *the infernal*, — that is, sheer moral inversion, sheer head-down of moral order, the one thing with which the soul cannot be directly reconciled. Moreover, he wellnigh seems to give this abhorrent thing full possession of the field. "I read in Homer," said Goethe, "that properly we enact hell here below." Is this a true reading of Homer? And if so, does Homer read the world truly? I think that in both Goethe and Homer it is a true reading.

Goethe's statement is, indeed, one-sided; and he perhaps betrayed his own limit, while illustrating his penetration, in making it. He himself is a little lame of the right foot. His Mephistopheles is a lovely devil, *cap-à-pie* like a West Point cadet turned out for parade, — *magister artium* in his kind, compared with Milton's Titanic undergraduate. Here Goethe is perfect; but the sovereign term, the Zeus, he does not manage so well.

Yet his statement about Homer can hardly be impeached. What is the situation described in the Iliad? It is this: the crime of a coxcomb has bound two noble nations by the loftiest public sentiment of antiquity, the sentiment of national honor, to the work of mutual destruction. The occasion of their sanguinary struggle is a deed they alike despise, a deed of which the fit notice were a hearty kicking to the culprit. And yet just that in each which dignifies and adorns their humanity it engages to the pitiless destruction of the other.

Is it said, that honor, rightly understood, engaged them to nothing of the sort? It would not in us; in them it *did* so; nor could they disobey its mandate without moral collapse. Hector says, the Trojan women, not to speak of the men, would despise him, did he decline the combat, odious to him as it was. I think it apparent that the nation which had yielded would have seen all the bands of order dissolve in the caustic of contempt.

Highest enslaved by lowest, and compelled to rivet and renew its own bonds, — that is the spectacle. What is intrinsically good, beautiful, noble, made not only to serve evil ends, but even to accept and consecrate the service, — that is the hateful situation which Homer places before us.

Does it seem that the dilemma might have been easily escaped? There is the very bite of it. So easy to escape, — and impossible! In Shakespeare we find the same. How easy for Cordelia, by two words, to save her father and herself the misery that ensues! Easy, — and she *cannot* utter them. It is her true, honorable love that forbids; it is the voluble hypocrisy of Regan and Goneril that compels her love to make its own misconstruction. The ease, and yet the impossibility; the nobleness that immediately makes the impossibility; the ape's hand that behind all manipulates the dead-lock: there, there is the poison of it.

Know we of nothing similar in actual life? Have we never seen petty interests, petty strifes, spites, jealousies, envies, of no more importance than the spit-spat of belligerent tom-cats, roping in worthy natures with abhorrent bands, that multiply and tighten till the anguish is intolerable?

Thackeray's she-catamount of a "campaigner" can hunt

Colonel Newcome to his death. What signifies her caterwaul, pray? He knows that it signifies nothing, and he dies of it; the contemptibleness of the torture makes it only the more torturing.

A politician rises in Congress, and proposes a compliment to the shillalah invasion of Canada. Honorable men, who despise the motion, feel compelled to sustain it; the election at New York is at hand, and such a resolution once offered, they dare not vote it down. In other circumstances, a war between England and America might easily have arisen from this move in the small game of an individual anxious to wipe out his "Know-Nothing" record; and when it had arisen, the purest patriotism in the land would have been driven, with loathing stomach, to sustain its country's quarrel. History, indeed, is replete with instances — and did we see it behind the curtains, more instances would be known to us — wherein the noblest sentiments of humanity have been harnessed beyond help in the dirt-carts of sordid interest, while pitiful tricksters, men who would sell what soul they have for a crossed sixpence, and cheat Mephistopheles in the bargain, hold the reins, and goad them on.

It is such a case from which the incident of Homer's story is drawn, — a case of moral head-down in the worst shape it could assume to the mind of Grecian antiquity. The great master does not hide, he is at pains to display, its hateful features. By the avowed and intense revolt of Hector's soul from the work his hands must do, the abhorrent constraint of the situation is made to the last degree biting. And that nothing might be wanting to the keenness of the contradiction, the Trojan prince is shown to us, not only in his valor, his magnanimity, his sense of justice, but also in the tender nobility of his domestic life. Andromache comes before us, queenly, devoted, in all the pathos of wifely love; while the babe, drawn to the father, shrinks away from the warrior, to suggest the last rebuke of that dreadful strife. Meanwhile, in contrast with this beautiful picture, — the noblest touch of tenderness that has come to us from the old Hellenic world, — Paris has signalized anew his luxurious infamy, and made the occasion of the struggle, odious enough before, seem intolerable. And

yet Hector must go to the field and to his doom, and Andromache remain behind, helplessly awaiting her doom, and doomed Ilium also abide her day.

All that follows upon the main situation is painted with the like pitiless fidelity, — pitiless only in fidelity; for deep, tender compassion is in the poet's soul. Hero after hero comes forth, uplifted with all soaring thoughts, godlike in bearing, glorious in form and in renown; then before our eyes he goes down; we see him clutch the earth in blind agony, we hear his armor clank over him, — his only knell. Nothing is explained away; and the pathos reaches its acme in the stern, stern words, "all-ending death." The poet cuts off his understanding from all succors, — breaks down the bridges behind him. Only by a transcendent process does he escape into repose. The will of Zeus is accomplished: that is all. To Homer this *all* was enough. To the author of the Book of Job it was enough.* A deep sea in which to cast anchor! We in our day like shallower waters.

Why is it that Homer selects the sentiment of honor to be thus enslaved? Because he has the keenest sympathy with it. In his eyes it is noblest, best; its enslavement, therefore, shows most strikingly that moral inversion he wishes to display. Nor is he alone in this procedure; other epic poets have done the same. Dante is pre-eminently the poet of Love: read the story of Francesca, wherein the pathos of the Inferno culminates, and you find him distilling from the honey of love a cup that he swoons but to taste. Milton is the apostle of Liberty: in the Paradise Lost he has opened the heavens to show us the impulse to just this, Liberty, turned toward the pit, and drawing after it one third part of heaven's host. Goethe's noblest trait is his intellectual devotion, his worship of Truth: it is precisely this that in his half-epic betrays Faust. In the Ramayana, a supreme emphasis is laid upon truth in the sense of veracity, respect for the plighted word. Describing his hero, Kapila says: "This illustrious prince could

* It is true that at the end of the Book of Job a kind of offset is got up. But we may observe, that, in representing this pay-off appreciable by the understanding, the poet — if he wrote the conclusion — falls from poetry to prose. The *poem* was already complete.

willingly renounce life, fortune the most opulent, desire the most dear, — but the truth never." Now it is just this, respect for the plighted word, that brings about the catastrophe of the poem.

Somewhere in his picture, and generally in the foreground, the epic artist casts in this quintessence of contradiction, this ink of indelible darkness, Worst from Best, — all the juices of sweet life going to feed cancers. Moreover, the higher the art and the grander the genius of the poet, the more resolutely does he leave this terrible fact in possession of its proper field. In the Ramayana, those who had fallen in the war against the demon were, after the victory, magically restored to life. That is impure art. In the Iliad, death has his prey undisputed, and tragic fates pursue even the living. This is the manner of the master.

Worst from Best, — is it found only in poems? The stout common sense of Theodore Parker led him to say that Religion may become prince of the devils. Whence was the inquisition generated? It was bred out of the Beatitudes and the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" What is wourali poison, in which South American Indians dip their arrows, compared with the envenomed conscience that even the spirit of Christendom has secreted? "We enact hell here below!"

In the epics, then, of men, and in the epic of the Supreme Poet, there is somewhat with which the heart of man cannot be reconciled, nor should be reconciled, since it is antithetic to moral order and unity: when man does not abhor it, he has forsworn his own nature. What, precisely, is this *somewhat*, this Satan ever going to and fro in the world, this serpent always lurking in garden? Let us see whether this thing can be accurately defined. Having learned its nature, — if, indeed, to do so be possible, — we may further inquire whether the epic idea of the world can be seen as comprehending, commanding it, and evoking melody from it. And if the attempt be daring, and our space for exposition brief, all the more must precision be sought; nor will a little formality in the statement, if it help toward precision, be esteemed inexcusable.

1. In the world of the senses and of science all goes by law,

the savans tell us. Granted: force has definite characters and constant measures; in measure and character alike it is invariable. All there goes by law: by what kind of law, however? By a law that is absolutely and everlastingly indifferent to any thought which man derives from his spiritual being, to any sentiment, any ideal desire or purpose of the soul. You would have a house, wherein to enshrine the sanctities and felicities of domestic life: what cares gravitation for your wish? These Romans would build a city; Michel Angelo would lift St. Peter's dome: gravitation enters into no complicity with such desires; inexorably, stolidly faithful to its own business, it holds down the rock in the quarry; whoever will get a block of it away shall sweat for it. Well, the builders outwit gravitation, making it help them lift the stone, and put it in place, where the stolid tug of that force shall serve their design: it is outwitted, that is all; not in the least has it been won into sympathy with a human purpose. The forces of Nature, as they do not change to approach, so cannot change to elude, the design of man: get the wind of them, and they are captive. Now, as the soul has, through the body, a foothold in Nature, and commands immediately a certain amount of force, it is enabled to take natural law by surprise, and bring it to obedience. But in obedience it is remote as ever, maintaining the same impassive, unconquerable indifference to all that the soul imagines or intends. As with gravitation, so with all natural forces: even when serving the most vital uses, they are infinitely far away from man's thought of use. Oxygen rushes into the lungs, when they create a vacuum: it is but rushing into a vacuum. It combines with the globules of the blood to recreate life; to further decomposition would suit it as well: growth and decay, life and death, man's gain or loss, pleasure or anguish, are to it quite the same. Thus it happens that man, as a worker in the realm of finite Nature, must always work among and upon forces that are no less than infinitely removed from any sympathy with his spirit. The world serves him, but does not know him even when it serves.

2. In using these forces, man puts himself somewhat in their power. We lift the roof, but lift it over our own heads: gravitation has no respect for the heads; its business is to draw

downward, which it attends to assiduously, not considering who or what is beneath; and it holds the roof in place, I must repeat, only as it is outwitted. When the earthquake comes, comes its opportunity; and now men fly the houses they have built for their security. Moreover, for purposes of use we must set free agencies that were not active before, that we can never be sure of our ability to control, and that, despite their services, ever continue terrible to us. Fire, for example, is a demon that man has conjured up. It is needful, indispensable; we must take it into our houses near the cradle and the couch, must sleep with it for housefellow, knowing all the while that it is an untamable demon, never a whit domesticated by its long intimacy with man. Now fire is not bad; but the burning of the house, for which it is at any moment ready, were an evil. The burning of the house, and the fall, perchance, of the flaming roof upon those it was designed to shelter, — despite all the glosses of optimism, a plain man may take leave to regard that as indubitably an evil.

Here, therefore, is an evil, yet no evil principle. There is a gap between human ends and natural means; and evil — physical evil only as yet — is incidental to it.

3. Man is not only *in* this world of forces thus indifferent to every thought of his spirit, but, as an organized creature, he is himself composed of such forces. Yet more, they assume in him a new and peculiar intensity, becoming sensitive, and rounding into an Ego heated with immeasurable desire. Nevertheless, these forces, though as an organized nature he is compounded of them, belong to that world which is forever infinitely remote from the pure thought and ideal desire of his spirit. The relation of himself as spirit to himself as organized in nature is the same with the general relation of man to force in the external world. Hunger and thirst are no less indifferent than gravitation to all that the soul believes and loves. Temperamental force has its own orbit, moves by its own springs, knows only its own ends. Indispensable utilities are exacted from it; but it transmits them, as a mail-bag does letters, without knowing what is in them.

Thus the soul must not only work upon, it must also work by means of, an alien material. This material, moreover, is

not passive, it is *force*, fiercely intent, impersuasible. Accordingly, the soul can accomplish nothing, it is annulled, until by an efflux of virtue it takes possession of the field; while only by a continuance of the same energy does it keep possession. Even in victory and supremacy, it may not retire and sleep: its authority is dead, its victory vanishes, in the moment that it ceases to act and to overcome. It is a sovereign whose subjects are all rebels at heart, and become such in act the moment it does not make upon them an overmastering impression. They are rebels, not by any concerted antagonism to the regal principle, but because they are wholly moved by an intention of their own, which is alien and indifferent to spiritual ideas.

4. The soul, in building up its own architectures, and preparing its own repast, must make immaterial fire, must liberate demons in its own organic household, and so newly imperil itself. For the better culture and discipline of mankind, it establishes Property, — an institution which rests wholly upon an ideal basis: instantly it creates cupidity, a very terrible demon indeed, hungry beyond measure, sometimes in its rage of appetite devouring entire civilizations. What a raising of chimneys, called courts of law, there has to be! What anxious binding of the demon with precedents, statutes, legal forms! Despite all which, it will sometimes break bounds: and, indeed, when is it not breaking bounds, committing trespass, doing indescribable mischief?

The soul, again, builds the state, to incarnate therein, as in a larger body, the spirit of community: at once it sets free the love of dominion, — fire again, and a fire that makes horrible conflagrations. The desire of power and sway is not bad; the debt to it of civilization is immense, immeasurable; never was there a great ruler or statesman whose breast did not brim with it; and only at far-distant periods of time do the Timoleons and Washingtons appear, who possess it largely without being possessed by it. Often has it wrought prodigiously, when Goodness lay asleep, wrapped in sweet dreams; and history on many a page

> "Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> Till in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
> That ten day-laborers could not end."

Nor, on the other hand, is it good; for in itself it has no moral quality whatsoever. But a force destitute of all moral character, which nevertheless must be brought into the closest intimacy with moral interests, and even fanned and stimulated in their behalf, has in it capacities of evil.

The soul builds churches, architectures to house a thought higher still; and again it makes fire; and this time may make the very fire of hell, bigotry, conscientious hatred, holy cruelty, lying for God, tyranny that not only oppresses, but makes in its victims a hunger to be oppressed. And once more we have to say, that the force thus brought into action is in itself neither good nor evil, though of both good and evil it is vastly capable. Fire, — it may kindle fagots about the martyr, and blaze abroad to devastate entire centuries and civilizations, or may genially warm the hearts and households of believing ages.

Finally, this Ego of ours, — this also is demon, is fire. The Spirit makes it: never could mere organic force become conscious, and say *I*. But the Spirit makes it as the intensest conceivable antithesis to its own pure, including universality. *I*, — what a portentous exclusion the word implies! It shuts out all the universe beside itself; indeed, to the egoistic apprehension pure and simple, *I* is universe, is god. A wonderful thing is this particular, limited Self. It is *ec*centric centre, — pure partiality in the state, and with the sense of perfect wholeness. It is Spirit inverted or reverted from its comprehending, universal self-identity, to sustain its own intensest contradiction, a purely limited and excluding self-identification. This special Self is demon all and only. Not good, it is yet here as the strong caryatid to sustain a spiritual consciousness, which is God's surpassing work of art. Not bad, it is nevertheless a caryatid whose head is not kept under without pains, and that at best seldom fails to put a wry face upon his labor.

Fire is not bad; but the burning of the house, which despite all precautions may happen, were an evil. Egoism is not bad; but its exaction and forage upon the soul, which in some degree are sure to happen, are an evil. When the forces of finite Nature turn the virtue and providence of the soul against itself, then there is evil, devil. Devil is not a person, it is not even

a thing or a force; it is simply an effect incidental to a particular form of relation. With finite Nature, fixed, resolute, inexorable in its finitude, the soul must make an intimacy, to which intimacy Nature can never respond by the faintest blush of sympathy; natural forces will seek forever, must forever seek, to carry away in their own line whatever comes within their reach; and when they succeed in appropriating and bringing into their own line of action the virtue of the soul, evil appears. The epic poet represents this most terrible incident of the Spirit's engagement in Nature, — the soul pulled overboard by the fish it was drawing in, — the soul caught in the mesh of its own mechanism, ground in its own mill.

If, now, the foregoing exposition be at all correct, it will appear, that, though there is no evil principle, though Satan is the boldest of impersonations, implying some temerity of rhetoric, yet the Satanic, the infernal, exists nevertheless. Disease is no entity; but epilepsy and lockjaw are quite real.

On the other hand, the epic "play-over" must not be forgotten. Evil is real, but it is not commensurate with man's being. Man is properly supernatural; the soul is above all its experience within the limits of finite Nature, and

> "Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Accordingly, I find two opposite classes of theorists, who, severally following, though in contrary directions, a linear and prosaic logic, arrive at a forced conclusion on this matter. The one party, beginning from below, and perceiving evil to be real relatively to the soul as engaged in Nature, reasons to the eternal from the temporal, and asserts a supernatural Satan, conceived of either as a person or a state of existence. The other party, setting out from man's supreme consciousness, wherein he feels the serene eminence of his spirit over Nature, reasons downward, and declares that even within the limits of Nature evil is not real.

The latter opinion seems to have been adopted with a degree of enthusiasm by the Emersonian school in America, though of Mr. Emerson himself one may rather say that he has shown a marked predilection for it than that it is sustained by him as a fixed dogma. The chief argument for it is an undeniable

fact, namely, that evil is often reconverted to use. But were this always the case, evil would not lose its proper character. At sight of somewhat with which it cannot be reconciled, the soul is stung, and newly incited. Well, why is it stung? Whence the provocation? It is the sight or the experience of somewhat odious to the soul that stings. If we say, "This so-called evil is made to serve a use, therefore it is not evil; whatever is is right; the soul can and must be reconciled with it," — where are we? Let us shun huddled thinking.

Asafœtida is the best of antispasmodics; it does not therefore smell the better. Esteem me not narrow-minded, if I hold my nose. The philosopher tells me, indeed, that only devil knows devil, — that only because I am cousin-german to asafœtida does its odor offend me. Perhaps so; it may be, that, were the nose regenerate, it would find only frankincense in fœtor. I humbly confess such grace has not been given that organ. Be it to my shame or no, I must distinguish between scent of heliotrope and scent of carrion-flower. I follow my nose as my fathers did before me. Nor in truth do I propose to be shamefaced before Philosophy in doing so. Offence is offence, make the best of it. Evil is a thing good to esteem bad, good to be offended at, good to keep the cork on. Like ipecacuanha and tartar-emetic, it is useful only as it creates nausea and is intolerantly rejected by the system.

It is said further, that Good has a vast power of assimilation, a chemistry that nothing can wholly resist. This also is true. As in the physical world the organific force will masticate quartz and porphyry, gnawing away at the frozen adamant of mountain crags with teeth harder and more capable of self-repair than those of rodents, and solving all with the alchemy of eupeptic life, until it has given the earth flesh, has clothed this with the garniture of field and forest, and digested this again into animal form and motion, so the higher genius that works in humanity to dissolve and to organize does not live upon spoon-victual alone, but has teeth to cut platinum, a stomach to digest poison, and an art out of pus and gangrene to make the vigor of dancing feet and bloom of dawning beauty. Eyes that are not sick will see this without spectacles, and sound minds will be apt to emphasize it. But let us not say

too much, and be like cowards who betray fear by voluble affirmation that there is no danger. Good has diamond teeth, — and it needs them! Poor logic, to say, that, because it has this masticating and digestive force, therefore all is food for it, artistically prepared by some cosmic Blot, and that what seems odious is only pepper-sauce, a sharp condiment to provoke appetite.

In fine, the universe will not be spun out in one thread, and turned to prose. Our nice mental machinery can do much, but cannot do that; and this new-patented method of optimism fails like every other. It does good work of the kind, but the poetic truth of existence will not be caught on the smooth-turning spindle.

The opposition of good and evil is never to be explained away. But this opposition is itself prosaic, if only in itself considered. To deny it is fatal to epic truth; to remain only in it, the captive and jail-bird of Nature, is no less fatal. Evil, and good *as merely opposed to evil*, belong alike to the soul only as standing in organic connection with finite Nature; but the soul's true being is not in Nature, it is in Spirit, the self-affirmed, eternal, indivisible Import, into which Nature, as sign, evermore resolves itself. To the bird as walking the wall exists, and is impassable: the bird takes wing, and the wall, though solid as ever, becomes for it no wall. But man at once walks and flies, — walks and works on these levels of Nature, yet by his true substantive being soars and circles in the divine ether; and here, in unity with the One-and-All, he is himself the sky, which rounds in and contains in harmony his natural experience. In his breast is enshrined this exceeding great mystery, — the infinite separation of Nature from Spirit, the perfect poetic comprehension of Nature by Spirit. A mystery, nay, a very dust in the eyes, to prose thought, it is far otherwise in the *being* of man, as in the universe of God: here it abides in poetic clearness forever, — so clear, that the voice of it, when it comes to speech, can be no other than a voice of singing, to which only melodious numbers and concord of sweet sound afford a fit expression. The universe rings with it like a bell; and the heart of the poet, being *whole*, also rings silver-clear; and in the deep heart of humanity a poetic thought is perennial, though in general it is shattered on the lips.

From the height of its perfect consciousness the soul looks down upon the imperfect *quasi* world of Nature; and seeing itself involved there, yet not involved, — locked into those limits of inexorable finitude, yet above them, including them, resolving them into that breath of Spirit which sings while it passes, — it has the sentiment not only of a Whole, but of an epic Whole, including within its flawless unity the intensest contradiction.

We are now prepared, let it be supposed, to attempt a final survey of this epic Whole, this Iliad of existence, placing its grand features in their true relation to each other. Only from the summit of thought and consciousness can such a survey be attempted sanely; we must therefore begin and end with the all-comprehending Unity, with pure Spirit.

1. Man has the consciousness of Spirit in its integrity, whole and the whole, nothing if not all. He knows this, and, as knowing, is one with it. Never can it be known as *other* than that by which it is known; if another, it is no longer *the* One, but only a particular existence. Tell me not of *a* God, one being particularized among others, though great or greatest. John Stuart Mill kindly explains, that, though it be ridiculous to speak of *the* Infinite, *the* Absolute, yet God may be infinite in a particular way, — infinitely just and good in the sense of being entirely just and good. His infinite is merely unmixed quality. In the same sense a spider is infinitely a spider, if it be all and only spider. Should the creature ever be afflicted with a doubt about the propriety of catching flies, the spiderly nature, becoming mixed, would fall from infinitude. Infinite in the sense of pure quality is perhaps as good an infinite as positivism admits of; but I quite agree with Mr. Mill in thinking it ridiculous to call this *the* infinite.

The infinite of Spirit is not to be caught in a cobweb. The ambitious broom of positivist logic will neither sweep it down from the dark corners of the understanding nor sweep it together from the floors of phenomenal Nature. What it is we may a little conceive thus: though there were a myriad of perfectly rational minds, there were but one Reason, *and each of them were it.* The consciousness of reason is an integrating consciousness; in it there is a unity, not numerical, but intrinsic:

multiple in manifestation, it is not divided, nor in itself multiple, but ever identical. Spirit is reason, and more than we mean by reason distinctively. It is not only integral, but is active, eternal, absolute integration. As there is not only a possible rest *in* motion, but also a rest *of* motion, — as, for example, in orbital movement, — so there is a unity, not only *in* multiplicity, but *of* multiplicity, — a unity of comprehension and embrace, which, though it contain contradiction, yet does indeed *contain* it, and therefore remains itself unbroken. The consciousness of this it is that the human race has confessed so often as it has said *God*. There is no night there; there all limit is swallowed up, freedom and necessity become one and the same; there the jars of Nature blend in the tune of the eternal Whole, and the clash of oppositions is felt to be sustained by the very unity which they seemingly oppose. "The will of Zeus is accomplished": it is the key-note which to every note is a key. Spirit is; and he is Spirit who is conscious of it, and he the voice of it who hears its language. Spirit is, the everlasting Only, only and all, playing over opposition, yet never opposed; abiding ever in itself, yet not aloof; dwelling only with itself, yet housing the universe.

2. Nevertheless, in precise antithesis to this, there is the world of finite Nature, also assuming to be all, and indeed complete in its way, — no escape from it, when once you have accepted its level and law. It bears, however, this ear-mark of imperfection, that the essential character of it is to be excluding. Excluding: every particle of matter shoulders away every other; — every square inch of space says, as it were, to universal space, "Stand off!" — every moment of time fixes itself between the two eternities of time, denying them, saying, "Of time I alone *am*, I, the present moment!" — every force, so much as it acts, negates all other force. It is a universe of exclusions, — purest conceivable opposite to the including simplicity of Spirit.

What then? We have a dual world: Spirit and Nature standing in irreconcilable opposition, each, it should seem, excluding the very possibility of the other. Yet as Spirit is whole and the whole, or is nothing, dualism kills it. And, indeed, many in our day espouse the cause of finite Nature to

this extent, saying, "Spirit *can* be no more than a fiction of speech, since for it as a reality Nature leaves no room." True, Nature has no room for it. Here is a difficulty, which to a prosaic speculation is, and must remain, insuperable. But the bolt turns to another key.

3. We have seen that this self-asserting finite Nature asserts itself only to the same ear which itself makes, to the finite understanding. To the higher poetic intelligence, it is only Sign, only Language. As such, it declares itself to be in and of itself *nothing*. A word, — for what is it here? To be somewhat in itself? No, but expressly to be nothing in itself. It is a word only as, vacating itself, pointing away from itself, denying its own substantiality, it simply and unequivocally *stands for* somewhat which indeed is, namely, an import existing in the mind. The world, then, as Sign, denies its substantial existence, vacates its own pretension to reality, and affirms what is not itself, affirms a significance whose unity and substantiality is Spirit.

It has been said, but will bear saying again, that to this significant and therefore ever-vanishing character of Nature all human speech is due. So all mythology, all theology, comes of the impulse to render that language which Nature is into the language man uses. Poetry, painting, every fine art, is a fine art for the reason that it elects the significant impression of Nature as the real fact of it, while the so-called useful arts regard Nature only in its lower character, as force. Whence the charm of landscape painting? It is always inferior to that which one may any day see from his doorstep. The charm of it is this: it presents Nature as *only* picture, only significant show, without its outdoor pretension to substantiality, — presents Nature more as what it veritably is. Hence mere *facsimile* painting, which foists upon the picture Nature's habitual disguise of its true character, is but mock art.

4. Having thus affirmed Spirit, then shown finite Nature as apparently denying it, then again shown the same Nature as confessing itself a mere sign of that which it seems to deny, we come to an act which concerns us human beings very nearly, but of which there seems to be in the streets of our cities little notice taken. I have never once seen mention of it on the bulletin-boards, nor found it in the column of news.

Spirit issues in person, in the person, that is, of humanity, upon this scene of finite Nature; *accepts the fiction of its substantiality;* and even so, upon these hard terms, extorts a confession of its presence and quality. Here, then, it is in the militant state, a warrior in armor, overcoming a hostility that never abates, compelling a confession ineffably alien to the lips that utter it.

Spirit militant, Spirit accepting the fiction of Nature's substantiality to conquer it on its own level, — this is the moral life of humanity. With this "accepted fiction" under the feet, we cannot wonder that our life should divide itself into the irreconcilable opposites, Right and Wrong, God and Devil. A contradiction is involved in such a state of existence; the contradiction will appear, and make itself felt, sometimes to the utter anguish of the soul.

Here the soul conquers, but always with costs; here it endures defeat, but in defeat still conquers, if its quality has been signalized. No other business has it than to say effectually, I AM: achieving this, though in dungeons, at the stake, on the cross, it is victorious.

Partial defeat it ever does and must suffer, optimism to the contrary notwithstanding. "All is well," am I told? Yes, the All is very well, undoubtedly. One gets fresh intelligence of that fact in his own breast now and then, and pipes his little note of rejoicing accordingly. But is this taken to mean that all *goes* well? that in the line and on the level of outward events there is perfect process? that the moral life of man involves no contradiction, in the midst of which the soul must strive and suffer? that we may lie on our oars and trust the tide of events to take us to port? Enough, O, more than enough of this! In the line of events, as related to the moral life of humanity, there is, there *can* be, no perfect process on the earth: the very conception of our existence forbids. We chant, with a sweet imbecility, "the good time coming": it is ever coming, and never come. Some say that the golden age has been, and some that it is to be; but I, that all events are cheap and all times tawdry, — that only the soul is golden, and that the shine of this metal out of the dust-cloud of history is the true result.

Here is the field of the tragic poet. He causes the soul to show itself and to shine from out the utmost darkness and devilishness of events. The one is helpless and inextinguishable; the other victorious and without honor. The soul suffers every conceivable defeat, and is godlike still; the law of events follows its own fatal course, making no clear distinction between good and bad, and is seen in its proper under-foot character. Thus, Shakespeare in his grand tragedies will give us scarce a crumb of comfort, so far as the course of events is concerned. Iago, indeed, ends his iniquity with his death: who is consoled? who cares? You crush the snake that has just fleshed its fang in priceless honor and innocence: well; it was but a snake. Iago dies; but Desdemona, Othello! — who talks of a balance struck? Or who in this presence will proclaim the "good of evil"? What good? Snake number two is more likely to be regenerate? St. Snake is somewhat less beautiful to me than the creature uncanonized. Anything, if you please, but Satan in a state of grace!

I thank Shakespeare that he gives no hint of these suspicious compensations. Out of wrong done and suffered the soul has shown its quality: this is the true result. All the grandeur of the great poet's genius is found in this, his habitual manner of representing life. Had he stooped to patch up events, pretending, after the fashion of the novelist, that the significance of life is found in *their* course and result, he would have stooped indeed, and been no longer Shakespeare.

Spirit by issuing upon this scene of things brings moral good to a world which before was but a system of forces, incapable of moral character: by the same act it makes the possibility and the *general* (not particular) necessity of moral evil. It does so by placing the virtue of the soul within reach of the energies of the finite world, "laws" of Nature, organic impulses and desires, — huge polypi, that throw their long tenacious tentacles about all that comes within their scope, and know not what they devour. Thus the Hebrew "God of battles" — the unity of Spirit in the militant state — says, "I, God, make good, and I create evil." Does this sound harsh? But is it not true? Are not moral good and moral evil correlative opposites, each of which forever wars upon and forever implies

the other? Does not the soul make both, the former by its intrinsic quality, and the latter by the situation it accepts? As the human providence which evokes the element of fire makes it possible that any house may burn and certain that some houses will burn, so spiritual virtue, by creating moral good, enables the characterless energies of Nature to attain the higher, though abhorrent quality of evil.

But the divining sense of humanity has touched the ultimate truth of this situation with a precision yet more admirable. Spirit militant, appearing no longer as the "God of battles," but as the suffering Prince of Peace, the crucified God, meekly enduring, in the consciousness of an infinite resource, all the utmost despite of Nature, — never yet has a nobler or *truer* imagination inspired the worship of humanity. A great injustice is, indeed, done this perennial poetic truth, when it is *Calvinized* into prose; yet what an appeal, even so, has it made to the heart of man! Let the form change as it may and must; but let the grand imagination remain, for the tragedy of the world has this extent; and Æschylus and Shakespeare and every greatest poet has touched it most nearly just then when his genius was at the supreme height.

The strictly moral consciousness is dualistic, not integrating; for beneath its feet is an assumption contradictory to the eternal quality of Spirit, namely, the assumed substantiality of finite Nature. Hence it dwells in a divided world, whose ultimate terms are God (the warring or suffering God) and Devil. But optimism pretends that the moral consciousness is unitive and entire. It blinks the underlying contradiction, and therefore must seek to persuade us that "the Devil is not so black as he is painted," and indeed is not of a black complexion at all, but is only a serviceable angel in soiled linen, — grimed with necessary labor, and none the worse for not appearing in holiday clothes. I freely make over my share in this charitable judgment to those who can find a use for it, and freely confess that a more limping, one-legged thing is not known to us than a purely moralistic theology which sets out with denying the necessary dualism of morals.

5. But the old religionists permitted themselves to speak of *mere* morality, as if there were a consciousness in man and a

truth in being that transcended morals, though without invalidating them. Were they utterly deceived? Has humanity no consciousness, has being no character of this transcendent kind? Are right and wrong the supreme words? — wrong, however, being inscrutably wrung back, and so brought, as it were clandestinely, into the line of right. Epic imagination, whether as found in written poems, or as speaking in all the higher spirituality of mankind, affirms a sovereign Unity, which, indeed, becomes moral by descent into the limits of finite Nature, but which is in itself, as Hooker said, "not only one, but very oneness," while in oneness it includes, and is, all. Let it be permitted me to speak as I can, and without reproach, of this Unspeakable, happy if the words shall in any manner or degree hint what the best of words will never more than hint.

It may be read in epics, and as their supreme import, necessary to render them epical, that Spirit, even while provisionally accepting this finite Nature as substantial, and issuing upon it in the militant character, remains not the less and forever in itself, in the consciousness of its pure, eternal integrity, unbroken by the dividedness of time, untouched by its tumult. This One to which there is no Other, while yet it does not exclude, but embraces and houses all multiplicity and diversity, — is it not the "open secret," always inaccessible to the critical understanding, while to the adoring heart and spiritual imagination it is not only accessible, but is alone to them in the deepest sense native? Inexplicable, indubitable, not to be solved only because itself the universal solvent, it is the mystery of eternity, yet is mysterious only to the prosaic mind, while only through its infinite reconciling presence is finite Nature itself other than an affronting mystery to the credent and poetic soul. This is the blessed *play-over*, beneath which, and yet within which, all the fortune of life, all the struggle and process of existence, go on, and into which they evermore vanish, to appear in vanishing and to die in renewal, as words sink and are lost in the import that creates and sustains them.

An indestructible consciousness in man, fundamental fact of his being, makes him a participant in this oneness, this wholeness, this perfection of Spirit in itself. Spirit as engaged in Nature, — it is Sarpedon, son of Zeus, warring, stricken, perish-

ing, lying gory on the battle-field; Spirit abiding in itself, — it is Zeus poised in Olympian peace, and in himself containing all. Sarpedon falling, dying, the victim of Nature; Zeus immortal, hurtless as the blue heaven, and embracing Nature as the sky the earth; — the one is the passionate experience of man, and the other is his pure, integrating consciousness. But the latter is his consciousness, not merely as *his*, and subjective, but as veritable, substantial, the indivisible consciousness of Spirit, existing only because Spirit is, one and indivisible, — the eternal fact impressing itself with the sense of its own infinite reality.

It follows from all the foregoing that man's being is a scale of three degrees. On the lowest, he is only an organized nature, a mote or molecule in the immeasurable system of things; a little learning the trick of it, a little and a little better able, from age to age, to take care of his small peculium; getting to be at length, from a mote, an insect, and humming so as to be heard, O, yards away! On the degree above this, far above, he is moral, engaged in the battle without truce between good and evil; at issue with others and with himself; finding a law in his members warring upon the law of his mind and bringing him into captivity, till he cry, "Wretched man that I am!" Here he may have noble battle, but never peace; always there is a Hannibal in his Italy, or the Gauls are gathering on the border; and he is still bound by the necessities of the conflict in the rare hours of his triumphal march. On the highest degree, he is one with the One-and-All. Here, as from the height of eternity, he looks down on his small fortunes in the world of time, and by all that he there suffers renews and intensifies the consciousness of his eternal security and sovereignty in God.

It was the door into this supreme consciousness that the Christian evangel, particularly as represented by Paul, unbarred and threw open to the access of mankind; the doctrine of "salvation by faith," though its dryness now parches the tongue, began the epopee of Christendom, and gave the key-note to the largest symphony in which the imaginations of nations and ages have as yet joined. This consciousness, though not at all denying, but, on the contrary, admitting and

using, what is beneath it, declares itself alone veritable. Spirit only is; all else appears, and is not. And here one cannot help asking by what fine luck it was that Hellenic tradition made Homer blind; that which he sang he saw but as a picture within his breast. For so the eye of absolute Spirit sees Nature and the natural experience of man as things by itself imagined, airy nothings with a local habitation and a name.

The epic poet sets off all the worst that the soul can suffer in Nature against that higher impossibility of its suffering at all. He gives himself the divine pleasure of beholding this troubled, tumultuous *quasi* existence as it vanishes momentarily and forever into the peace and perfect comprehension of Spirit in itself. That engagement in Nature, and yet an everlasting ease and delight of self-rescue out of Nature, — the perpetual play-up of finite life out of itself and into the infinite as its truer self, while Spirit in its divine play-over stoops to the world, and, stooping, remains infinitely above, and seeming to acknowledge another than itself, makes that apparent *other* an instrument through which to blow its eternal affirmation, I ONLY AM; — this is that symphony of being whose choirs are solar and stellar systems, and whose notes and numbers are individual lives, while in each note the tune of the whole, the tune of eternity, presides, and the Symphonist himself is present. And in finding this, we find the epic interpretation of human life.

D. A. WASSON.

Art. VI.—The Political Situation in England.

Writers on political topics frequently assert, by way of preface, that a momentous crisis has just been reached in the affairs of which they are treating, which frequently means little more than an indirect advertisement of the interest of their subject-matter. Perhaps, however, we may venture without offence to apply this well-worn phrase to English politics.

It is at least the general opinion that we are witnessing the beginning of a peaceful revolution in England, which will unsettle many of the firmest foundations of the established order of things. A singularly rapid change has taken place from the old placid conviction that whatever was was right, to an unquiet foreboding that everything, right or wrong, will have to be upset. The change was simultaneous with the death of Lord Palmerston, and was hastened by that event, though primarily due to far deeper causes. In the halcyon days of that fortunate ruler, all went smoothly. The suffrage question had been shelved by tacit consent, after a few perfunctory discussions to soothe the restless spirit of Lord Russell. Nobody cared much for reforming anything. Year after year, Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons, and made a grand rhetorical display upon the budget. With a fluent eloquence which could render even five hours of statistics entertaining, he repeated variations upon the same old tune. Reduction of taxation coincided with a steady increase of revenue, due to the rapid development of the commercial resources of the country. England was passing smoothly to a financial millennium, in which the last fetters should be removed from perfect freedom of trade, and in which even a dim prospect of paying off the national debt might become visible. The one source of discomfort perceptible was the possibility that in a few centuries the coal-fields might be exhausted, and the manufacturing supremacy of the country destroyed. But a respite of a few centuries is enough to calm most people's minds, and the country was waxing fat and slumbering.

When, however, Lord Palmerston died, it became necessary for the liberal party to propose a certain extension of the

suffrage, by way of redeeming election pledges. But such pledges sit pretty lightly upon the souls of politicians; and it was thought by many persons, and not unnaturally, that they would be redeemed as easily as on several previous occasions, that is, by simply renewing the promise to do something indefinite at some indefinite time. The bill proposed by Mr. Gladstone was moderate enough to give countenance to such suspicions; it was long before people believed that the party had made up their minds to anything more than a sham fight.

The most curious illustration of the views then prevalent is to be found in the arguments by which the bill was supported and encountered in the session of 1866. No one took the ground that the classes excluded from the franchise suffered any serious evils in consequence, nor that the administration of the government required any particular improvement. In an argument which was frequently quoted as the "flesh-and-blood argument," and, we may add, singularly misrepresented, Mr. Gladstone accused the conservatives of forgetting that the working classes were of their own flesh and blood. He proposed, in substance, to admit a few workingmen to the suffrage, because, after all, they were very good fellows, often very intelligent, and very little inclined to mischief. He would ask a select party of them indoors, because it would please them, and would not hurt the present occupants. They would soon fall into the ways of the establishment, and indeed were often quite presentable already. There was not the least fear, if the number admitted was moderate, that they would be breaking the furniture or committing any impropriety; and it was a great pity to hold out for the exclusion of such decent persons, when we could safely pay them the compliment of ostensibly participating in the management of the nation. In short, the reformers, with few exceptions, not only did not urge the probability that the new constituents would introduce changes into the constitution, but argued expressly on the ground that the new constituents would be just like the old.

The retort was, of course, obvious, and was put with singular force by Mr. Lowe, the most caustic and vigorous of living parliamentary orators. With little power over the emotions, and taking a rather narrow view of most political questions, no one

can put such pungent sense into such terse English, or bring a theory into more brilliant relief. His speeches in 1866 contained the pith of the whole argument. If everything is working well, he asked, why make a change? If we are to give votes to people because they are our own flesh and blood, where are we to stop? Utterly rejecting the doctrine of abstract rights, he took the plain utilitarian ground. The House of Commons, he said, with great variety of emphasis, was the wisest, most liberal assembly, the one which had been most fertile in great men and productive of great measures, of any bodies known to history; and it had been greatest since the Reform Bill of 1832. Why should we rashly tamper with this grand historical assembly, and plunge into a course which, to sum up all evils in one significant word, would infallibly "Americanize" our institutions?

Of this argument several things might be said, — as, that an inference drawn from the absolute perfection of the House of Commons was well adapted to find favor at least with the House of Commons. Yet, we might add, it required rather an effort to accept the belief that all the strange compromises by which history is made in England had resulted in turning out a body of faultless and ideal perfection; that, for example, the line which divided the franchised from the disfranchised, as they occupied a house valued at above or below ten pounds annually, should by some strange felicity be exactly the line which gave the maximum of political wisdom to the elected body. What magic could there be in those precise figures, one might ask, and what mysterious mode of calculation beyond the well-known rule of thumb had determined their selection? The point, however, which we would now remark is, that the whole logical superstructure was raised upon the fundamental assumption that the House of Commons was as perfect a body as the frailty of human nature could permit, and that even the liberal members failed for a time to dispute this assumption with any vigor. They argued, at most, that the constitution would be strengthened by widening its basis, but they denied that it would be materially altered. The challenge, however, once thrown out, was speedily accepted. Mr. Lowe has the unlucky faculty of being too luminous; he makes his points so clearly that their weakness becomes as plain as their strength.

He did more than any one else to excite the reform enthusiasm amongst the lower orders, by dilating, as it was thought, insultingly upon the vices of the still unenfranchised classes; and he provoked some inquiry amongst thinking men into the perfections of the idol before which they were invited to fall down and worship. The reform discussions set people reflecting upon the vaunted merits of this superlative assembly; and the conclusions at which they generally arrived may be inferred from the subsequent course of events.

In the singular session of 1867, Mr. Disraeli succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons, as leader of the conservative party, a measure far more democratic than his opponents had demanded, and which was said to be rather startling even to so stanch a radical as Mr. Bright. We need not attempt a full explanation of this singular phenomenon. The government, it has been said, were frightened into reform by Mr. Beales and his radical followers; the victory was really won when the London rioters pulled down the railings of Hyde Park. When the Home Secretary could find no answer but tears to the announcement that the mob meant to break the law, it was all up with the British constitution. The confession would be humiliating, if true; for no political position was ever yielded to so feeble an assault. In spite of the most industrious blowing of trumpets by the agitators, the excitement was never of that ominous kind which precedes a revolution and may force timely concessions from a wise statesman. There were few symptoms of the exasperation which threatened civil war in 1832. Brave men might at least have made a stand; but our conservative legislators went more than half-way, and fairly outbid their opponents in their own market. We should be slow to admit that any English statesmen could be so easily startled out of their convictions as to become the tools of their extreme opposites at the bidding of a single mob. Neither is it possible to believe, in spite of all that has been said of Mr. Disraeli's amazing cleverness, that they were simply tricked into concession. English country gentlemen, like some other classes of mankind, are often stupid enough; they may follow a political leader blindly; they may, as Mr. Lowe put it, be brought gradually up to an object

like a skittish horse, till they are accustomed to sights at which they originally shied; but, with all respect for Mr. Disraeli's skill as a political Rarey, we cannot believe that he had so completely tamed his really high-spirited followers as to invert their natural instincts. The dullest of country gentlemen knew that household suffrage was the real old democratic scarecrow which he had been dreading for years past, however prettily Mr. Disraeli might describe it in the loveliest constitutional phrases. Even the premier's eloquence could not really convince them that "shooting Niagara" meant nothing more than a quiet sail down the Thames. And yet the whole party, with the exception of the very small body represented by Lord Salisbury, took the plunge as calmly as if they had been carrying out their most cherished wishes. If the people of the Southern States were to claim negro suffrage as the natural development of their policy, the logical feat would not be much stranger. And it is impossible to set down so singular a transformation to any skilful process of political hoodwinking. If, indeed, the eyes of the party had really been shut, there was no want of eloquent appeals from the few faithful, and of bitter taunts from gratified opponents, which might well have revealed the truth.

The fact is, that the party were neither tricked nor frightened,—or, rather, neither fear nor deception was the main cause of their amazing conversion. They had, as Mr. Disraeli said, with some excess of candor, been "educated," and the educating agency was not, as he modestly suggested, Mr. Disraeli himself, but that vague power known as public opinion. A great change, at which we have already hinted, had been wrought by some means or other. As a rule, the conservative party would feel that in resisting sweeping reforms they would have behind them a strong popular sentiment. If beaten in any encounter, they would fall back upon a good solid support in the general instinct which dreads revolution. Under ordinary circumstances, that instinct is perhaps the strongest, and is certainly a very strong, power in the country. Even in the keen agitations which brought about the old Reform Bill, or Roman Catholic emancipation, or the repeal of the Corn Laws, it enabled the conservative party to make a stubborn fight. When Sir Robert Peel, in the last of these cases, betrayed, as they

held, the great mass of his party, he could carry with him only a small number of followers, and the remainder made a dogged and protracted, though a hopeless, resistance. But in 1867 the case was inverted. The few remained faithful, the bulk of the party deserted its colors. And the circumstance which made such a result possible was, that, for once, the public opinion of the intelligent classes was strongly in favor of some decided action. The presumption which is usually in favor of the established order was now as decidedly against it. The cry of the great majority was not, "Stand still till we see our way plainly," but, "For God's sake, move on some way or other; we have been standing still quite long enough." There was a prevailing feeling that many reforms were required; and even those who disliked an extension of the suffrage were anxious to get the question settled — though the details of the settlement might not quite please them — in order to clear the way for further action. Mr. Lowe's argument from the absolute perfection of the House of Commons had so completely lost its efficacy, that the general feeling was rather that any change would be for the better, than that no change could possibly improve the constitution of the country.

John Bull, it is generally supposed, is a tolerably self-satisfied old gentleman. He has a profound contempt for that large class of two-legged animals which he describes summarily as foreigners or natives: the natives representing the more dark-colored varieties; and the foreigners, those who affect a certain semblance of civilization. And doubtless he possesses a vast fund of self-complacency, which is not the least evident in his moments of self-depreciation. His proverbial phrase, that they manage things better in France, implies a rooted conviction, that, however well they manage things, they are Frenchmen for all that. Yet he does depreciate himself at times with surprising vigor and success. For some time past he has been in one of these fits. He has found no names bad enough to throw at some of his pet objects of veneration. As a savage will sometimes thrash his favorite idol for not bringing him luck, John Bull has been heartily belaboring things of which in his ordinary state he is more inclined to brag. For a time, even the old commonplaces about the blessings of a free press

and of parliamentary government have been distasteful to him. He has cast longing eyes at the superior organization of the great military despotisms of the Continent. He has been astonished to find in how many things he has been sticking to old-fashioned methods, in spite of the development abroad of modern ideas. As one example, the manufacturing pre-eminence, on which he specially prided himself, has been passing from him, if we are to believe his cries of lamentation. The iron-masters of Belgium have, he declares, been beating Sheffield and Birmingham; the foreign markets of which England formerly had a monopoly are beginning to be supplied entirely from native sources; and one reason assigned is, that there has been a relative decline in skill and intelligence on the part of English manufacturers. The foreigners are taking the lead, because they have had the wise foresight to educate their industrial classes sufficiently to take advantage of all modern scientific results, whilst the same classes in England have been carelessly left in ignorance and semi-barbarism. The remedy suggested is, that government should take a more active part in supplying the education in which private enterprise has signally failed.

The lamentation is taken up in many other quarters, till the whole country seems to have developed a novel taste for sackcloth and ashes. Mr. Carlyle's prophet-like denunciations of anarchy, cant, and misrule, for once found an echo in the hearts of his countrymen. Mr. Matthew Arnold more delicately insinuates his very low opinion of his native land. Englishmen could not read without considerable irritation such a paper as that which in the *Cornhill* professed to report "what foreigners say of us." It was irritating, because the writer appeared to record with unmitigated complacency censures in which he should have felt himself more personally interested. A man who is compelled to expose the gross errors of his own country should do it with some little air of vexation, rather than of jaunty self-satisfaction. Criticism, too, is always more irritating in proportion to the serene self-content of the critic. Yet most persons felt that there was much truth in Mr. Arnold's remarks, if perhaps they were rather half than whole truths. He had hit some real blots, and if his blows were not

of the coarse, knock-down variety, they were certainly stinging. The opinions which he expressed have become widely prevalent within the last two years, and are associated with very different forms of sentiment. The ordinary cynic of the respectable British press turns his satire rather against established institutions than against reformers. He thinks, indeed, that all enthusiasm is stupid and coarse and misdirected; and he doubts very much whether fanatics, that is, people who believe in anything, will make matters better than they find them; still he thinks that the existing edifice is thoroughly rotten, though it may possibly be replaced by something worse. Gentlemen of Mr. Matthew Arnold's school have a serene conviction, that, by a process which they describe as the "free play of consciousness," the country will gradually be purged of its silly, old-fashioned, feudal notions, and reorganized in humble imitation of France or Prussia. Those thorough-going radicals, especially the disciples of M. Comte, who are a vigorous, if not a numerous body, look forward to something like a revolutionary era, to the rapid substitution of a more rational faith for an effete Christianity, and to a thorough reconstruction of society from its bases; all which can hardly be effected without some little trouble. In various tones, according to the varying temperaments and party associations of the speakers, there is a loud and general demand for some very decided changes. When the atmosphere is in so unsettled a condition, and the conservative party has given so startling a proof of its want of cohesion and persistency, it is natural to look out for storms. We need not attempt the dangerous task of political prediction, so far as to indicate with any confidence the directions in which disturbance may be expected. In the uncertainties of party warfare, the struggle may take place where it is least anticipated. But it is easy to point out certain great questions which must before long come up for solution; though the order in which they will arise, and the nature of the solutions which will be obtained, must be matters of very uncertain speculation. The changes brought about by the Reform Bill have already disappointed some confident predictions; but it is scarcely possible to mistake the general direction of the impending alterations.

Some light would perhaps be thrown upon the precise nature of the prevalent discontent, if we were able to examine the causes by which it has been generated and the mode in which it affects existing party combinations. We can only attempt to indicate one or two obvious considerations upon these points.

During the drowsy Palmerstonian epoch, English eyes were directed with more than usual interest towards foreign countries. With few exciting discussions at home, Englishmen naturally watched the course of events in Europe and America. The American War in particular excited most vehement party feeling, and the suppression of the Rebellion undoubtedly gave additional courage to the followers of Mr. Bright. The Danish War again made Englishmen ask with some anxiety whether their prestige had not singularly decayed upon the Continent. But the most remarkable influence was exercised somewhat later by the German War of 1866. English newspapers, with their usual want of appreciation of foreign affairs, had regarded the approaching quarrel with contemptuous indifference. It was, they thought, a squabble between two highwaymen over their plunder; it was a pity that the good heavy Germans should be blowing each other to atoms, and spending so much excellent money on cannon and gunpowder; but no principles were involved, and no sympathy was due to either party. The Battle of Sadowa struck them like an electric shock. It was not merely that they recognized — somewhat late — the enormous importance of the issues involved; they were startled still more at the strength exhibited by the victors. The readiness with which a huge army was placed in the field, the perfection of its organization, the skill with which it was commanded, the excellent material of which it was composed, all gave rise to some unpleasant reflections. Prussia had placed itself at a bound in the leading position of the European family of nations; and Englishmen asked with a certain amazement, what were the principles to which this singular success was owing. A state comparatively poor in resources and in population had at short notice made a military effort surpassing anything that Englishmen could hope to do. If with great efforts and at enormous expense England could have landed upon the Continent a force equal to one of

the divisions of the Prussian army, it would have done well; and then its officers would have been men who looked upon their profession as a gentlemanlike amusement for an amateur, and its rank and file would have been picked up from the dregs of the population. The Crimean disasters had been ominous enough at the time; but could any one say that a repetition of Crimean horrors had been made impossible or improbable? The mere fact that almost every Prussian private could read and write gave cause for thought; and in short it was felt, that, considered as a piece of machinery, the Prussian army was as much above an English army as the rifle above the old "brown Bess." The material might be no better, or, as Englishmen naturally believe, it might even be less endowed by Nature with warlike qualities; but in its finished form it showed care, forethought, and a full command of all the results of modern science, instead of the happy-go-lucky confidence in good-fortune and British pluck, characteristic of its English counterpart. England, it is true, had never seriously entered into competition in such matters with the great military powers; and Englishmen might remember that there were certain little inconveniences attached to excessive developments in that direction. But they would wish that their army, though numerically small, should at least be in as efficient a state as the most lavish expenditure could secure, and that their energies should not be crippled by the sheer stupidity of red tape and routine. And more than this, the perfection of the Prussian army was taken to indicate a corresponding excellence in other administrative matters. In France, the success of Prussia led to proposals for sweeping military reforms; in England, the military point of view was almost sunk in wider conclusions as to the backwardness and old-fashioned principle which governed the majority of her institutions. To mention nothing else, the inefficiency of the whole educational system, especially of the schools intended for the middle classes, as compared with similar arrangements in Prussia, suddenly became a commonplace of remark. If the energy with which a nation can strike a military blow is not a very accurate measure of its degree of civilization, it is at least a very impressive one to the popular imagination; and the Battle of Sadowa, whilst breaking up the existing balance of power in

Germany, did much by its mere echo to upset the equilibrium of English politics.

The weakness thus revealed to British eyes, the only question could be, at what point to begin, — What part of the house shall be first set in order? The extension of the suffrage, regarded at first as a harmless concession to certain vague popular desires, had become a bold democratic measure; and a democratic *régime*, whatever its merits or defects, might at least be expected to make a clean sweep of much of the old-fashioned lumber dear to the British middle classes. The vested interests, which are so amazingly powerful in English politics, would find themselves in presence of a new power scarcely inclined to treat them with the old superstitious reverence. It was hoped by some, that, in the Parliamentary session of 1868, the expiring body would do what it could to employ its last moments profitably, and leave some legacy of genuine reform to its successors. Owing to various causes, these expectations have been disappointed. The session was one long wrangle over a single topic, leading to no practical result, unless that it pledged the liberal party to carry out a certain line of policy. The Irish Church will have the precedence over other objects of attack; and, desirable as it is that that grievance should be thoroughly dealt with, it is permissible to regret that so much precious time has been wasted in merely, as it were, tracing the parallels in preparation for a future assault. Much work was neglected which might have had a more direct, though a less conspicuous, influence upon the welfare of the country.

This waste of time has of course been attributed to an unworthy desire for power on the part of rival leaders. This is a very safe taunt to hurl at any party, for it is a necessity of political warfare that the leaders should desire office, both on selfish and on patriotic grounds: no human being can profess to say which class of motives is predominant. It is, however, characteristic of the present position, that the leaders of both the great parties are men profoundly distrusted by their followers. This is, indeed, the natural result of a warfare in which new issues are being continually presented. Men see dimly that great problems will arise; and they cannot see in

what position they will find the chief actors in the struggle. Thus, it is common for Liberals to accuse Mr. Disraeli of dishonesty. A Tory leader who has carried the most democratic measure of the century is, indeed, in an equivocal position. A calmer observation will perhaps suggest that Mr. Disraeli is far too clever a man to be dishonest. He has so great a facility in inventing new theories, that he need never fall back upon the coarse expedient of abandoning his opinions; he only gives them a new interpretation; and we have every reason to think that his imagination is mobile and lively enough to make him believe in every successive application of his elastic doctrines. Thus, for example, Mr. Disraeli has always had a gift for demonstrating that his opponents are the supporters of the "Venetian" or aristocratic theory, and that Toryism is the true democracy. Words so stretched and tortured may have little value to others; yet words may provide a decent screen under which he can take what to blinder understandings seems to be an entirely new view of things. Whether he admits thousands of new voters in the name of old Tory principles, or as a convert to radicalism, makes very little difference, — because their votes will be precisely the same, whether their tickets of admission be printed in the colors of the Tories or of the Whigs; but the difference in terms probably saves Mr. Disraeli's reputation to himself, though it only bewilders his followers. We should imagine, though it matters little to any one but himself, that Mr. Disraeli probably valued the enunciation of abstract principles as a very useful gilding to political speeches, and, as he has a great taste for tinsel of all kinds, that he really believed the gilding to be as important as the substance; and meanwhile he is able to reconcile with his oratorical flourishes a very keen insight into practical utilities. He probably saw that something must be done about reform, and was thoroughly resolved to be the man to do it; but he sincerely thought, also, that the use of constitutional terms in introducing a sweeping change would act as a sanctifying charm to the means employed. The result, however, of this extreme cleverness upon the confidence of his party is the same as that of actual insincerity. It is a tenable speculation, that Mr. Disraeli may be the man to disestablish the Irish Church in the name of the British

Constitution. Yet, however much the genuine Tory may prefer such stalwart conservatives as Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who rushes right against reforms like a bull against a red rag, Mr. Disraeli, with all his shiftiness, is a necessity to his followers from sheer superiority of talent.

Mr. Gladstone, if his sincerity is less doubtful, is a leader equally trying. It is not merely that a certain intolerance and heat of temper make him forgetful of expediency, that he attacks Mr. Disraeli so unsparingly and incessantly that his blows are occasionally struck wildly and at random, and that a superfluity of moral indignation is apt to incumber a man in party struggles. It is not merely that he is a bad tactician, but that no one can feel quite certain of his principles. He has been slowly developing from a High-Church Tory to a thorough-going radical; but whilst some of his early principles have been frankly abandoned, others have a strange way of cropping up in singular company when least expected. Especially is this the case in regard to his views upon Church matters, and Church matters must before long be amongst the leading topics of English parties. For example, a question, of minor importance in itself, yet of great interest to reformers, has been for some time the admission of Dissenters to the Universities. Mr. Gladstone, as the former representative of Oxford, was, of course, entitled to speak with special authority upon this topic. Yet he has continued to split hairs about it, to draw back after advancing, to change and to hesitate, until no one can define his exact position. He has drawn lines as to the exact degree of privilege which he would concede to Dissenters long after it has become obvious to every one that no privileges can be denied to them, and has tried to avoid responsibility by refraining from voting or speaking upon simple issues. His party will probably drag him after them, in the end; but a leader who has to be dragged by his party is a leader of a very anomalous kind.

There are, of course, many men in Parliament, perhaps as many as ever, of genuine ability and unmistakable honesty. No one can take a more straightforward line than Mr. Bright, or defend it with more ability; but, much as his position has lately improved, he has too little sympathy with the govern-

ing class to be accepted as a leader by any large party; and, indeed, it is possible, that, even in a more democratic assembly, he may be found to represent too accurately the prejudices of the middle classes. Meanwhile, to mention no other names, it is obvious that the two great parties each distrust their leaders and distrust themselves. If the extension of the suffrage could have been voted upon by ballot, it is probable that barely a hundred votes would have been recorded in its favor. The "cave" which was formed by Mr. Lowe in the liberal party, and the small body of faithful represented by Lord Salisbury, probably expressed the genuine opinions of five sixths of their respective parties; and Parliament has, somehow, found itself landed in a democratic conclusion without having been in the least convinced of its truth. Distrust of leaders, and a general chaos of political opinion, are only the natural symptom of such a removal of the old party lines.

It was not surprising, though it may be regretted, that the political struggle of 1868 took the turn of which we have spoken. The Irish difficulty is the standing opprobrium of English statesmen; and the Irish Church is the most conspicuous, if not the most deeply seated, evil that remains to be eradicated. The land question was far too vast to be tackled in a single session. Mr. Mill's revolutionary plan of confiscation, whatever may be thought of its merits, was altogether in advance of the general feeling. One might as well ask a convocation of the clergy to proclaim M. Comte their spiritual teacher, as a parliament of landholders to upset all existing rights in land. Nor was there any well-considered scheme of a more moderate kind which could possibly be discussed within the time. The Church grievance, on the contrary, gave a distinct issue, on which all liberals of every shade were united, and in which a tangible result might be anticipated. It is not our intention to discuss the policy by which Mr. Disraeli evaded the consequences of defeat, and postponed the decision of the controversy for another year. The question is of more interest as a foreshadowing of the wider contests which must inevitably arise before long in England, and from this point of view perhaps deserves more attentive notice than from the interests immediately involved. That the Irish Church will be abolished

may be taken for certain; though it is by no means plain, nor perhaps does it so much matter, what will be done with the revenues afterwards.

Mr. Gladstone and many of his supporters made elaborate professions of their loyalty to the Church of England, whilst eager to destroy the sister institution; and if Mr. Gladstone's present sentiments could be taken as a sufficient indication of the sentiments of his party a few years hence, the Church of England would be safe enough from assault. Yet no one can doubt that the "thin end of the wedge" argument, as applied by the opposite party, contains an important truth. Whoever else may be encouraged by the fall of the Irish Church, it is quite certain that the opponents of all establishments will be amongst the number, and they will have obtained a recognition of the important principle that the Church establishment is bound to prove its adaptation to the wants of the people. It is not an independent corporation whose revenues cannot be touched without sacrilege, but simply a body to which Parliament assigns certain revenues for the good of the people at large, with the full understanding that they will be recalled in case of misapplication. The cry of sacrilege has of course been raised, but to very little effect; and we may anticipate that the Church of England will be henceforth on its trial. The theory of an imprescriptible right to enjoy its revenues and its privileges will be as untenable, after the Irish Church has once been removed, as a similar claim on the part of kings, after Cromwell had given them to know, by a pretty broad hint, that they "had a lith in their necks." Although this claim is extinguished, the Church of England will, it is true, have a much stronger case than its sister church. It is not the church of a minority, nor the church of a conquering people; so far from its existence conveying a standing insult to any large class of Englishmen, most of them are rather proud of it as an eminently respectable and insular institution. It is true that there are certain difficulties. A large part of the population in different districts — in some, indeed, as in Wales, by much the greater part — is dissenting; a very large part, again, is serenely indifferent to churches in general; and there are certain anomalies in the constitution

of the State Church which are not unlikely to attract rough reforms from a democracy, — reforms which may, it is possible, affect the stability of the whole edifice.

It seems, however, not impossible that any serious attack upon the Church of England may be postponed for a long time; and were it not for certain internal developments, the prospect would be much clearer. The parties which now divide it seem to be daily diverging farther from each other; and it becomes more difficult to see how they are to be kept together by any hoops or bonds that can be soldered up by Parliamentary ingenuity. The most hopeless differences of opinion divide such men as Dr. Pusey and the Bishop of Oxford from the writers of "Essays and Reviews," and these, again, from the genuine Evangelicals. But this is not all. The most energetic party at the present moment is the Ritualistic; and it is obvious that their principles are entirely opposed to the theory of a state church. In fact, if the priests rule by divine authority, and the business of the laity is humbly to bow to their decisions (which may be taken as the chief idea of the Ritualist party), nothing can be more absurd than a church whose creed is defined by act of Parliament. Of the other parties, the Evangelicals are so closely allied to the Protestant Dissenters, and the Broad Church is so apt to get altogether outside of orthodox opinions, that their support cannot be implicitly trusted. If one party should succeed in ousting another, the Establishment would become too narrow to claim to represent the nation. The most powerful sentiment in its favor is that of the large class of moderate men who dread above everything a reign of fanaticism. The average layman of cultivation values the Church because it at least provides that an educated man shall be stationed in every parish to exercise some humanizing influence upon the poor. Whatever may be said against them, he feels that the English clergy are at least a hard-working, and, on the whole, an intelligent body of men, whose loss could not easily be supplied. The people without them would be less educated, and in every sense less civilized. He doubts whether a voluntary system would supply their place in this respect. The existing sects of Dissenters are for the most part far more bigoted and less open to modern thought than the compara-

tively cultivated clergy of the Establishment. He is by no means anxious to see a Stiggins in the place of the "scholar and gentleman," as the type of an English clergyman; and, above all, he is profoundly convinced of the necessity that the laity should keep a tight hand upon the vagaries of the clergy. Parliamentary control over the Church has its weak points; but it has also this powerful recommendation, that it prevents the clergy from having things all their own way. The clerical nature is supposed to be tainted by a feminine vehemence and incapacity for business. Left to themselves, the clergy would long ago have torn the Church to pieces. The High and the Low would have combined to oust the Broad, and then the conquerors would have indulged in internecine battle over the spoils. That singularly absurd body, Convocation, shows so fine a talent for committing follies, that men naturally rejoice that its hands are so tightly bound. It is as well to have a phlegmatic parliament and cold-blooded lay judges to keep the peace among the hot-headed parsons. The position of Dr. Colenso is in some respects puzzling; but it gives great satisfaction to the ordinary layman to know that all the fury of bigots cannot touch a hair of his head, so long as he remains within the four corners of a legal decision. Remove these restraints, and the Church would, it is said, infallibly split into three or four discordant sects; the clergy, deprived of their position as state officials, would raise still higher their claims to sacerdotal authority; and instead of the quiet jog-trot of the English Church, where clerical impetuosity is firmly bridled by lay indifference, we should have the incessant shock of hostile sects, each endeavoring to stimulate bigotry to the utmost, and probably alienating the bulk of the nation from all forms of ecclesiastical rule.

We need not examine into the truth of these anticipations; but the temper which they indicate is very common, and accounts for a certain negative support in which the Church of England is still very strong. It is founded not so much upon a positive love to the Church as upon a dread of what might come after it. The average layman watched with a grim smile the spectacle of a Lord Chancellor engaged in "abolishing everlasting damnation" on purely legal grounds, and wondered how

long it would be before the clergy would do that kind office for each other. And yet the weakness of a position which rests rather upon the indifference than upon the zeal of the country is obvious. The Ritualist party, strong in zeal, though strangely feeble in brains, is doing what it can to make the working of a state church impracticable. Whether it splits off Romewards, or prefers to put forward its claims within the bosom of the Church, its theories are entirely irreconcilable with Parliamentary control. The Broad Church party is the only one which brings some positive zeal to the support of a body which, in its eyes, has the enormous merit of wide comprehension, and would dread to lose the support of lay toleration; but the Broad Church party within the Church is numerically small. The progress of the struggle will depend, of course, upon the development of religious opinion in England, — a question far too wide to be considered here. If, as seems probable, the tendency shall in future be to a gradual divergence, to a gravitation of one party in the direction of authority and of the other in the direction of rationalism, it is hard to see how the Church of England can permanently hold its ambiguous position. With an increasing pressure from without, and a diminished cohesion within, the negative support of the moderate party will scarcely be sufficient.

Opinion moves quickly in these days, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church may bring about a more sudden alteration than usual. Yet the Church of England will not be removed from its position in a day, nor probably in a generation. It has struck its roots too deeply into the soil, it is surrounded by too many associations, and it is connected in too many ways with all the most powerful interests of the country to yield its position easily. It is not one act of Parliament that will do the work, but a system of legislation. In the absence, at least, of a violent revolution, the process will not resemble the cutting down of a tree, but the gradual disentanglement of strangely complicated fibres from the soil in which they have been imbedded for centuries. All that can be safely said is, that the signs point to a long series of vigorously disputed battles, in which the supporters and opponents of the principle of a state church will be arrayed on opposite sides. The struggle

must bring about strange complications; for extreme High Churchmen, Protestant Dissenters, and Rationalists agree on widely different grounds in attacking a system which is supported by an equally strange combination; and if the question soon becomes prominent, we may expect to see dislocations of party as curious as that now presented in the Irish question, where Catholics and liberals, instinctively hostile on almost every other point, are now fighting side by side.

The approach of such a struggle is indicated by two or three agitations which have already attracted some notice. For example, the commission lately appointed to consider the Ritualist practices proposes changes, the aim of which is to give the congregations some control over the ceremonial observances in their churches. This is to bring up directly the question of sacerdotal authority, and would invite a conflict between the Ritualist clergy and the laity which must weaken the Church in proportion to its energy. The congregations would in fact say that the revenues of the National Church should not be spent on candles and incense; the clergyman would reply, that he claimed to act by an authority higher than that of the congregation or of Parliament, and no compromise would be logically possible. Another very important series of questions concerns the claim of the clergy to manage the national education. They are being slowly, though surely, ousted from the supreme control of the Universities; every change that has been lately made has been in the direction of diminishing their authority, and their exclusive right to emoluments; and a more sweeping measure will probably be passed in the next session of Parliament. It is, however, in regard to primary education that the position of the clergy is of most importance. Hitherto they have had the merit — and it has been a very great one — of contributing more than any other body to the spread of elementary schools. The country clergyman is almost invariably the main stay of the school in his parish, and not unfrequently contributes a very large part of the expenses from his own pocket. The rich land-owner gives shillings where the poor parson gives pounds, to say nothing of personal superintendence. Whatever gratitude, however, may be due to the clergy, their claims cannot be permitted to endanger the

efficiency of the national system. There has already been a bitter fight over what is known as the "conscience clause," a provision to the effect that money given from the nation in aid of any school should carry with it the condition that the children of parents conscientiously objecting should be excused from attending religious instruction. Though this provision applied only in certain cases, it excited the most vehement opposition from a large part of the clergy. They evidently held it to be the duty of the state to educate children in the principles of the State Church, and thought, that, although, from the weakness of the flesh in modern times, toleration has become a necessity, there should be a certain gentle pressure in favor of Church principles. A large number of modern reformers hold that education should be compulsory, — and most non-clerical reformers, that schools should be provided and supported by some kind of local rate. Whenever these measures are carried out, — and reforms in education are amongst the most necessary and most probable changes, — it is obvious that they will come into direct collision with the claims of the clergy. The Dissenters are to be rated in support of schools; they will of course have a share in the benefits of the schools, and some very stringent conscience clause will infallibly be passed. In this case, the change is from the mediæval theory of leaving education to the desultory efforts of charitable corporations, and the benevolence of individuals under the guidance of the clergy, to the modern system of national organization. Ecclesiastical control is repudiated, not simply as ecclesiastical, but because it implies old-fashioned and systematic methods of supplying the wants of the case.

And here we come in presence of a large number of questions, which must soon receive attention. Mr. Mill said, not long ago, that the great problem of the day was to reconcile democratic government with an effective system of administration. In other words, we have to substitute methods more in harmony with modern ideas for the old social arrangements founded upon feudal principles. It is impossible to turn in any direction, without seeing some application of this truth; and it is the sense of this necessity which has given rise to the general desire for reform, expressed in very different terms by Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Harrison, and taking

shape in very different proposals. The freedom of England from revolutions has left the country provided with a social machinery very imperfectly adapted to modern times. Some of it, if a little furbished up and slightly modified, may still do excellent service, and we must only hope that no outburst of democratic impatience will summarily sweep it out of the way, with all its good and its bad together. Some, on the other hand, is manifestly past its work, and must be got rid of as speedily as may be; only the point is past at which simple pulling down is all that is needed, without some process of reconstruction. The state of education is as good an example as any other. The system of primary education, having been chiefly constructed within the last few years, is perhaps tolerable, so far as it goes; the Universities, though incumbered with many antiquated prejudices, are doing much good work and aiming at wider reform. The Colleges, indeed, each with its old traditions and its body of vested interests, oppose a powerful resistance to any rapid changes in the organization of the University. It is difficult to make sweeping reforms in bodies composed of some twenty distinct corporations, each with an independent life of its own, and a strong conservative instinct. But it is in the intermediate part of the system that reform is most imperatively required. The schools which intervene between the primary schools and those intended for the highest classes form, it has been said, a perfect chaos. There are grammar schools, with large foundations, which are so hampered by antiquated restrictions as to have become perfectly useless, and indeed serve chiefly as obstructions in the way of improvement. Some, for example, by offering bad gratuitous instruction, prevent the foundation of better schools of moderate cheapness; others have become simple sinecures; many tend to pauperize their district by distributing instruction at random to a few persons chosen without regard to merit; and without entering into detail, it is enough to say that an excellent commission has lately recorded the opinion that the large endowments are on the whole doing more harm than good. Private enterprise has partly supplied the want, and many excellent schools have been thus provided; but the mass of private schools are still suited only to the most

ignorant prejudices of ignorant parents; they give a flashy education, and trust to constant advertisments for support. Though Mr. Squeers is supposed to be nearly extinct, his place is filled by a host of quacks, who are apt to crowd out men of merit. There is no security that the wants of any district will be satisfied; the successful schoolmaster generally uses his reputation to attract boys from a higher and better-paying class; and thus at any given moment towns or districts may be entirely without any supply of the education most suited to them. There is no plan for graduating schools, nor any such system of inspection as has worked well for the elementary schools. Without going farther, it is enough to say, that, although these deficiencies are not all peculiar to England, they have been specially favored by the *laissez faire* theory, which has been supreme of late. Englishmen, looking at the elaborate systems of France and Prussia, are inclined to trace in the comparative defects of their educational system the cause of their alleged decline in manufacturing excellence, — a reflection which touches them nearly, — and of many other short-comings. They ask whether it is not possible that the state, without diminishing individual energy, and indeed stimulating it by better prospect of success, should reduce this chaos to order, and prevent its better elements from being thrown away by an utter want of co-operation or system. Hitherto it has been content to put in a patch here and tinker a weak place there, but anything like combined and intelligent action has been unknown.

From this instance it would be easy to go on to others. We might speak of the singular system of army administration. The regular army, the volunteer militia, the yeomanry, and the reserves form a dislocated mass which might be welded into an intelligible whole in the time Prussia would take to decide a European war; or we might remark, that, when English statesmen declare that it is "impossible" to alter the system of purchasing commissions, they simply assert that they do not know how to remove one of the most indefensible of abuses, and tacitly invite some more energetic persons to do it for them. We might point to that curious collection of overgrown villages called London, and ask how long it will take to give three millions of inhabitants a decent system of municipal

government. We might speak of the many resolutions to set about beginning to think of attempting to reduce the jungle of English legislation to some kind of order, and ask when the effort will be seriously made. Or we might inquire about the reforms needed in the poor-law system, and ask when some plan will be hit upon for meeting pauperism more effectually. In the misery of large masses of the population, a misery which decreases slowly, if at all, and is daily in greater contrast with the wealth of the upper classes, there is a constant danger, at which we have only space for a passing hint, though it is perhaps a danger of greater magnitude than any other. It is enough to say, however, that many problems of singular difficulty are awaiting the statesmen of the future; and that, whilst they are not peculiar to England, they are, perhaps, in a more complicated condition there than elsewhere. And we may repeat, that the general nature of the task is to reduce chaos to order, and supply a more simple and direct machinery for the old-fashioned, rusty instruments which once served the turn.

The important question remains, What is the chance that a more democratic Parliament will secure the accomplishment of this task? Will they have the intelligence to find a satisfactory solution of the problems awaiting them, and the courage to grapple with them? It is said that the new Parliament will be composed of the old materials, only that, if anything, wealth will have exercised a greater influence than before. There will be more rich soap-boilers, and fewer young nobles. It would, indeed, have been foolish to expect any sudden breach of continuity. Parliament has still the same charms for the upper classes; and wealth and social position, not having lost their influence within six months, would certainly conduct their possessors within the sacred walls. Yet it seems safe to anticipate, that, even in this Parliament, and certainly in its successors, there will be a considerable change in the spirit of legislation. The discussion of wider questions will itself encourage a more decided policy. A Parliament which begins by assaulting so respectable a body as the Irish Church will, so to speak, have tasted blood; it will have less veneration for the sacred and imprescriptible rights of corporations. Moreover, it will have

behind it a public opinion which is no longer determined in a preponderating degree by the safe and cautious instinct of the middle classes. The shop-keepers, who held that the worst of all evils was a shock to trade, will no longer be supreme. A period of social upheaving, a questioning of all established principles, and the consequent confusion of some venerable humbugs of long standing and reputation, are extremely probable. Perhaps the greatest danger is, that, in the struggle for political power, matters of still greater importance may be neglected. We may witness other sessions like that of 1868, occupied entirely with endless talk about matters long ago decided in the mind of every candid person, to the exclusion of practical reforms. If Parliament insists, as it has been too much inclined to do, on taking upon itself functions for which it is singularly incompetent, and discussing the minutest details of matters which should be left to executive bodies, much-needed reforms may be indefinitely postponed. Rejoicing in its omnipotence, that august assembly sometimes insists upon leaving nothing to be done by anybody else, — with the natural result, that, after a spasmodic effort at doing an enormous amount of business, it does a quarter very imperfectly and leaves the rest undone. It is for English radicals to show that a popular government can rise above mere party, and translate great principles into action, without frittering away its energies in an indefinite number of petty squabbles. And there is this ground for hope, that there has not for years been a time when so many reforms of surpassing interest were being actively discussed, and by men of genuine ability. We will hope better than that the impulse which has been communicated to the national intellect should end in a mere Parliamentary dead-lock and a useless wrangle for power.

Meanwhile we may anticipate that amongst the leading questions for some time will be those bearing upon Church matters and upon education. It is in them that there is the sharpest contrast between the old and the modern methods of action. Other administrative reforms will create less bitterness, and may be decided with less political excitement. But there is one other question, which has hardly come into the foreground, but which may be expected to rise into prominence at

some future day. The Irish Church question will, as we expect, introduce an agitation about its English sister. But behind the Irish Church lies the question of Irish tenure of land; and it is scarcely to be doubted, that, by a similar transition, an agitation about land in Ireland may lead to a discussion upon land in England. The rapid accumulation of landed estates is preparing many difficulties; and if ever a democratic legislature undertakes to deal with such questions, we may expect a struggle of a more serious character than upon any previous issue. We may indeed repeat, once more, that prophesying is dangerous; but it is certainly possible that within a few years the democracy may find itself grappling with a more difficult problem than any which now lies before it. Meanwhile political observers may find sufficient interest in the preliminary contests which must occur, and which will decide whether the English nation is to be quoted as a warning or an encouragement to the democracies of the future: for one thing is plain, namely, that the result of Mr. Disraeli's bill was to give the power substantially to that class of which he and his party had most elaborately demonstrated the unfitness. We hope that they may disappoint his prophecies of 1866, and fulfil those of 1867, by showing, that, with less respect for some of the ancient idols whose worship has hitherto obstructed bold legislation, they are yet capable of following the guidance of the cultivated intellect and talent of the country. New forces have been summoned into play to break up the deadlock from which England has been suffering. In spite of the forebodings of conservatives and cynics, we may hope that able and patriotic statesmen, in which no country is richer than England, will be able to govern their application and direct them to the accomplishment of worthy objects. Nor, if those statesmen have the courage to accept what is inevitable, instead of blindly opposing all change, does there seem any reason to doubt their capacity for holding their position at the head of affairs.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

ART. VII. — *Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, A. D. 1598 – A. D. 1867; with a Preliminary Notice of the Earlier Library founded in the Fourteenth Century.* By the REV. WILLIAM DUNN MACRAY, M. A., Chaplain of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Mary Winton Colleges; Editor of "Chronicon Abbatiæ Eveshamensis," etc. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

THESE Annals are, of course, fragmentary, turning abruptly from one year to another, and from one donation to another; yet it is not easy for the reader, who has once begun them, to lay them aside. He is enticed on from year to year, from generation to generation, by successive glimpses of the learned men of England, until he has traced from its obscure origin in the fourteenth or fifteenth century the growth of that library which is surpassed in Great Britain only by the British Museum. All this time he is moving in a delightful literary atmosphere. Long after its foundation, the Bodleian was the only public library in England; indeed, until the Mazarin was opened in 1643, there was none nearer than Italy, and there were only two there. Scholars took an extraordinary interest in it. On the registers of those admitted to read are the names of many even from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and the North of Germany. Among the more distinguished donors we find Camden, Raleigh, Wotton, Bacon, Laud, Burton, Selden, John Evelyn, Hugh Peters, Clarendon, Meric Casaubon, Francis Junius, Rushworth, Whiston, Hogarth, and in our own time Vincent Novello. Among those who gave their own works were James I., Milton, Dugdale, Locke, Dr. Johnson. Such names call up many pleasant associations. And the bare enumeration of the treasures acquired by purchase is tantalizing. The bibliomaniac will read with longing of books having the autographs of distinguished men, or "inlaid" with many engravings, or printed on vellum, of Caxtons and Aldines, of early editions or unique copies. Indeed, the first impression given by the Annals is, that the library is rather one for show than use, a museum of literary curiosities more than a storehouse of learning. That this is incorrect would

be demonstrated by an examination of its well-made and well-printed catalogues. And a more careful reading of the Annals themselves alters one's first impression: one sees that the "grand and grave old bees, majestic in size and deportment," who, says Mr. Macray, resort to "the little cells and curtained cages of the Bodleian, hedged in and canopied with all the wisdom and learning of bygone generations, which here bloom their blossoms and yield up their fruits," may well find "sweetness and wealth, first for their own enriching, and next for the enriching of others."

James I. declared, when he visited the Bodleian, in 1605, that, "were it his fate at any time to be a captive, he would wish to be shut up, could he but have the choice, in this place as his prison, to be bound in its chains,* and to consume his days among its books, as his fellows in captivity." The present library was but seven years old then, and fifteen years later contained only 16,000 volumes. What would the king have said, could he have seen the 350,000 it now possesses, to say nothing of its 30,000 manuscripts, and its curiosities? One of the latter the royal punster would enjoy as much as the books, — the collection of samplers lettered, "Works of Learned Ladies." Another visitor left the Bodleian not so well pleased as the king. Mr. Macray quotes the story, with a slight correction, from the "Cornhill Magazine." Constantine Simonides, whose forgeries deceived so many Englishmen, "showed some fragments of manuscripts to Mr. Coxe," then sub-librarian, "who assented to their belonging to the twelfth century. 'And these, Mr. Coxe, belong to the tenth or eleventh century?' 'Yes, probably.' 'And now, Mr. Coxe, let me show you a very ancient and valuable manuscript I have for sale, and which ought to be in your library. To what century do you consider this belongs?' 'This, Mr. Simonides, I have no doubt,' said Mr. Coxe, 'belongs to the [latter half of the] nineteenth century.' The Greek and his manuscript disappeared."

Mr. Macray has to record some unpleasant things, as the pilfering of books and manuscripts, — Polydore Virgil, it is said, being one of the chief offenders against the earlier library, and Paulus, the author of the *Leben Jesu*, against the Bodleian, —

* A large portion of the books were chained to the shelves so lately as 1761.

to tell of executors keeping back legacies, funds badly invested, nearly 20,000 pamphlets remaining uncatalogued and unarranged for twenty-five years, valuable manuscripts injured by damp, the coldness of the library in winter, and once, "in consequence of the roof being under repairs, the thermometer falling some eleven degrees below freezing point.

Nor was the conduct of several of the librarians altogether satisfactory. In 1787, Mr. Price tells a borrower that the longer he keeps out Cook's Voyages (probably the "Voyage to the Pacific Ocean," published in 1784 – 85), the better; "for, if it was known to be in the library, I should be perpetually plagued with inquiries after it." The same librarian "was always absent Saturdays and Mondays, as on those days he was occupied in journeys to and from a curacy eleven miles distant."

Hyde complains, in the Preface to the Catalogue of 1674, of the unexpected labor of compiling it. "People little know what it is to accomplish a work of this kind. 'What is easier,' say they, 'than to look at the beginning of a book and to copy out its title?' But, what with careful examining of volumes of pamphlets (which of itself was labor perfectly exhausting), what with distinguishing synonymous authors and works, and identifying metonymous ones, unravelling anagrammatical names and those derived from places, and the like, I endured the greatest torment of mind." Yet, if we may believe Hearne, "he did not do much in the work besides writing the Dedication and Preface." Emmanuel Prichard, or Pritchard, if anybody, was the one who had really endured all this weariness of mind and body of which Hyde complains, "spending his very hours for refreshment among books alone, and not shrinking from the inclemency of winter." Poor Pritchard! Men have been defrauded of the reputation due them many a time since *Sic vos non vobis* was written, but to see a good grievance appropriated by another was indeed hard; a grievance with so many branches, too, — labor, hunger, cold, and the probable thanklessness of the public.

The antiquary and political writer, Hearne, who was appointed second keeper in 1712, was on the worst of terms with his superiors, chiefly on account of his Jacobitism. At one time

the chief librarian, Hudson, actually locked him out at all hours when the library was not open to the public; and when, after four years of constant bickering, he was forced to resign, by the act forbidding non-jurors to hold office, his salary for the last half-year was withheld. But he has his revenge; for he has recorded the negligence and incompetence of Hudson in a manuscript diary, which is one of Macray's chief sources of information for that period.

Although the present library of Harvard College is little more than one third as old as the Bodleian, is just one third as large, and probably is much less valuable in proportion to the number of its volumes, and although the records of the earlier library are extremely meagre, yet a careful search through our Colonial and Provincial literature, and among the books themselves, might supply the materials for an interesting volume. We fear, however, that it will not soon be written; since the man who is best fitted to be its author, who is thoroughly familiar with the history of the books, in whose head are all the traditions of the place, has more important work to do for the College, in recording the lives of her early graduates. We purpose to glance at the main points of the library's history, to consider briefly its present condition, and to add some remarks on its wants.

Just two hundred and thirty years ago, the Rev. John Harvard bequeathed to the infant College half of his estate and the whole of his library. A catalogue of the three hundred and twenty volumes still exists, but the books were destroyed in the fire of 1764. One only remains, — Downame's "Christian Warfare." They were chiefly theological, as was to be expected, — ponderous with learning and thought, or pungent with polemical acid. There was, however, a good selection of the classics; and in general literature, besides Bacon's "Essays" and his "Advancement of Learning" and Camden's "Remains," some works of recent publication, as Alabaster's "Roxana," Quarles's Poems, Heylin's Geography, Minsheu's "Guide to the Tongues." If we take into account the greater rapidity of the present age, the library at its very foundation had a larger proportion of the literature of the day than it has been able to obtain of late.

It is evident that its importance to the College was strongly felt, since four years later the magistrates gave, from their own libraries, books to the value of £ 200, and divers merchants and gentlemen in England, £ 150. Then came, if we can trust the records, one of those long periods of expectant poverty, succeeded by a brief prosperity, which are characteristic of its history. For thirteen years no donation is recorded; but in 1655,* besides some gifts of which there is not any detailed list, Sir Kenelm Digby presented twenty-seven books valued at £ 60, and three years later John Winthrop, Jr., gave forty choice volumes valued at £ 20. The correspondence of these two men, so unlike in everything but the folly of seeking the philosopher's stone, has been noticed in this *Review*.†

Under the date of May 1, 1675, John Knowles writes to John Leverett that "Alderman Ashurst hath about 50 books of history for the College from Mr. Baxter." The celebrated Non-Conformist had been obliged to put his library out of his hands, lest it should be seized in satisfaction of a fine he had incurred by illegal preaching. "I purposed," says he, "to have given it almost all to Cambridge, in New England; but Mr. Thomas Knowles, who knew their library, told me that Sir Kenelme Digby had already given them the Fathers, Councils, and Schoolmen, and that it was history and commentators which they wanted. Whereupon I sent them some of my commentators, and some historians, among which were Freherus', Reuberus', and Pistorius' collections." He afterwards found that he had sent away books which he could ill spare; for he was obliged to rely upon his memory in writing his "Church History," and laid himself open to some objections.

In the same year Lightfoot bequeathed his library, containing "the Targums, Talmuds, Rabbins, Polyglot, and other valuable tracts relative to Oriental literature." Thirteen years

* The date given in Quincy's History, I. 512, is erroneous, as is the number of volumes, 29. He follows the College Donation Book, whose compiler enumerated the volumes as 26 folios, 1 quarto, and 2 octavos, evidently having understood, in the original list given in College Book, No. I., Aluarez. tom. 3º as Aluarez. *tomi tres*, instead of *tomus tertius*. Both Digby's and Winthrop's gifts were almost entirely theological. College Book, No. I., also contains two undated lists of books given by Richard Bellingham and Peter Bulkley, which are not mentioned either by Quincy or Eliot.

† October, 1867, art. Winthrop Papers.

later the Rev. Theophilus Gale's bequest of all his books, consisting chiefly of patristic and controversial theology, more than doubled the library. In 1682, Sir John Maynard, sergeant at law, gave eight chests of books, valued at £ 400. About the close of the century, Cotton Mather, while conceding that the library "is at this day far from a Vatican or Bodleian dimension," calls it "the best furnished that can be shown anywhere in the American regions; and," says he, "when I have the honor to walk in it, I cannot but think on the satisfaction which Heinsius reports himself to be filled withal, when shut up in the library at Leyden: '*In ipso æternitatis gremio inter tot illustres animas sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat, qui fælicitatem hanc ignorant.*' "

Maynard's gift had been followed for nearly forty years by a period, apparently, of total neglect, when the attention of the elder Hollis was directed to the College, and that noble series of benefactions began by which the Hollises became its second founders. It is plain that for some reason, perhaps from its poverty, the library had not received the attention it deserved. Hollis writes to Colman, in 1725, that he hears it is ill managed. "You want seats to sit and read, and chains to your valuable books, like our Bodleian Library, or Sion College, in London. You let your books be taken at pleasure to men's houses, and many are lost; your boyish students take them to their chambers, and tear out pictures and maps to adorn their walls." Hollis not only gave, himself, but induced others to give. But he complains of a hindrance that has had a provoking effect in our own time. "A person in my neighborhood has discouraged one I expected a present from, by telling him how rich and flourishing you are, to buy books yourselves, if you want them." It is a curious indication of the high cost and small number of books in those days, that from three whole libraries, besides books valued in all at £ 939, and gifts from Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Sherlock, the "ever-memorable" Dr. Hales, Dr. Watts, the Hollises, and many others, the number of volumes received in a century and a quarter hardly exceeded five thousand. Yet the destruction of the present collection, gigantic as it is in comparison, could hardly call forth more

heartfelt sorrow, or more enthusiastic, more prompt, and more effectual efforts to replace it, than followed the burning of the sole public library in America during the night of January 24, 1764.

Subscriptions, with donations of books and philosophical instruments, flowed in from all parts of Massachusetts, from New Hampshire, and from Great Britain. Foremost among the donors was Thomas Hollis, of Lincoln's Inn, and nothing is pleasanter in the annals of the library than the zealous interest in it which he manifested. His selections of books were made with the greatest liberality and good judgment, and a hearty love of liberty and admiration for learning appear in all the notes with which they were accompanied. He sent nothing that was not valuable, and little that was not exceedingly well bound. The full-calf bindings of Hollis, stamped with the owl, the caduceus, or the liberty-cap, are as well known to the *habitué* of the library as the thin red sheep of the German invoices of 1842, the darker and more substantial morocco of 1860, the peculiar Spanish leather of Mr. Prescott's bequest, or the Italian parchments of Mr. Wales's. In a note in Kirsten's *Grammatices Arabicæ Liber*, which, after a century's wear, is still in excellent condition, he says apologetically: "T. H. would have been glad to have sent a better Copy of it, as of many other Books. He has been particularly fond of sending Grammars & Lexicons; in hope to assist mainly thereby the formation of first-rate, MASTER Men of Learning and Science." And again he declares that he is "very anxious to contribute his whole mite towards the forming of some first-rate Scholars, the NOBLEST of all men, in that College. Palmal, dec. 21, 67." Sending the *Thesavrvs Lingvæ Arabicæ* of Giggeius, he laments that he cannot procure Meninski's *Thesaurus* and the *Gazophylacium Linguæ Persarum:* "from the Gentlemen of our East India Factory's buying up all the Copies they can meet with of these Books; the more ingenious for themselves, artful, to make presents to the Great Men & Literati of the East, to many of whom, it seems, Books *of this* kind . . . . are peculiarly acceptable. Lord Clive paid, it is said, Twenty Guineas for the 'Gazophylacium' just before he sailed from England, and Governor Van Sittart lately

for his Brother, *Fifty* for the 'Meninski.' There is no contending with Asiatics, Nabobbers!"* But in 1767 he sends the *Gazophylacium*, obtained "at a cheap rate too, for 55 Shillings. It was sold at a public auction of no great Account; was probably unknown to the East India Buyers; and the Booksellers, who know I wish well to them & to the Press, Guard it, North Americans! would not bid against me." We will quote but one more note: "Thomas Hollis, an Englishman, Citizen of the World, is proud of the honor of presenting this Work, written by an accomplished, magnanimous English Lady, Catherine (Sawbridge) Macaulay. 1765." The accomplished lady's "History of England" is utterly dead now. Is it possible that we, too, are deceived, and that her namesake will be as little read in 1968?

The Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England gave £ 300 and 1,101 volumes, among which, somewhat oddly, was Burmann's Petronius. In fact, so much interest was excited that probably the library was really a gainer by the fire. The subscriptions, partly paid in books and philosophical instruments, amounted to over £ 2,500, besides more than 1,500 volumes not included in the valuation, and many not counted. Moreover, the books, on the whole, were more recent and more useful. So far as can be judged, there was a smaller proportion of theology, — literature and science receiving greater attention than before. There must, however, have been in Gale's library valuable and rare volumes which were not replaced, and the recently revived interest in the Talmud makes the loss of the Jewish literature bequeathed by Lightfoot of some importance at the present day.

During the Revolution the library was dispersed, for safety,

* This note presents one of the many instances of the difficulty of synchronizing in the imagination English and American history. Governor Winthrop sometimes seems as distant from us as William the Conqueror from the English of the present day. The fire which destroyed the College Library seems as long ago as the Great Fire of London; yet here is Warren Hastings, and therefore Burke, and therefore the French Revolution, brought before us by a single word. Nothing throws into such strong light, and serves so well to correct, this faulty perspective, as the correspondence of our fathers with their English friends. The "Mather Papers," just published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, are full of allusions to the books of the day, which were sent over from England as they appeared. It would be a curious inquiry, how many of these books found their way into the College Library.

among the clergymen and others in the country towns. When the war ended, the books were returned; but in the period of prostration which followed, little or nothing would have been added, except by English benefactors, had not Thomas Hollis bequeathed £ 500 in 1774, and Samuel Shapleigh, librarian, his whole estate, except a few legacies, in 1801. For the first third of the present century the interest of these bequests insured a small annual accession, and as the country grew richer more books were given; but the donations were neither numerous nor large.* Less than a thousand names are recorded from 1780 to 1840; that is, there were fewer donors in sixty years than there often are now in two years. During the same time the number of volumes increased from about 11,000 to 39,000. Part of this increase was owing to the acquisition in rapid succession of three large collections. In 1818, Israel Thorndike presented the library of Professor Ebeling of Hamburg, of about 3,500 volumes and about 10,000 maps. Nearly all of them related to America, and a large part were those early and rare works which now command almost their weight in gold. In 1820, Thomas Palmer, of London, who had been in his lifetime a generous benefactor to his Alma Mater, bequeathed 1,200 well-selected volumes. And lastly, in 1823, another valuable collection of *Americana*, which had been formed by D. B. Warden, American consul at Paris, comprising nearly 1,200 volumes, besides maps, charts, and prints, was purchased for the College by Samuel A. Eliot. The magnificent *Description de l'Égypte*, given in 1826 by William H. Eliot, also deserves mention.

The library had now outgrown its shell, and was in constant danger of destruction a second time by fire. The unrestricted bequest of Christopher Gore enabled the Corporation to erect a worthy house for it, into which it was moved in 1841. They determined to make the structure fire-proof, and "in material and architecture an enduring monument to the memory of the most munificent of all the benefactors of the University; . . . . since the security, the capacity, and the means of convenient arrangement and display which such a building affords would be among the more powerful inducements to

* Among those who gave their own works, the most noteworthy is Goethe.

intelligent and liberal minds to contribute towards filling its alcoves and enlarging its usefulness." In this time has proved them wise; and indeed, in one sense, they built better than they knew; for so strong have these and other inducements been, that the edifice, which was to be "of sufficient capacity to contain the probable accumulation of books during the present century," is already, at the end of a quarter of a century, so full, that it cannot receive many more without such alterations in its arrangements as would make it, at least in its interior, a new building.

Gore Hall received little more than one third of its present contents from Harvard Hall. The rest has come from the immediate expenditure of several subscriptions, from the legacies of Prescott, Wales, and Pickman, and from the responses made by numerous friends to the persistent appeals of the librarian. The bare walls of the new building called attention at once to the glaring deficiencies of the collection in every department. Thirty-four gentlemen subscribed $21,000 in 1842, and the arrearages in recent publications were, for the time, supplied. Three years later, William Prescott's legacy of $3,000 was used to increase the number of rare works on American history. In 1852 an important addition was made to the French and English poetry by the efforts of Henry W. Wales and Henry A. Whitney. In 1856 Mr. Wales bequeathed his whole library of 1,500 volumes, the value of which was not to be measured by their number. They belonged chiefly to the departments of Oriental philology and polite literature; and, like Hollis's books, they were admirably selected and richly bound. In 1859 William H. Prescott left, to use his own words, "my collection of books and manuscripts relating to the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella. This collection is curious and difficult to procure, and may be of some value in a library which I believe does not contain complete materials for foreign history of any period, however limited in extent." With the exception of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, the library is still in the same condition. Another most welcome bequest of costly books was received from Mr. Clarke Gayton Pickman in 1860. But the library had already begun to enjoy the benefits of by far the largest donation it ever re-

ceived, — $5,000 a year for five years, from Mr. William Gray. With that, and with the small incomes from the funds which attest the generosity and bear the names of Hollis, Shapleigh, Haven, Ward, Salisbury, Bowditch, and Lane, were purchased the most important publications of the day, and a few of those which ought to have been possessed long before. "Mr. Gray could not have wished a better proof of the wisdom of his liberality than the greatly increased use of the library which immediately ensued. But when the money was gone, and no one emulated his generosity, the library began again to fall behindhand, and its momentary opulence only made its poverty seem greater. Were it not for the kindness of a few friends, its state would be unendurable. After paying for Memoirs and Transactions of learned societies, and a list of periodicals, from which they are obliged to omit the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, and *Saturday Reviews*, the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, *Punch*, *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, *Macmillan*, the *Cornhill*, all the lighter magazines, and most of those published on the Continent, and setting aside certain restricted funds, the Library Council have less than $400 with which to purchase books in the wide subjects of theology, law, medicine, bibliography, philosophy, politics and social science, philology (excepting classical), the fine arts, music, the belles-lettres in every language but the English, history, geography, travels, antiquities and ethnography, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, geology and palæontology, physics, chemistry, engineering, and the numerous useful arts and manufactures. When few books of any importance can be purchased for less than five dollars, and so necessary a book as the 'Life of Bunsen' costs twenty-six dollars,"* it will readily be seen that the library must be sadly deficient in the literature of the last few years.

Such is the history of what fifteen years ago was the largest and best library in America. Harvard College Library is first no longer, nor can it ever hope to recover its former position. But this is others' gain, and not its loss. And were a rivalry desirable, were its object fame and not use, it would be vain for the College to contend with the city of Boston, still more with the United States. Everything points to the conclusion

* The Nation, June 25, 1868, p. 512.

that the library of Congress is destined to be chief; some city library the next, — perhaps that which is yet to be established by New York, unless the metropolis content itself with its Park. Enough of the old dislike to centralization and love of separate action may remain among Americans to prevent our ever having a British Museum, a place where any fact recorded in books can be ascertained; yet already the combination of the libraries of the city of Boston, the Boston Athenæum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Harvard College, with the power of consulting by letter the Astor and Congressional libraries, offers Bostonians facilities for literary work at which the last generation would have marvelled. Our fathers' expressions of delight and pride in the College Library can be explained only by the recollection that it was unique, and that much which is out of date now was new and interesting then. But it is now no better able to satisfy the demands made upon it than it was two centuries ago, when the three hundred and twenty volumes of John Harvard were first received. Then the College really had but two departments, the classical and the theological, and for their use had an uncommonly large clergyman's library. Now the University has two dozen or more departments, and for few of them has it what could be called a well-selected professor's library.

Of course, among one hundred thousand volumes there are many that are valuable, and some departments of literature are well represented. There is a special fund for the purchase of the Greek and Latin classics. The students of other languages are very unequally provided for, — the collection being almost rich in some branches, in others deplorably deficient. There is not elsewhere in the country so large an assemblage of ballads, or of modern Latin poetry. With these exceptions, the belles-lettres are poor in the older publications, and possess few of the later. The fine arts have an admirable selection of works, but it is very small. There is a multitude of school-books, but naturally most of them are in poor condition. With some glaring deficiencies, the bibliographical apparatus is good, although far inferior to that of the Astor Library. There is an unusually large number of original editions of works relating to America published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centu-

ries; but this is said to be surpassed by several private libraries. The Fathers of the Church are well represented. The deficiencies in natural history, astronomy, medicine, law, and recent theology are partially compensated by the special libraries attached to the Zoölogical Museum, the Botanical Garden, the Observatory, and the Medical, Law, and Divinity Schools. The greatest poverty, for which there is no such compensation, is in history and the cognate subjects. But moral philosophy, education, social science, geology, palæontology, engineering, and technology are almost equally poor. It is impossible to pursue any investigation far, before being brought to a stand by the want of some of the best sources of information.

The cause of this unsatisfactory state of things lies upon the surface. The books, for the most part, have not been obtained by purchase; and so it commonly happens that those which are most important have not been obtained at all. The library derives more than half its annual increase, partly from many casual donors, and partly from a few regular patrons on whose favor it can always rely. One gives $ 200 every year, another $ 10; several gentlemen make a practice of giving a few volumes annually; one, a volume on the first of every month; one sends pamphlets relating to the affairs of the Protestant Episcopal Church; another sends Congressional documents, speeches in Congress, and political pamphlets; a third is an indefatigable collector of pamphlets of all kinds. This is well for general purposes; but those for whom the library is specially designed — the professors and students — are not all interested in ecclesiastical affairs, and even speeches in Congress pall at last upon the jaded sense. The library is made admirably rich in materials for antiquaries and historians in future generations; but while we are storing up food for our grandchildren, we ourselves are starving. The truth is, it will not do for a library to depend upon gifts. They are valuable helps, but they rarely supply what is most needed. A library is the place for expensive works which a poor man cannot buy, and must consult there or not at all: but these are just the books that no one gives. It should have all recent publications of importance, that its readers may know the latest discoveries, the latest theories, the last word that has been

uttered in every branch of knowledge: but these are just the books which every one keeps for himself. It should have foreign books, many of which are not to be found in our bookstores: but these are also seldom to be found in the garrets which are emptied into libraries. It should have the means of supplying its worst deficiencies, when an auction sale or an antiquarian catalogue offers a chance of doing so cheaply: but its friends rarely say to the librarian, "Draw on me, when such an opportunity occurs." It should be able to purchase at once those books which are actually asked for from time to time, and found to be lacking, — books which are particularly desirable, because it is certain that they will be used: but readers who find that their wants cannot be supplied soon cease to take the trouble to make them known. Thus, if there are no permanent funds, books cannot be procured when they are needed, old books cannot be bought when they are cheap, nor new books before they become rare and dear; none can be bought advantageously, because they must be taken in small quantities; many a chance is lost of purchasing whole private libraries, which is often the best way of filling up certain departments; the library so often disappoints its visitors that their interest falls off, and with it the respect and beneficence of the public, who will not give to an institution, unless they see that it is doing a good work. From her who hath not is taken away even that which she hath.

Nor is this all. Nothing in the world can stand still, and a library is subject to the universal alternative of progress or deterioration. If it does not increase by the accession of new books, it must decrease by wearing out, and still more by becoming antiquated. This has been the fate of Harvard College Library. The proportion of current literature added has never been sufficient to leaven the mass, and in some parts it is assuming the appearance of a second-hand bookstore. Yet the assertion that it "contains a large proportion of mere literary lumber" conveys too unfavorable an impression. After all, it is made poor, not so much by what it has as by what it wants. The greater part of the books were not lumber in their day; very many are not lumber now. The various collections added from time to time by Hollis, Thorndike, Palmer, Eliot,

Prescott, Wales, Pickman, were very valuable; and the books bought have been carefully and well selected. The great evil has always been, that the purchases were not continuous. The subscription of 1842, for instance, brought in a fair representation of the literature of that day; but when the library next had funds, in 1860, from Mr. Gray's donation, it possessed hardly any of the productions of the intervening eighteen years. Hence a provoking want of symmetry and completeness, which baffles inquirers in every direction. The furniture was of the best make in its day, and is strong yet, but it is old-fashioned and is getting worn, and many of the chambers are wholly unfurnished.

The question, Of how much value is the older part of the library? suggests an interesting subject for investigation by statisticians, — the comparative mortality of books. Scientific books die first. A treatise on chemistry thirty years old is worthless. The geology of our fathers is not our geology, and our ethnology will not be the ethnology of our sons. Botanical and zoölogical works are not so short-lived; in philosophy and history the old works preserve their vitality still longer; but life is longest in the belles-lettres, where the death-rate is so low that some authors, it is thought, will be immortal.

But although there are many old books which are not useless, a library which contains nothing else is in danger of being deserted. We are told that "truth is the sovereign passion of mankind." It certainly tempts men more when it is glittering with newness. The search for it is unwearied; when new truth cannot be found, new error will be furbished up to look as attractive; and the public who read will not be content without the reality or the imitation. Even history, which one might think *a priori* could be written once for all, is constantly rewritten. If we read Gibbon, we want an edition with notes; and it is almost time that Macaulay himself should be edited. Merely the process of whitewashing, which has been going on with such vigor of late, has so altered the aspect of the past, that we must have the newest guide-books to tell us who is who. If hero-worship be the highest development of character in the unheroic, it is certainly desirable that our young men should not be left in want of idols by continuing to regard as

villains those who are now proved to be saints; still less is it to be endured, that, when the iconoclastic reaction comes, they should be behindhand in deserting the shrines of St. Henry VIII. and St. Frederic the Great, Divus Tiberius and Nero Optimus Maximus.

What has been said of history could be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of every other branch of knowledge. On Johnsonian principles, it may be right that the oldest library in America should have old books; but, for weightier reasons than a mere jingle of words, the most liberal college in America cannot afford that a department which might have so powerful an influence should lag behind other departments and the world. The apathy of graduates in regard to this great want of the University is amazing. No one pretends to deny the want, yet hardly any one, even of those who use the library, seems to feel it sufficiently to be induced to labor for its removal. In 1858 a special committee of the Corporation published a report in which the needs and the importance of the College Library were clearly set forth. A subscription was started, and after ten years the Graduates' Fund amounts to the magnificent sum of $9,000. And this includes the interest, which has been suffered to accumulate, that the sum might be as large as possible, and relieve the alumni from the reproach of indifference. During the same period there have been legacies and donations to the amount of $22,000. That is to say, the sum total added to the *permanent funds* in ten years is $31,000, which is not more than ought to have been *spent* in three years. This apathy has been induced, apparently, by a mistaken feeling that the library, although not all that could be desired, — and what library is? — was good enough for the present, and that there was no immediate need of exertion. As well might it have been thought that there was no immediate need of the proposed Alumni Hall, because the exercises *could* be held in the Unitarian Church and the festivals in Harvard Hall. *There is immediate need.* Experience has shown, that, in the purchase of books, what is not done now will never be done. If there is no money now to buy the best books of the day, when there is money, it will be wanted to buy the best books of that day, and there will thus be a great gap in the

list of standard works. It is time to put an end to the intermittent system. Besides, the good which the library fails to accomplish now can never be compensated by any good which it may accomplish in the next generation.

It may, perhaps, be asked, Why should the College have a large library, when there are two such collections of books, within four miles, as the Boston Public Library and the Boston Athenæum? To say nothing of the possible removal of the University from Cambridge, — from which she may at some future time be crowded out, as Columbia College was from the lower part of New York City, and as some think Yale should be from the centre of New Haven, — it would be a sufficient answer to retort the question, Why did the gentlemen and scholars of Boston establish the Boston Athenæum and the Boston Public Library, when they had the College Library within four miles?

Neither library can be more than a slight help to the College: the Boston Athenæum is designed chiefly for the use of its shareholders; the Boston Public Library does not permit its books to leave the city. A distinction might, however, be drawn between different classes of books. It would, indeed, be unwise for the College, even were it much richer than it is, to purchase such costly works as were not likely to be much used, and, when they were needed, could be consulted in the Bates Hall or the Athenæum. But of what avail is it to a Cambridge man that the Boston Public Library possesses the works of Motley or Darwin? Even if he could afford the time to go to Boston to read them, he would be very likely to find them "out." A scholar, engaged upon any important investigation, will go to New York or Washington or London, if need be, to consult the great libraries there; but his reading, and the works of reference for daily use, he must have nearer home. Moreover, the three libraries are not and will never be mere duplicates of one another. We do not insist upon the disgrace to the University of being dependent on other institutions for her literature, because she evidently must either borrow or beg, — borrow from the libraries of Boston, or else beg an endowment from her alumni and friends.

Another cause of this apathy may be the idea entertained by

many that a new library building is the first want. But it is evident that a building alone will do nothing for the education of the students, except perhaps in architecture. There are others, therefore, who think it of only secondary importance. If they can have books to read, they care not to what straits the librarian may be put in storing the volumes. They want intellectual improvement, and they will not be satisfied with architectural display; they want knowledge, and they are told to have patience; they want bread, and they are offered stone. Certainly, if both corn and granary cannot be had, their preferences are not unreasonable. After all, a library building is but the outer binding of the books.

It is true that Gore Hall is not well adapted to its purpose; that it has many defects, some easy, but some difficult to remedy; that it is ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, hard to warm in winter, in spring and autumn damp in some parts; that it has no private rooms, no working-rooms, no conversation-room, no suitable reading-room: nevertheless, its worst defect is that it is ill supplied with books. If the circulation were restricted, as in the Bodleian and the Astor, the want of a reading-room in which one could read without danger to the eyes and health would be fatal to its usefulness. But as it is, much of this evil is escaped by those who can take books home; strangers do not often remain long enough in the building to feel any ill effects; the employees have become habituated to its discomforts and inconveniences, and no fatal illness has yet been produced by the cold or the bad air.

The first thing to be done, then, is to raise immediately, and not at the rate of $9,000 in ten years, such a fund that the library shall have means to procure as they are published all the most important, the "epoch-making," works in every department of knowledge, to keep fully abreast of the march of science, by having a liberal allowance of periodicals and transactions of learned societies, to supply, as occasions offer, its most grievous deficiencies in the literature of the past, and at the same time allow a small portion of its income to accumulate for the purchase of large collections. The experience of other libraries, and of this during its late brief period of prosperity, shows that nothing less than the income of $200,000 will

suffice for these purposes. This is a large sum, but not much larger than has been raised for another purpose within three years. And it is not easy to see how money could do more good to the University in any other way. For every department is concerned in the welfare of the library; all would share in its riches. The students in the College and the professional schools alike would gain not only by what they read themselves, but still more by what their instructors read. It is much that they would be able actually to consult the books to which they are referred by the professors, instead of carrying away a useless list of names in their note-books; it is much that they would be encouraged to pursue their own investigations by finding them often successful; but these are not the only, nor perhaps the greatest advantages. The teacher who can be himself a learner will not be dry and spiritless; and the teacher who knows the latest discoveries in his science will not be a false guide to his pupils. Thus the pupils would draw from the new books, both directly and at second-hand, sound knowledge and just thought. No endowment of new professorships could do half as much good as the well-endowing of that which will increase the efficiency of every professorship. There is no better way than this for a well-wisher to the College to show his good-will to her, win satisfaction for himself, and earn the gratitude of successive generations of scholars.

The public, too, is concerned in this matter. It is not merely that scholars from all parts of the country occasionally find here what they can find nowhere else, but the library is put into continual requisition by the many authors who have made this neighborhood their home. The books which issue from the Cambridge presses owe much of their scholarly character to the facilities which the College Library affords to their authors or editors. To works of genius a library can often lend assistance; to works of learning it is indispensable.

But although a new building is not the most pressing want, yet, if new funds are to bring in larger accessions, the need of more room will soon be painfully felt. Gore Hall, as at present arranged, is already so full that in many parts the classification cannot be observed. Soon the books must be piled upon the floor, as the newspapers are now.

How far the cost of properly draining the neighboring grounds, of reglazing the windows with glass that will let in instead of keeping out the light, of constructing new floors and new shelves, and making all the other necessary alterations, — how far the amount required for these expenses, added to the sum for which the present building could be disposed of, would fall short of the cost of a new building, and of moving into it, is a question for architects to answer; and until that question is answered, it will be impossible to say whether it is advisable to expend so large a sum on a structure that at best can be only a makeshift, whose capacity will in time inevitably be exhausted, after it has been for some years longer a source of discomfort to all who use it.

If a new building should be determined upon, it is to be hoped that the mistake will not be repeated of erecting one too small or not easily enlarged, — and that the designs will be drawn by an architect who knows, or will take some pains to ascertain, in what respects the purposes of a library differ from those of a cathedral.

For remodelling the present building we have heard three plans proposed. One is, to construct a second gallery, and carry shelves to the very ceiling. In this way between twenty-five and thirty thousand additional volumes could be accommodated. Another plan, not inconsistent with the first, is to separate the alcoves from the main hall by a shelf-bearing wall, pierced only with narrow doorways into the alcoves, which would then become small rooms, each lighted by its window, — the hall being lighted from the roof. This would afford additional room for about thirty-five thousand volumes on the lower floor, and if the wall were carried up to the ceiling, for about fifty thousand more. The third plan is to extend the transept.

In these three plans the central hall is retained, and the proper purpose of the building is sacrificed to its beauty, as it was at first. But if this were not thought necessary, much more shelf-room could be obtained by extending the present shelves across the hall till they met in the centre, along which a passage with arched doorways would run, the light coming, as at present, from the side windows. As there are no windows where the transept crosses the nave, it would be necessary to

take away the wall which separates this part of the hall from the reading-room, and the large space thus obtained could be cut into alcoves, one of which would contain the stairway.* The lower floor, which would then have room for ninety thousand additional volumes, would be considered simply a storehouse for books, into which no one but the attendants should be allowed to penetrate. Its access from above could be made easy to them by several circular staircases. The second floor would afford space for the various rooms which the library has always needed. This plan is not inconsistent with the construction of another gallery, and making in the second story the proposed wall between the alcoves and the hall. If this were done, there would be room for about one hundred and sixty-five thousand new volumes in all; and when it was exhausted, the transept could be extended. The sacrifice of the architectural effect of the interior would be less a subject of regret after the erection of the new Memorial Hall.†

Since, then, it is possible, without extravagant expense, so to alter Gore Hall as to obtain accommodation for the additions of a score of years, we by no means agree with those who propose to gain room for accessions by disposing of part of its present contents. We cannot deny the cheapness of such a course. If it were adopted, no new building would be required,

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* Or perhaps it would be best to have the reading-room here, at least for the present.

† There is still another plan, which has some advantages: to carry three double rows of shelves from one end of the hall to the other, and build narrow shelves around the columns. Want of light, however, would probably be a fatal difficulty. The two outer rows would receive sufficient from the side windows, but the inner rows must get all theirs through floors of glass or open iron-work above them. A little more light, but not much, could be obtained by making the inner doors at each end of the hall of glass, and leaving the outer doors open during the daytime.

It is not to be expected that Gore Hall, however altered, will make a commodious library. Any plan for adapting a building to a purpose for which it was not fitted by its original design is likely to be beset with difficulties. The chief objections to the one last mentioned in the text are perhaps the want of light and heat. As to light, it must be remembered that the alcoves are not intended to be places for reading, but for keeping the books, and they certainly would not be darker than the lower alcoves in the Bates Hall. The difficulty of warming a structure divided into narrow sections by so many transverse walls may be more serious. This difficulty would attach also to the plan of separating the alcoves from the hall. Whether it is insuperable must be determined by architects, who may be able to propose some plan far superior to any that has yet been suggested.

and no new shelving for some years; every book parted with would also reduce to a trifling extent the expense of the annual examination. It would be cheaper still to have no books.

In one case, and in one case only, could this weeding be properly made. The library is used by two very distinct classes of readers, — the College and the public; and by a third, intermediate class, — those who are members of the University, and not of the College. If it were decided to exclude the public and have merely a College library, the transfer of many of the volumes to the libraries of the schools, and the sale of others, would render the present building sufficiently capacious for another half-century's growth. But such a change is not for a moment to be thought of. The evident wishes of many of the most liberal benefactors of the library, who have a right to demand that their bounty shall not be scorned nor their sacrifices made in vain, the memory of the good it has done, all its traditions, forbid this. No other library in New England could fill the exact place which this occupies, — certainly none could do the work which this would do, were it properly endowed. To exclude strangers, just as it was becoming better able to satisfy their wants, would be unfaithfulness to the very purpose of the University, — the highest education of the whole country. Besides, with the constant addition of new departments to the University, the distinction between its wants and those of the general public is fast vanishing; and if resident scholarships are ever founded, it will disappear entirely.*

But if the general public are still to be admitted, all the books must be retained which are ever likely to be of use to them. Two years ago it was proposed by a committee of the Overseers, that "a permanent body, whose pursuits, tastes, and knowledge make them competent, ... should be authorized to dispose, by exchange or sale, of all books which in their judgment are of little or no value to the library. The interests of the library and of learning," it was said, "will be pro-

* Resident scholarships would fall short of their full usefulness, unless accompanied by a proper endowment of the library. For no one will establish himself in a place where expenses are so high, unless the facilities for study are proportionally great.

moted by adopting a judicious system of exchanges or sales of books not deemed worthy of the care or room which they sometimes crave or occupy. Books superseded by more recent and thorough works may be positively mischievous to persons not sufficiently versed in the subject to know their relative value. Officers of the College speak of the rubbish and chaff which ought to be removed from the collections in their departments."

A committee of the Corporation expressed their decided dissent from this proposition. "They cannot recommend," they said, "that the Council should have power to sell or exchange any books not duplicates. A donation to the library is a trust held by the Corporation sacred to the use of its readers.* Nor is it possible for us to say that any volume given is altogether useless. Books containing the latest and most important additions to literature and science are most valuable; next to these are books throwing the clearest light on the history of art, science, and civilization, or containing the clearest records of what has been accomplished. Such books alone are to be sought for the library; but, when other books are offered as gifts, it is proper to accept them; and, having been accepted, they must be preserved, and may by some future student be turned to some account."

It is well that the proposition was decidedly negatived; and yet it is almost a pity that a committee was not chosen to report in detail which of the books were "rubbish and chaff." If it had been composed of those who think that whatever does not interest them is worthless, they could have made short work with the library. But if, as would undoubtedly have been the case, men of general culture had been selected, especially if among them had been men accustomed to make historical as well as scientific investigations, they would not have found their task easy; we doubt if they would ever have brought in a report. Let any one who cares for books at all try to select half his library for sale at auction. One volume has an interest from the giver, another from the

* To the same effect the elder Hollis wrote to Colman in June, 1725: "If you want room for modern books, it is easy to remove the less useful into a more remote place, *but not to sell any; they are devoted.*"

circumstances of its acquisition; one reminds him of his college days, another of his travels; one he has often taken pleasure in showing to his friends, one he has enjoyed reading too much to part with it, another he wishes to read at some future time; some are too well printed, and some too well bound, to be consigned to the auctioneer's rude handling. He may send off half his volumes, but if he is satisfied with his selection, he is a wonderful man. Most of these difficulties would be felt, and a hundred more, in even decimating a public library. In clearing his own shelves a man need only consider his own tastes and the tastes of his family and friends, before parting with a book: the council of a library must consider the wants not only of all who now use it, but of all who will consult it hereafter. And questions may be very interesting to-morrow which nobody cares about to-day. Is not everybody now asking for works on the Chinese? A little while ago Alaska, before that Prussia, Japan, Italy, earlier still Russia, were the topics of the day, and books that had slumbered on the shelves for years were pulled out and read with almost as much avidity as the last novel. Nothing is more encouraging to a librarian than this sudden enhancement of the value of volumes which he has often looked at with disgust for their idleness; nothing more disheartening than the necessity of having all books, if he would satisfy all men.

There are books which to one man have no interest whatever, and to another seem the only ones worth having. The want of sympathy and respect which scholars sometimes show towards one another's studies is not pleasant to see.

In every large library there are works of learning, of ability, of great reputation, indispensable to the student in certain lines of study, which yet shall not be taken from their shelves, except for dusting, once in a decade; there are other books, not one whit better, which shall be worn out in service. And no one can foretell, when a book is procured, to which class it will belong, because no one can know, beyond a few years, what scholars will use that library, or what aliment they will require. In selecting books, the best course is to get in great measure those that are actually asked for, or will certainly meet the wants of some one who is at the time using the library. If the chief readers are

theologians and historians, buy theology and history; but do not get the means of buying them by selling works on language or chemistry, for next year you may have to serve a linguist or a chemist.

Some facts mentioned by Mr. Macray show how dangerous it is to attempt to predict literary values. The first folio edition of Shakespeare (of which a specially fine copy sold in 1864 for £716 2*s*.) seems to have been considered by the keepers of the Bodleian mere waste-paper, so soon as the third edition, that of 1664, was received, and it is omitted in the Catalogue of 1674. "A return was made to the House of Commons," in 1818, "of such books, received since 1814, in pursuance of the Copyright Act, from Stationers' Hall, as it had not been deemed necessary to place in the library. The list is sufficient to show the advantage of erring rather on the side of inclusiveness than exclusiveness. Miss Edgeworth's 'Parents' Assistant,' Mrs. H. More's 'Sacred Dramas,' Mrs. Opie's 'Simple Tales,' and an edition of 'Ossian,' were all consigned to the limbo of 'rubbish.' In the Cambridge return * figure Owen's 'History of the Bible Society,' 'Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell and his Children,' Byron's 'Siege of Corinth,' L. Hunt's 'Story of Rimini,' and Wordsworth's 'Thanksgiving Ode,' Peacock's 'Headlong Hall,' and 'The Antiquary'! The far wiser plan is now carried out in the Bodleian of rejecting nothing."

Indeed, no librarian of any experience could ever reject anything. He has too often seen books prove of service in the most unexpected ways, too often seen a friend in despair because he could not obtain some volume or pamphlet for which no one else would care in the least, too often been baffled in his own researches by the poverty of his collection, to be willing to throw away any chance of satisfying a literary inquirer. Every editor, and, we should think, every author, would agree with him.

If any change is to be made, the schools should discard from their special libraries all those volumes which are consulted with extreme rarity or never, their century-plants, and place them in the general library, where they would be of use both to the public and to their original owners. This

* In which "the minuteness of specification is such that 'Turner's Real Japan Blacking, a Label,' is duly entered."

would leave each school in possession of a merely working library, which is what it needs, and would give the other schools and the College the use of some books which are now practically buried.

There is not space here to go into the vexed question of the value of pamphlets. It must suffice to remark, first, that the term is a very vague one, including, on the one hand, puffs of sewing-machines, and treatises which from their contents must be classified under "Insanity," as serving only to illustrate the phenomena of mental derangement, — and, on the other hand, some of the most precious documents of our early history, some of the most important papers of great scientific men, if they happen to be unbound; and, secondly, that they occupy, after all, but very little room. The one hundred thousand pamphlets of Harvard College Library — one hundred thousand chances of answering some inquirer — do not fill the shelves of ten thousand volumes. Books which are merely fine specimens of typography, like many of the Bodoni and Baskerville editions, *incunabula*, books printed on vellum, and most of the books of which only a few copies are printed, are of little more actual use than the despised pamphlets. Yet many libraries purchase them at enormous prices; and the librarian who should refuse them would be considered, and properly considered, a barbarian.

The library of to-day is not the library of thirty or forty years ago. The original restrictions on its use — restrictions made apparently in the interest of a remote posterity, from a fear that too much reading would wear out the books — are disappearing one by one, — gradually, lest with too sudden liberty should enter license. The doors are now open longer, the use of the books is facilitated by a better catalogue, both of authors and subjects, and by the personal assistance of a larger corps of attendants, than ever before, or than in any other college library in the country. In fact, few libraries of any kind are more profuse in the aid which they offer to the student; in few are his inquiries directed and furthered with more zeal. Is it too much to ask of those who enjoy its privileges, that they do their part to augment its means of usefulness?

CHARLES A. CUTTER.

Art. VIII. — The Siege of Delhi.

On the 10th of May, 1857, the native troops quartered at Meerut broke out into mutiny. They shot down the officers who strove to pacify them, pillaged and burned a large portion of the cantonment, murdered a great number of English men and women, and marched off to Delhi. They reached that city on the morning of the 11th. The native troops composing the garrison, and the inhabitants of the city, made common cause with the mutineers. The English residents were either murdered or forced to fly; the old king of Delhi was proclaimed Emperor of Hindustan, and the first act of the great mutiny of 1857 duly completed. Why all this was permitted, in the face of the large European force at that time quartered in Meerut, is a question which has often been asked, and to which no satisfactory reply ever has been or ever can be given. There is no doubt, that, had a man of courage and energy — a Munro or a Gillespie — had the control of affairs at Meerut, the mutineers would have perished to a man, the deplorable massacre at Delhi been easily prevented, and in all probability the impending insurrection crushed at the outset. The historian of the Indian Mutiny will have many instances of mismanagement and apathy to record, each bringing in its train a fearful amount of misery and bloodshed, but none so flagrant or so fraught with disastrous consequences as that which witnessed the massacres at Meerut and Delhi, and dared not strike a single blow either to avert or avenge. Ours is a more limited object. We purpose simply to give a brief narrative of the siege and capture of Delhi, and gladly pass over events unpleasant to recall to memory, and a narrative of which is not essential to our subject.

Sir John Lawrence was at this time Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and the leading civil and military authorities of that province were men worthy to be the seconds of an illustrious chief. The electric telegraph had no sooner flashed up the news than measures were at once taken to avert as far as possible the full effect of the blow which had been struck. At Lahore, Brigadier Corbett, on his own responsibility, disarmed

the large native brigade. English garrisons were swiftly thrown into the important fortresses of Lahore, Umritsir, Moultan, and Filore. The native brigade at Ferozepore attempted to seize the magazine; but the attempt was defeated with loss, and the mutineers were either captured or dispersed. At Peshawur, the native regiments were split up into numerous detachments, and pushed out on the frontier, in isolated situations, begirt with wild and hostile tribes; while at the suggestion of Captain John Nicholson, — a name soon to become memorable enough, — a strong column, under the command of Brigadier-General Neville Chamberlain, was organized to move rapidly from place to place, wherever symptoms of disaffection manifested themselves.

Meanwhile Sir John Lawrence had never ceased urging the commander-in-chief, General Anson, to march upon Delhi with whatever troops he could collect. General Anson was loath to do so. Delhi was a strongly fortified town, strongly garrisoned, and provided with immense munitions of war. To attack such a place with the small force at his disposal seemed to him to savor of madness. He and his advisers were urgent for delay, until a siege train could be collected, and reinforcements arrive from England. However plausible this reasoning might appear from a purely military point of view, the chief commissioner knew the natives too well not to feel that such a policy at such a moment would involve the British Empire in India in utter destruction. As yet the Punjab was quiet. The people stayed awhile to see if the Company's proverbial good-fortune would not recover from the blow just dealt it. But every moment of delay would, in their judgment, be an admission of defeat. The spirit that had carved out our empire was a spirit which quailed at nothing. It was the conviction that that spirit was alive and strong as ever which still maintained the wavering allegiance of the native princes. At that moment the preservation of the British Empire rested upon warlike prestige alone. That prestige once lost, there remained nothing to uphold it. The urgency of Sir John Lawrence won the day. On the 25th of May, General Anson, at the head of a small force, advanced as far as Kurnal, on the road to Delhi. There he was seized with cholera, and died, Sir Henry Barnard assuming the command in his stead.

Simultaneously a small brigade of all arms, under command of Brigadier Archdale Wilson of the Bengal artillery, marched out of Meerut, to effect a junction with the main army at Bhagput, some twenty miles from Delhi. Twice the enemy, with vastly superior forces, attempted to stay his passage, but were defeated with heavy loss, and the junction of the two armies was safely accomplished. They reached Alipore, about five miles from Delhi, on the 8th of June, mustering, in round numbers, six hundred cavalry, two thousand four hundred infantry, and twenty-two field guns.* Ahead of them, they discovered the enemy strongly posted in a walled building known as the Badli Serai, with their flanks protected from attack by inundated and marshy ground, and light and heavy guns planted to sweep the road by which the assailants would have to advance. The cavalry were sent round, by a wide detour, to the enemy's rear, while the infantry advanced to attack the Serai. The rebels fought well, and their artillery did terrible execution in the ranks of the English infantry. But ere an hour was past, their position had been stormed. The English cavalry arrived on the field just as the enemy were driven out, and completed their discomfiture.

Our troops pushed after the retreating enemy, until confronted by a low ridge of sandstone which rises in front of the northern face of the city. The ground here was cut up into walled gardens, under cover of which the enemy rallied, and renewed the battle. General Barnard now divided his forces. One column, under command of Brigadier Wilson, was sent to assail the right of the ridge; the remainder, under his own personal supervision, moved off to attack the left. The ground affording abundance of cover, the rebels offered a stout resistance. Nevertheless they were driven with heavy loss from one position to another, the whole length of the ridge was swept by our troops, and the two columns met in the centre. It was now nine

* The detail was as follows: Sixteen horse artillery guns; six horse battery guns; H. M. 9th Lancers; two squadrons of carbineers (6th Dragoons); H. M. 75th Foot; H. C. 1st Bengal Fusileers; H. C. 2d Fusileers (six companies); the Sirmoor Battalion of Ghoorkhas; and one hundred and fifty sappers and miners. The siege train consisted of eight 18-pounder guns, four 8-inch howitzers, four 8-inch mortars, one 5½-inch mortar, a weak company of foot artillery, and one hundred and fifty artillery recruits.

o'clock in the morning. The summer sun of India was pouring down with a blinding heat, and the English were exhausted with fatigue and long fighting. The enemy gave them little rest. A heavy cannonade was opened upon the ridge, and an attack made upon the right flank of their position. Both were promptly replied to. By five o'clock that evening the sound of fighting had ceased. We* had made good our hold upon the ridge, and the long, weary siege of Delhi was begun. The day's fighting had cost heavily in officers and men; but we had captured twenty-six guns, some five hundred of the enemy had fallen, an equal number returned to their villages, not at all liking the behavior of the "Sahibs" in this their new character, and the Company's *ikbal* (good-fortune) was once again emphatically pronounced to be invincible.

Without the aid of plans, and in the limited space that can be afforded in a single paper, it is not easy to state intelligibly the respective positions of the British and the insurgents, or to convey an adequate idea of the enormous difficulties which the besieging force had to overcome. An attempt must, however, be made.

Delhi is situated on the right bank of the Jumna, which washes the eastern wall of the city, and forms, as it were, the string of which the rest of the city wall is the arched bow. It was at this time entirely surrounded by strong walls of stone and lime, which had always been kept in thorough repair. These consisted of long curtains, with bastions at unequal intervals. The curtains were adapted for musketry fire only; the bastions were of modern construction, and capable of mounting from twelve to eighteen guns each. On the river side rose the king of Delhi's palace, a strongly fortified building, and the Selimgurh, another fort, which commanded the bridge of boats connecting the city with the Meerut road. Inside the city walls

* In the present narrative, the word "we" is sometimes used, for the sake of convenience, to denote the English army, and not as an indication that the writer was present at the operations he describes. It was his fortune to be serving in India at the time, — first as an officer with one of the Sepoy regiments, which signalized its mutiny in the usual murderous fashion, and afterwards on active employ both with Sikh infantry and irregular cavalry; but during the siege he was elsewhere engaged, and did not arrive at Delhi until the last day of the operations.

was the Magazine, a large mass of buildings, containing two hundred guns of battering calibre, and an almost inexhaustible supply of ammunition. The garrison was never at any time less than twenty thousand men, and it was fed continually by the arrival of mutinous regiments from other parts of India. It was composed of all three arms of the service, equipped, accoutred, and thoroughly disciplined after the European fashion.

The besieging army never exceeded ten thousand: at the commencement of the siege it mustered but half that number, and the only twenty-four pounders that could be brought against the city walls were those captured at the battle of Badli Serai. The investment of a city seven miles round with this diminutive force was of course impossible. There was in consequence perfectly free ingress for supplies and reinforcements by the Meerut road and the bridge of boats. To carry the place by a *coup de main* was at one time discussed, and even a plan of assault agreed upon. But at the eleventh hour this most rash venture was wisely abandoned. We might, by dint of a surprisal, have carried the outer walls, but our small force would almost inevitably have been lost and destroyed in the narrow, winding streets of the city, and a failure would most probably have caused the whole of the Punjab to rise up in rebellion. To capture the city by regular approaches was equally impossible. We had only a small body of sappers; working parties could not be furnished from the infantry, who were almost always all on daily duty; and the rebel guns, infinitely superior to our own in weight and number, were quite as well worked. The natives of India have, indeed, a marvellous capacity for the practice of artillery. In the campaigns of Wellesley and Lord Lake, the great loss which the English suffered at Assye, Laswaree, and other places, was entirely due to the tenacity, courage, and precision with which the native artillerymen served their guns to the last. The same qualities were displayed by the Sikhs in their great battles; and it was not without a feeling of pride and satisfaction that the English artillery officers marked the precision of the enemy's fire during the siege of Delhi.

From these remarks it will be seen that the English army

was, in fact, far more the besieged than the besiegers. The most that could be hoped was to hold some strong position until reinforcements and heavy siege guns should arrive; and such a position the fighting of the 8th of June had secured. The ridge which we occupied at the conclusion of that day rises from the river, and runs obliquely towards the northern face of the city, and at the nearest point is distant about twelve hundred yards from the walls. Extending two thousand yards, it terminates abruptly at a suburb of the city, known as the Subzee Mundee, but is immediately after resumed and stretches away in a southwesterly direction. The East Jumna Canal, and the grand trunk road to the Punjab, enter the city through this break. This ridge formed the front of our position, and covered our camp, which was pitched with its left resting on the river, and protected thereby; but its right rested only on the Subzee Mundee Suburb, which thus became the key of our position, as by it alone could our flank be turned, and our communications with the Punjab threatened.

The points to be noticed on that face of the city which fronted the ridge are as follows: on the right, and close to the river, was the Water Bastion; on the left, and almost opposite the point where the ridge abruptly terminated, the Moree Bastion; between these two, but much nearer the Water Bastion, was the Cashmere Bastion; to the left again of the Moree Bastion was the Lahore Gate, uncommanded by our guns. This was the principal gate of the city, and under shelter of the Paharipore and Kishengunge Suburbs; thence the enemy could emerge when they pleased, and, sallying out from the Subzee Mundee, attack our position in flank.

Our left, resting, as I have already said, on the river Jumna, and further covered by the ridge, and in front of that by strong pickets, was incapable of being turned, and secure from danger. The tug of war was on our right, where the ridge terminated at the Subzee Mundee. I shall, consequently, ask my readers to dismiss from their minds for the present all consideration of other parts of our position. The key of our position on the right was a building known as Hindoo Rao's house. This was garrisoned by the regiment of Ghoorkhas (the Sirmoor Battalion) and two companies of rifles, under

the command of Major Reid, the commandant of the former regiment. The remainder of the 60th Rifles was encamped within easy distance, so as to be able to send up supports speedily, whenever required. In rear of Hindoo Rao's house, Colonel Tombs's troop of horse artillery was stationed, to overawe the Subzee Mundee; and batteries were erected at various points to keep down the fire of the Moree Bastion, and to throw shot and shell into the Kishengunge Suburb, whenever the enemy mustered there for the purpose of attacking the camp in flank.

All along the ridge, but especially to the right and rear of Hindoo Rao's house, the storm of battle raged continually. Day after day, large masses of the enemy, issuing from the Subzee Mundee, and covering their advance by a simultaneous fire from all the bastions fronting our position, hurled themselves against our right flank. Nor did repeated repulses succeed in diminishing the severity of these attacks. Fresh troops were continually pouring into the city, full of confidence and elation at their successful mutiny, and these were thrust forward to try their hands at dislodging the obstinate "Feringhees." Fortunately for the wearied defenders of the ridge, no leader of commanding genius arose among the insurgents. Had an Hyder Ali been there to fuse the discordant elements, had there been even sufficient unity of purpose to attack our position simultaneously in front and flank, it is exceedingly doubtful if the ridge would have continued tenable. This danger continually menaced us, and thus to repel all attacks on flank and rear only a small portion of a small army could be spared, the remainder being held in readiness for a general sortie against the whole line of our batteries. To describe these battles in detail would weary the reader, and require far greater space than that of a single paper. A simple enumeration of them, however, is necessary to mark the progress of the siege, and will show better than a general statement the severity of the struggle before Delhi.

On the 9th of June, the day after the battle of Badli Serai, a severe cannonade was opened upon our works, followed, in the afternoon, by an attack on the right of our position. The attack was repelled with heavy loss, but renewed again and

again upon the 10th and 11th, although with diminishing energy. Baffled on the right, the enemy, upon the 12th, attacked the left of our position in great force. We were partly taken by surprise, and for some time a doubtful battle raged, with extreme fury, along the whole front of the ridge. The arrival of reinforcements from the camp below compelled the enemy to retire, and they were finally driven back into the city, leaving five hundred of their number dead upon the ground. On the 17th, the enemy, under cover of a tremendous fire, attempted to erect a heavy battery in the Kishengunge, from which to enfilade our batteries on the ridge. Two columns were at once organized, under Majors Reid and Tombs, to put a stop to this. The work was most effectually done. The battery was ruined, one gun which was being got into position captured, a large quantity of ammunition destroyed, and the enemy driven back into the city. On the 19th, a force of three thousand men, with a numerous artillery, made a wide detour from the city, and attacked the rear of our camp. Fearing lest an attack might also be made in front, the infantry were held in readiness in the batteries, and on the cavalry and field artillery devolved the duty of meeting this formidable danger. They numbered three hundred European and native horse, with twelve light guns. So long as daylight lasted, they succeeded in repelling the enemy; but darkness coming on, the insurgents managed to outflank them, and for a time two light guns were in imminent danger of capture. At this juncture some three or four hundred English infantry arrived on the field. Their steady fire drove back the enemy. The guns were rescued from danger, and the insurgents desisted from further fighting. In the morning, however, the attack was renewed, but with little spirit; and the rebels, disheartened, allowed the English army a few days' rest. On the 23d of June the fiercest attack since the siege began was made upon the rear of Hindoo Rao's house. Four times the enemy advanced, to be repulsed on each occasion with heavy loss. As the morning wore on, General Barnard resolved, if possible, to drive the enemy out of the whole Subzee Mundee Suburb, and make this our advanced position. A column was formed, and, after several hours of sharp fighting, the Subzee Mundee re-

mained in our hands. The heat was excessive. Out of ten officers in one regiment (2d Fusileers), five were struck down by sun-stroke. In another (1st Fusileers), one was struck down, and six more brought in disabled by the sun. "When I arrived at Hindoo Rao's house," writes an officer who was present, "I found every one exhausted and done up. There were the 1st Fusileers and some Rifles, all done up. I went on to the new advanced battery: it was crowded with worn-out men. The artillerymen, likewise done up, had ceased firing; another party of Rifles, in a similar state, in another position; one hundred and twenty men of the 2d Fusileers, who had marched twenty-three miles that morning, and had had no breakfast, were lying down exhausted; three weak companies of Ghoorkhas were out as skirmishers, but they, too, were exhausted, and the remainder were resting under a rock. The heat was terrific, and the thermometer must have been at least one hundred and forty degrees, with a hot wind blowing and a frightful glare."

The foregoing is sufficient to show the character of the work which the British army before Delhi was called upon to do. The British Empire hung upon their invincibility. There can be no doubt, that, according to all the rules of war, they ought to have been beaten, and perhaps were beaten. But on this, as on so many other occasions, the fortunate inability of the English soldier to understand this disagreeable fact stood him in good stead. He clung to the ridge, bidding defiance to all comers, — striking to right and left and rear vigorously as ever, in spite of the ravages of shot and shell, the sun, sickness, and fatigue. It would, however, be unjust to say that the English soldier bore alone the brunt of the fight. The natives, horse and foot alike, vied with their English comrades in courage and devotion.

It was a motley appearance which the little army presented, composed of so many tribes and peoples, — Hindoos, Ghoorkhas, Sikhs, Afghans, Pathans, and English, — all fighting under one flag. The Ghoorkhas, who formed the Sirmoor Battalion, are inhabitants of the hill country of Nepaul. They must be, in point of size, one of the smallest races of men in the world, and certainly the ugliest. Indeed, no one who has any ac-

quaintance with the current theories regarding the origin of species but must be troubled with disagreeable qualms at the remarkable resemblance between the features of the Ghoorkha and those of some of the monkey tribes. But square, massive, and firm-set, these Ghoorkhas are marvellously strong, possessed of great powers of endurance, and perfectly fearless. Tiger-shooting on foot, a sport which more than any other requires nerve, coolness, and precision, is their favorite pastime. The English have been but once engaged in war against them; but on this occasion they proved themselves, after the Sikhs, the most formidable antagonists we ever encountered in India. Our troops were repeatedly and heavily defeated, and every attempt we made to storm their stockades in front was repulsed. These gallant little hill-men were quartered in Hindoo Rao's house, and never left it during the whole siege. Assisted by reliefs from the 60th Rifles, the 1st and 2d Bengal Fusileers, the Guide Corps, and the 4th Sikh Infantry, they sustained and defeated twenty-four assaults upon their position. The house was literally torn in pieces by the fire to which it was continually exposed. "How men," says one, after examining the ruins, "could have held a building so battered and riddled with shot and shell, the very target of the enemy, is a marvel; yet, as the siege progressed, when it was proposed to remove even the sick and wounded in hospital, they violently protested against being carried away from their comrades even to a place of safety. In this hospital Major Reid pointed out the mark where a patient had been cut in two by a round shot." "I have no words," writes General Wilson, "to express the admiration with which I, as well as the whole force, have viewed the gallantry with which this noble officer [Major Reid], with the gallant band under him, has held the important post intrusted to his command."

The rest of the native soldiers in the English army before Delhi consisted mainly of regiments recruited in the Punjab. Sikhs, Afghans, Pathans, and men from the wild tribes on our northwest frontier crowded their ranks. These men are born soldiers, than whom there are none finer to be found in the world. They are splendid looking fellows. Their worth as soldiers was well attested on the great battle-fields of Fero-

zeshah and Chillianwallah. That old hard fighting had engendered a mutual respect between the two people, and they flung themselves into our cause and quarrel with a wholeheartedness which has rarely been matched. How they fought for us at Delhi, and Lucknow, and on a hundred other battle-fields, ought never to be forgotten by Englishmen; and, whether as infantry or cavalry, we feel assured, that, under officers they admired and trusted, these gallant soldiers would hold their own against the best disciplined armies of Europe. It was pleasant to see the thorough good understanding which existed between them and the English soldiers, apparently in no way hindered or diminished by their total want of any common language. The English soldier would stroll down to pay a visit to his friend, the Sikh subahdar. The latter, delighted to see him, would at once offer him his stool, sitting himself, meanwhile, on his bed. The subahdar, with all the finished courtesy of a native, would then proceed to inquire after his friend's health, in excellent Pushtoo; the other, nothing disconcerted, replies, maybe, in the Yorkshire dialect. The conversation becomes general, and has been known to extend over considerable spaces of time. Unlike the Hindustani, both Sikh and Ghoorkha have a very strong taste for rum; and the mere fact that they could take their "grog" like men raised them immeasurably in the estimation of the British soldier.

The officers who commanded these regiments were picked men, trained to war in the continual fighting which, for some years after the occupation of the Punjab, was kept up by the hostile tribes living upon our frontier. Their names — Coke, Lumsden, Probyn, Wilde, Watson, and others — soon became familiar in our mouths as household words. They were always to be heard of in the front of danger, and first among them was Hodson, the gallant and dashing leader of Hodson's Horse. Among the infantry officers there were some — Captain Wilde, for example — not less fearless than Hodson, and perhaps superior to him in military skill. But an irregular cavalry commandant has opportunities of distinguishing himself which are denied to others. There is a glitter about his achievements which attracts the eye more readily than the sober, but more

solid, performances of infantry. Not that we wish to undervalue the merits of Hodson: he well deserved the reputation he acquired. As a leader of irregular horse he was unrivalled, — a perfect swordsman, utterly indefatigable, and with a courage, coolness, and dash which overcame all obstacles. He was in the thick of every fight. "He always," writes one, "turns up in moments of difficulty." There was nothing so forlorn and desperate, but Hodson was ready to venture; nothing so difficult of execution, but by some means or other he managed to do it. His exploits read like stories cut from the pages of a romance. "In the camp at Delhi," writes one who was present, "when the incessant fatigue to which the soldiers were exposed forbade the strict enforcement of the continual salute, it was remarked that Hodson never passed down the lines without every man rendering to him that mark of respect. The soldiers loved him as their own. 'There goes that 'ere Hodson,' said a drunken soldier, as he cantered down the lines; 'he 's sure to be in everything; he 'll get shot, I know he will, and I 'd a deal rather be shot myself; we can't do without him.'" It must be remembered, that, in addition to the fighting in the immediate vicinity of Delhi, the whole country, for miles and miles around, was seething with rebellion. These disaffected districts were continually being visited by bands of armed insurgents from Delhi, who strove to operate upon our communications. And it was in frustrating their efforts that the eminent abilities of Hodson, as a captain of horse, and a partisan leader, were so conspicuously called forth. We can only express our regret that want of space will forbid our giving any account of his daring expedition to Rohtuck, his capture of the king of Delhi, and his crowning exploit, the capture and execution of the young princes, an act which, for cool and successful daring, could hardly be surpassed.

Other men there were at whose names we would gladly pause, did time allow of it, — such as Colonel Tombs, of the horse artillery, and Neville Chamberlain, the adjutant-general of the army.

But he whose fame rose above that of all others, and who is remembered as pre-eminently the hero of Delhi, was Brigadier-General John Nicholson. It was during the great Punjab

war which ended in the dissolution of Runjeet Singh's monarchy, at the victory of Goojerat, that Nicholson first became known as a daring and skilful soldier. In that campaign he acted as a partisan leader, and, at the head of a few undisciplined followers, made such astonishing marches, undertook enterprises apparently so hopeless, which nevertheless he brought to a successful issue by dint of sheer skill and audacity, that a sect of fanatics arose in the Punjab who adopted the worship of "Nikkulseyn" as a god. So profound, indeed, was the impression which his acts made upon the native mind, that to this day any Punjabee living upon the spot invariably commences his narrative of the battle of Chillianwallah or of Goojerat with the prefatory observation, "Nikkulseyn stood here."

At the conclusion of the Sikh war, he was placed in charge of the Bunnoo district, — a tract of country lying upon our northwest frontier, and at that time inhabited by a race of utter savages. The character of these people may be divined from the following extract from a letter of Nicholson's to his friend, Sir Herbert Edwardes. "Fancy," he writes, "a wretched little Wuzeeree child, who had been put up to prison food, on my asking him if he knew it was wrong to kill people, saying he knew it was wrong to kill with a knife or a sword. I asked him why, and he said, '*Because the blood left marks.*'" And again, in the same letter: "Before I close this, I must tell you of the last Bunnoochee murder, it is so horribly characteristic of the bloodthirstiness and bigotry of their dispositions. The murderer killed his brother near Gurwalla, and was brought in to me on a frightfully hot evening, looking dreadfully parched and exhausted. 'Why,' said I, 'is it possible you have walked in, fasting, on a day like this?' 'Thank God,' said he, 'I am a regular faster.' 'Why have you killed your brother?' 'I saw a fowl killed last night, and the sight of blood put the devil into me.' He had chopped up his brother, stood a long chase, and been marched in here; *but he was keeping the fast.*"

In the character of this wild people Nicholson in a very brief time effected wonderful changes. Murder, burglary, and highway robbery became things of the past; and "the

Bunnoochees," writes Sir Herbert Edwardes, "reflecting on their own metamorphosis in the village gatherings under the vines, by the streams they once delighted so to fight for, have come to the conclusion that the good Mahommedans of historic ages must have been just like 'Nikkulseyn.'"

The convulsion of 1857, so terrible, sudden, and extensive, had the effect of completely shattering the old landmarks and traditionary practices. Everywhere men rose to eminence, who, but for some great emergency like this, would in all probability have passed unnoticed to the grave. At such a time Nicholson could not long remain unheard of. The disturbances had scarcely broken out before an act of brilliant courage proclaimed his name throughout Northern India. The 55th Regiment of Native Infantry had mutinied. With a small party of horsemen, Nicholson flung himself upon them. The daring of the leader and the impetuosity of his charge compensated for the want of numbers. The mutineers broke and fled. All day long Nicholson and his men hung hacking and hewing upon their rear. The regiment was broken up and dispersed. One hundred and twenty dead bodies marked their line of flight; thrice that number crawled, bleeding and wounded, to die in neighboring villages; one hundred and fifty were taken prisoners, and the regimental colors and two hundred stand of arms recovered. On the departure of Neville Chamberlain to join the army before Delhi, Captain John Nicholson, by a sort of popular vote, was called to the command of the Punjab movable column, and invested with the rank of brigadier-general. Moving with astonishing speed from point to point, wherever mutiny dared to show itself, there Nicholson trampled it out in blood. The Punjab was quieted, and then Sir John Lawrence hurried off him and his troops to aid in the capture of Delhi. They marched into camp, a welcome reinforcement of four thousand men. No less than four-and-twenty general actions had been fought around the ridge. General Barnard had succumbed, a victim to cholera. General Archdale Wilson had succeeded to his place. Under his leadership the conduct of the siege had very greatly improved; but we were still acting entirely on the defensive, and the troops were disheartened with long toil, exposure, and fatigue.

With the arrival of General Nicholson, a new era of the siege — the beginning of the end — may be said to have commenced. "Of all the superior officers in the force," writes General Chamberlain, "no one took the pains he did to study our position and provide for its safety. Hardly a day passed but what he visited every battery, breastwork, and post, — and frequently at night, though not on duty, would ride round our outer line of sentries to see that the men were on the alert, and to bring to notice any point he considered not duly provided for. When the arrival of a siege train and reinforcements enabled us to assume the offensive, John Nicholson was the only officer, not being an engineer, who took the trouble to study the ground which was to become of such importance to us; and had it not been for his going down that night, I believe that we might have had to capture, at considerable loss of life, the positions which he was certainly the main cause of our occupying without resistance. From the day of the trenches being opened to the day of the assault, he was constantly on the move from one battery to another; and when he returned to camp, he was constantly riding backwards and forwards to the chief engineer, endeavoring to remove difficulties." "He was a man," writes another, who then saw him for the first time, "cast in a giant mould, with massive chest and powerful limbs, and an expression ardent and commanding, with a dash of roughness; features of stern beauty, a long, black beard, and sonorous voice. There was something of immense strength, talent, and resolution in his whole gait and manner, and a power of ruling men upon high occasions that no one could escape noticing at once. His imperial air, which never left him, and which would have been thought arrogance in one of less imposing mien, sometimes gave offence to the more unbending of his countrymen, but made him almost worshipped by the pliant Asiatics."

In the mean while the heavy siege-train from Ferozepore was dragging its cumbrous length towards the English camp before Delhi. Its progress was inevitably slow; the rainy season was at its height, the roads were deep and heavy with the unceasing deluge, and the rivers rolling down like great inland seas. Only a weak escort could be spared to protect the train,

and as it neared the city the rebels determined, if possible, to cut off and capture it. On the 26th of August our spies brought intelligence that six thousand men and sixteen guns had left the city to operate upon our rear. There could be no doubt of the purpose of this expedition, and Brigadier-General Nicholson was at once sent off, with a force of about two thousand foot and horse, and three troops of horse artillery, to intercept it. Pushing on through an inundated country, where, at times, the water rose above the backs of the horses dragging the guns, Nicholson came up with the rebels strongly posted in the village of Nujufghur. He attacked at once, and gained a brilliant and decisive victory. Eight hundred of the enemy fell upon the field; the whole of their camp equipage, thirteen guns, and a large amount of treasure and ammunition fell into the hands of the victors.

No further attempt was made to interfere with the siege train, and on the 3d of September the long and anxiously expected heavy guns rolled into our lines.* Gabions, fascines, and sand-bags had been prepared in thousands, scaling-ladders had been constructed, and everything was in readiness to commence offensive operations at once. On the morning of the 7th the last reinforcement arrived, — the 4th Punjab Rifles, commanded by Captain A. Wilde. Although the last at Delhi, this regiment was destined, by its conspicuous gallantry, both there and before Lucknow, to win for itself the highest reputation. They had moved down from our northwest frontier at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, and "as they marched into camp," writes an eyewitness, "the Europeans turned out to admire the sturdy frames and fine looking faces under the Khakee turbans, and began to fraternize with the new regiment of 'Sakes,' or Seikhs, as the Punjabees were called."

On the night of the 7th of September the siege of Delhi fairly began. Even now, however, the ultimate success of the English arms would have been next to impossible, but for an extraordinary omission of which the enemy had been guilty. Notwithstanding the length of the siege, the long curtains

* These were, six 24-pounders, eight 18-pounders, four 10-inch mortars, four 8-inch howitzers, with 1,000 rounds of ammunition for each piece, and a similar quantity for each howitzer and mortar before Delhi.

which connected the bastions had never been rendered fit for guns. Had this been done, the tremendous weight of artillery which the rebels might have concentrated would certainly have crushed any attempt to establish breaching batteries. As it was, however, we knew, that, if we succeeded in silencing the fire of the bastions, the assaulting columns might be pushed forward with confidence of success. It was determined to breach the Water Bastion and the curtain which connected that with the Cashmere Bastion, but as a preliminary the fire of the Moree Bastion had to be silenced, which would otherwise have taken our batteries in flank. About seven hundred yards from the walls, and immediately below our position on the ridge, a deep, broad, natural ditch (termed in India a *nullah*) ran along the whole northern face of the city. This was converted into our first parallel; and just in front of it, opposite the Moree Bastion, was the position selected for Battery No. 1. This battery was made in two portions: the right, containing six guns, to play upon the Moree; the left, four, to keep down the fire of the Cashmere Bastion. All through the night the working parties labored at the battery, luckily unmolested by the enemy, but the dawn of morning saw only one gun in position. With the first streak of daylight, on the 8th of September, the enemy perceived what we had been at, and a tremendous fire of round shot, grape, and shell crashed unceasingly into the almost defenceless battery. The working parties, however, continued to work on steadily, in spite of numerous casualties; gun after gun was rapidly got into position; an attempt to carry the battery by storm was repulsed with heavy loss; and by eight o'clock that morning the enemy's fire was considerably lessened. By the afternoon the Moree was totally silenced. On that day we had seventy casualties in this battery alone. These operations had, however, the effect of convincing the enemy that our attacking columns would be directed against the Moree Bastion, and consequently they offered almost no resistance to the occupation of the ground selected for our breaching batteries on the left. During the nights of the 11th and 12th a heavy battery was run up at five hundred yards from the Cashmere Bastion, in front of a building known as

"Ludlow Castle." This was also made in two portions, — the right half containing seven heavy howitzers and two eighteen-pounders; the left half, about two hundred yards distant, was constructed for nine twenty-four-pounders. This was the heaviest of our breaching batteries, and was intended to crush the fire of the Cashmere Bastion, and ruin both that and the adjoining curtain. Farther to the left, and a little in advance, a third battery, consisting of ten heavy mortars, was run up in a garden (Koodsen Bagh); while to the extreme left of our position, and at a distance of only one hundred and sixty yards from the right, or Water Bastion of the city, advantage was taken of the shelter afforded by a ruined custom-house to erect a battery of six eighteen-pounders, in order to smash the Water Bastion.

It must not be supposed that these works were carried on unmolested. Every battery had to be erected under the hottest fire. The enemy had no sooner detected the purpose of our operations upon the left than they hastened to render the curtains fit for the practice of artillery. From every nook and cranny where a light gun could be placed in position grape-shot was rained into the batteries. Protected by the broken nature of the ground, hosts of skirmishers spread over the whole intervening space between our batteries and the city, and poured an unceasing hail of musket-shot into every opening and embrasure. From the opposite bank of the river guns and musketry enfiladed our batteries on the left, while on the right the rebels took advantage of the shelter afforded by the Kishengunge to erect a heavy battery, which raked the whole line of our works from end to end. Thus all our batteries were exposed to a murderous fire from the front and on both flanks. The men fell fast; reliefs there were none, and the survivors were fast wearing out beneath the combined effects of fatigue, heat, and exposure. But the struggle before Delhi was one which nerved every faculty of mind and body to suffer and endure all things rather than to yield. The contest was one not only for the maintenance of British rule in India, and the national glory; there was hardly an Englishman engaged who had not the murder of some dear relative or personal friend to avenge. Above all, there was the pride of race, insulted by its

momentary defeat at the hands of a conquered and inferior race. The thought of failure was never entertained for a moment, and never were guns more unflinchingly served.

"At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 11th," says an eye-witness, "the great breaching battery opened fire. A salvo from the nine twenty-four pounders was followed by three tremendous cheers from the artillery in the battery. As the site of the breach was struck with the iron hail, great blocks of stone fell, and the curtain wall fell clattering into the ditch. The howitzers soon after followed suit. In ten minutes the Cashmere Bastion was silenced; and then it was a fine sight to see the stone work crumbling under the storm of shot and shell, the breach getting larger and larger, and the eight-inch shells, made to burst just as they touched the parapet, bringing down whole yards of it at a time."

On the morning of the 13th the custom-house battery opened with terrible effect on the Water Bastion. The enemy's guns were smashed or silenced almost immediately, and the whole face of the bastion was crushed into a shapeless mass. All through that day a heavy fire was kept up against the fortifications of the rebel city; and in the evening four young engineer officers — Lieutenants Greathed, Home, Medley, and Lang — were ordered to steal down to the walls, and examine the breaches. Lieutenant Medley has written such a vivid and interesting account of this perilous adventure, that we cannot do better than quote it.

"It was a bright starlight night, with no moon, and the roar of the batteries, and clear, abrupt reports of the shells from the mortars, alone broke the stillness of the scene, while the flashes of the rockets, carcasses, and fireballs, lighting up the air ever and anon, made a really beautiful spectacle. The *ghurees* struck ten, and, as preconcerted, the fire of the batteries suddenly ceased. Our party was in readiness; we drew swords, felt that our revolvers were ready to hand, and, leaving the shelter of the picket, such as it was, advanced stealthily into the enemy's country.

"Creeping quietly through the garden, we quickly found ourselves under a large tree on the edge of the cover; and here we halted for a moment, conversing only in whispers. The enemy's skirmishers were firing away on our right some thirty yards from us, and the flashes of the muskets lit up the air as if they had been fireflies. The shells and

rockets of the enemy at one moment illumined the space around, as they sailed over our heads, and then left us in total darkness. We now left the Rifle officer, Lieutenant H——, and his twenty men in support, and, with the six men who were to accompany us, Lang and I emerged into the open, and pushed straight for the breach. In five minutes we found ourselves on the edge of the ditch, the dark mass of the Cashmere Bastion immediately on the other side, and the breach distinctly discernible. Not a soul was in sight. The counterscarp was sixteen feet deep and steep. Lang slid down first; I passed down the ladder, and, taking two men out of the six, descended after him, leaving the other four on the cope to cover our retreat. Two minutes more, and we should have been at the top of the breach; but, quiet as we had been, the enemy was on the watch, and we heard several men running from the left towards the breach. We therefore reascended, though with some difficulty, and, throwing ourselves down on the grass, waited in silence for what was to happen. A number of figures immediately appeared on the top of the breach, their forms clearly discernible against the bright sky not twenty yards distant. We, however, were in the deep shade, and they could not apparently see us. They conversed in a low tone, and presently we heard the ring of their ramrods as they loaded. We waited quietly, hoping they would go, when another attempt might be made. Meanwhile we could see that the breach was a good one, the slope easy of ascent, and that there were no guns in the flank. We knew by experience, too, that the ditch was easy of descent. It was, however, desirable, if possible, to get to the top; but the sentries would not move. At one time the thought occurred to me of attempting the ascent by force. We might have shot two or three of them from where we lay, and in the surprise the rest might have run, and we could have been to the top and back before they had seen how small our party was; but the extreme hazard of the attempt and the utter impossibility of rescuing any one that might be wounded in the ditch, made me abandon the idea, when I further reflected that we had in reality gained all the needful information. After waiting, therefore, some minutes longer, I gave a signal; the whole of us jumped up at once, and ran backwards towards our own ground. Directly we were discovered, a volley was sent after us. The balls came whizzing about our ears, but no one was touched. We reached our support in safety, and all quietly retreated to the Koodsen Bagh by the same road as we had come. Lang went off to the batteries to tell them they might open fire again; and I got on to my horse, and galloped back to camp as hard as I could, to make my report to the chief engineer,—the roar of the batteries, as I rode off, showing that they had once more opened fire on the breach."

Greathed and Home, returning at the same time, reported the breach in the Water Bastion to be practicable, and General Wilson and his advisers determined to assault Delhi before daylight on the morning of the 14th of September.

At three o'clock in the morning the troops mustered in profound silence to the rear of Ludlow Castle. The city was to be assailed at four different points, and the forces were accordingly divided into four columns, with a reserve to bring up reinforcements wherever they should be most needed. The first column, under General Nicholson (to whom also the supervision of the whole had been intrusted), was to storm the main breach close to the Cashmere Bastion; the second, under Colonel Jones, was to enter the city through the breach in the Water Bastion; the third, under Colonel Campbell, was to blow open the Cashmere Gate; the fourth, under Colonel Reid of the Ghoorkhas, was to make a diversion on the right, by forcing its way through Kishengunge and Paharipore to the Lahore Gate. The reserve was under the command of Brigadier J. Longfield.*

As the columns moved off to the various points of attack, a

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* The strength of the columns were as follows:—

1st column	300	men of H. M. 75th Regiment,
	250	" 1st European Bengal Fusileers,
	450	" 2d Punjab Native Infantry.
Total,	1,000	
2d column	250	men of H. M. 8th Regiment,
	250	" 2d European Bengal Fusileers,
	350	" 4th Seikh Infantry.
Total,	850	
3d column	250	men of H. M. 52d Regiment,
	500	" 1st Punjab Infantry,
	250	" Kumaon Battalion.
Total,	1,000	
4th column	50	men of H. M. 60th Rifles,
	160	" 1st Fusileers,
	200	" Sirmoor Battalion,
	200	" Guides,
	80	" H. M. 61st Regiment,
	65	" Kumaon Battalion,
	25	" 1st Punjab Infantry,
		Cashmere Contingent.
Reserve	250	men of H. M. 61st Regiment,
	200	" Belosch Battalion,
	250	" 4th Punjab Infantry,
	200	" Jheend Force.
Total,	900	

tremendous fire was opened along the whole line of our batteries; and the 60th Rifles, running forward, spread out in skirmishing order, and opened a brisk fire on the walls. The enemy replied with rockets, shells, and round shot; and as the head of Nicholson's column came in sight of the main breach, such a fearful fire of musketry was opened upon them that the ladder-men wavered for a moment, and began to fall back. Medley and Lang — the young engineer officers who guided the column — sprang forward, and, calling on their men to follow, jumped into the ditch. In spite of the hot fire which threatened death to any who approached the walls, the ladders were planted. A gallant young officer, Fitzgerald, of the 75th, was the first to mount the breach, but fell dead as he reached the summit. His men poured in after him, shooting and bayoneting all who still attempted to maintain the struggle, and the main breach was fairly won. Not less successful was the assault upon the Water Bastion. In spite of a fire before which the two conducting engineer officers and twenty-nine out of the thirty-nine ladder-men were almost instantaneously prostrated, the breach here had been speedily carried.

The operations of the third column demand a more extended notice. The gateway through which they had to force their way was on the side of the Cashmere Bastion, and had an outer gateway in advance of the ditch. This outer gateway was open, but the communicating bridge was in a ruinous condition, and somewhat difficult to cross. A small party came in advance of the column to blow open the gate. This consisted of Lieutenants Salkeld and Home of the Bengal Engineers, Sergeants Burgess, Smith, and Carmichael of the Bengal Sappers, and a bugler, Hawthorne, of the 52d, who was to sound the advance as soon as the gate had been blown in. Behind these were one hundred and fifty men of the 52d, under command of Captain Bailey, and the main body of the column brought up the rear. Owing to some unforeseen delay, it was broad daylight before the troops neared the gate. The enemy were thoroughly on the alert; and to blow open the gate under these conditions seemed an act of desperation. It had, however, to be done, and the men to do it were not wanting.

Home ran across the tottering bridge, laid his powder-bags

at the foot of the gate, and jumped into the ditch unhurt; for so astounded were the enemy at the audacity of the proceeding, that they forbore to fire, and only one or two straggling shots greeted his approach. Not so with Salkeld and his companions. A storm of bullets met them as they crossed the bridge. Salkeld succeeded in laying his powder-bags, but fell mortally wounded before he could light the fuse. Sergeant Burgess rushed forward and snatched the port-fire from his failing hand, but fell, shot through the heart, as he did so. Carmichael then ran up and succeeded in lighting the fuse, but immediately after was struck down mortally wounded Smith hurried up on seeing him fall, but, perceiving that the fuse was alight, jumped into the ditch unhurt, whither the bugler had already carried poor Salkeld. The next moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate. Hawthorne sounded the advance, and, with fixed bayonets, and a ringing cheer, the storming party rushed across the bridge. The enemy gave way in every direction, and the Cashmere Gate and the Main Guard were once more in the hands of the English. An act of more consummate daring than this blowing open of the Cashmere Gate it would be difficult to find in the annals of war.

Three columns had now fairly effected a lodgment within the city walls. Much, however, very much, had still to be done. The city was of great extent, and the defenders outnumbered the assailants tenfold. Guns were planted at the top of every street to sweep away the heads of the advancing columns, and an unceasing musketry fire, from the windows of every house, played with terrible effect upon the rapidly diminishing stormers. Moreover, the fourth column, which should have established itself in the Lahore Gate, had been compelled to retreat.

The wisdom of attempting this has been much questioned. It was argued, that, with our insufficient force, we were extending our operations over too broad a surface, and that, had the troops composing this fourth column been employed to strengthen the other three, a more vigorous impression might have been made upon the enemy at those points where we were successful.

The reasons, however, which induced General Wilson to

scatter his forces appear to us unanswerable. In the foregoing narrative we have mentioned the city suburbs (Paharipore, Kishengunge, and Subzee Mundee) which lay on the right of our position, and which, communicating with the Lahore Gate, gave the enemy free egress in their numerous attempts to turn our right flank and establish themselves in our rear. Well aware of the great numerical superiority of the enemy, General Wilson feared, that, the assaulting columns once entangled in the streets and lanes of the city, a sortie in force would be made from the Lahore Gate upon his almost defenceless camp, to the imminent risk of the sick and wounded. This was a reasonable fear. And the attack, although unsuccessful, acted powerfully as a diversion, drawing off a large portion of the enemy's troops from other points. The failure was due to a variety of causes. The line of attack was beset with difficulties and very strongly held; the contingent furnished by the Raja of Cashmere, unaccustomed to such terribly severe work, fled in confusion, leaving two or three guns behind them. The other troops were mostly made up of small detachments from various regiments, with only two or three officers to lead them. These fell rapidly, and the men, with no one to direct them, became confused and uncertain. To crown all, Colonel Reid was so severely wounded in the head, early in the engagement, that he had to leave the field without communicating his plans to any one. Under these circumstances, the officer on whom the command devolved had no alternative but to withdraw the troops. This was done in admirable order, and a position taken up at Hindoo Rao's house, with a view to check any retaliating movements on the part of the enemy. None, however, were attempted.

The reserve, under Brigadier Longfield, had, in the mean while, been called up to strengthen the successful columns, and an advance was made into the heart of the city. Colonel Campbell fought his way through the main thoroughfare, up to the Jumma Musjid, — the great Mohammedan mosque, — but the overwhelming forces of the enemy in his front compelled him to fall back at this point. Nicholson, after storming the main breach, had wheeled his troops to the right, intending to clear the rampart road, which ran all round the city imme-

diately within the walls, until he reached the Lahore Gate, and effected a junction with the column under Colonel Reid: for as yet no intelligence of his failure had been received. The enemy were unprepared for this manœuvre, and the rampart road for some distance was undefended. At length, at the Cabul Gate, in a sudden turning, our troops came upon some guns drawn up behind a musket-proof breastwork. The houses on both sides were strongly held. The grape-shot and musketry swept through the advancing column. Taken by surprise, confused, crowded, and unable to return the fire with any effect, the men began to fall back rather hurriedly. At this moment Nicholson sprang forward, and, waving his sword in the air, called on his men to follow. A shot from an adjoining house pierced his chest, and he fell mortally wounded.

That night we held the city from the Cabul Gate to the College Gardens, and the great news was carried by the telegraph to all the stations in the Punjab, removing a heavy burden of suspense and anxiety from every heart. But together with that news came the mournful intelligence that Nicholson was not expected to live. Brilliant as was the part he had played in the great drama which had been acting during the past few months on Indian soil, there were none but felt that these acts of his were but "earnest of the things that he would do." The stern, dauntless courage of the man, his skill, resolution, and marvellous promptitude, had turned all eyes upon him as a tower of strength. Every one knew, that, on his arrival in camp, Delhi *would* be taken by some means or other; every one knew that he would assume the post of danger; and there was a widespread presentiment that he would perish in the accomplishment of his mission, — a presentiment but too true. Day after day the telegraph flashed up the report of his condition. For nine days he lingered, and then died, on the 23d of September, at the early age of thirty-five. Early in that year Lord Canning had inquired of Sir Herbert Edwardes his opinion of Colonel Nicholson's character as a public servant. After eulogizing his many noble qualities, Sir Herbert concluded with these words, destined to be prophetic: "If ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it." The deed had been done, the hero had fallen, but,

as Sir John Lawrence truly said, "he had left behind him a name which could never be forgotten in the Punjab."

No advance was made on the 15th. In fact, no advance was possible. The rebels had been associated with English soldiers for too long a time not to have discovered their special weakness. Wherever the troops turned, their eyes lighted upon innumerable bottles of beer, brandy, and wine. These the sagacious Sepoy had taken from the merchants' stores in the city, and scattered about in the most liberal and tempting profusion. Maddened with heat and thirst, and even in their calmest moments not indisposed to strong liquors, the English troops may be said to have thrown themselves *en masse* upon this attractive foe, and were very soon rendered as unable to fight, at least for a time, as the bullets of the rebels could have made them. There is little doubt, that, could the enemy have got up their courage sufficiently, and attacked us in force on the 15th, we should have been unable to hold the positions we had so hardly won. So complete, indeed, was the demoralization of the force, that the question of evacuating the city was seriously entertained, and only the energetic remonstrances of the wounded Nicholson preserved the army from this ruinous and disgraceful step. By the 16th the danger had passed. The enemy had been too severely punished on the day of the assault to venture an attack, fatigue parties had been told off to destroy the liquor, and order and discipline had been in a great measure restored. The resistance was no longer of the stern and relentless character which marked the first day's fighting. The streets, too, had been sufficiently cleared to admit of the passage of artillery, and every fortified building was in consequence subjected to a bombardment which rapidly emptied it of defenders. All through the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, steady progress was made, General Wilson being careful not to risk his men's lives unnecessarily, and rightly preferring a somewhat slow advance, which preserved his gallant little army from further losses. At length, on a Sunday morning, the 20th of September, the English flag once more floated over the king's palace, and "treason lay stabbed in her best guarded lair."

Thus ended the memorable siege of Delhi. The garrison

had never been less than 20,000 men; latterly it had risen far above 30,000. The besieging force had never exceeded 10,000 men; in August it numbered but 3,050, and of these 2,007 were on daily duty. During the whole siege, 3,837 men had fallen, exclusive of those who succumbed to sickness; and on the 14th of September alone almost one third of the assaulting force swelled the list of killed and wounded. These numbers speak more eloquently than any language we could use. Neither is there needed any comment of ours. The soldiers of America, — be they of the North or South, — who have given to the world such signal examples of courage and endurance, will need no help to estimate aright the constancy and fortitude of the little army that held the ridge before Delhi.

R. D. Osborn.

Art. IX. — *The Spanish Gypsy. A Poem.* By George Eliot. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868.

I know not whether George Eliot has any enemies, nor why she should have any; but if perchance she has, I can imagine them to have hailed the announcement of a poem from her pen as a piece of particularly good news. "Now, finally," I fancy them saying, "this sadly overrated author will exhibit all the weakness that is in her; now she will prove herself what we have all along affirmed her to be, — not a serene, self-directing genius of the first order, knowing her powers and respecting them, and content to leave well enough alone, but a mere showy rhetorician, possessed and prompted, not by the humble spirit of truth, but by an insatiable longing for applause." Suppose Mr. Tennyson were to come out with a novel, or Madame George Sand were to produce a tragedy in French alexandrines. The reader will agree with me, that these are hard suppositions; yet the world has seen stranger things, and been reconciled to them. Nevertheless, with the best possible will toward our illustrious novelist, it is easy to put ourselves in the shoes of these hypothetical detractors. No one, assuredly, but George

Eliot could mar George Eliot's reputation; but there was room for the fear that she might do it. This reputation was essentially prose-built, and in the attempt to insert a figment of verse of the magnitude of "The Spanish Gypsy," it was quite possible that she might injure its fair proportions.

In consulting her past works, for approval of their hopes and their fears, I think both her friends and her foes would have found sufficient ground for their arguments. Of all our English prose-writers of the present day, I think I may say, that, as a writer simply, a mistress of style, I have been very near preferring the author of "Silas Marner" and of "Romola," — the author, too, of "Felix Holt." The motive of my great regard for her style I take to have been that I fancied it such perfect solid prose. Brilliant and lax as it was in tissue, it seemed to contain very few of the silken threads of poetry; it lay on the ground like a carpet, instead of floating in the air like a banner. If my impression was correct, "The Spanish Gypsy" is not a genuine poem. And yet, looking over the author's novels in memory, looking them over in the light of her unexpected assumption of the poetical function, I find it hard at times not to mistrust my impression. I like George Eliot well enough, in fact, to admit, for the time, that I might have been in the wrong. If I had liked her less, if I had rated lower the quality of her prose, I should have estimated coldly the possibilities of her verse. Of course, therefore, if, as I am told many persons do in England, who consider carpenters and weavers and millers' daughters no legitimate subject for reputable fiction, I had denied her novels any qualities at all, I should have made haste, on reading the announcement of her poem, to speak of her as the world speaks of a lady, who, having reached a comfortable middle age, with her shoulders decently covered, "for reasons deep below the reach of thought," (to quote our author,) begins to go out to dinner in a low-necked dress "of the period," and say in fine, in three words, that she was going to make a fool of herself.

But here, meanwhile, is the book before me, to arrest all this *a priori* argumentation. Time enough has elapsed since its appearance for most readers to have uttered their opinions, and for the general verdict of criticism to have been formed.

In looking over several of the published reviews, I am struck with the fact that those immediately issued are full of the warmest delight and approval, and that, as the work ceases to be a novelty, objections, exceptions, and protests multiply. This is quite logical. Not only does it take a much longer time than the reviewer on a weekly journal has at his command to properly appreciate a work of the importance of "The Spanish Gypsy," but the poem was actually much more of a poem than was to be expected. The foremost feeling of many readers must have been — it was certainly my own — that we had hitherto only half known George Eliot. Adding this dazzling new half to the old one, readers constructed for the moment a really splendid literary figure. But gradually the old half began to absorb the new, and to assimilate its virtues and failings, and critics finally remembered that the cleverest writer in the world is after all nothing and no one but himself.

The most striking quality in "The Spanish Gypsy," on a first reading, I think, is its extraordinary rhetorical energy and elegance. The richness of the author's style in her novels gives but an inadequate idea of the splendid generosity of diction displayed in the poem. She is so much of a thinker and an observer that she draws very heavily on her powers of expression, and one may certainly say that they not only never fail her, but that verbal utterance almost always bestows upon her ideas a peculiar beauty and fulness, apart from their significance. The result produced in this manner, the reader will see, may come very near being poetry; it is assuredly eloquence. The faults in the present work are very seldom faults of weakness, except in so far as it is weak to lack an absolute mastery of one's powers; they arise rather from an excess of rhetorical energy, from a desire to attain to perfect fulness and roundness of utterance; they are faults of overstatement. It is by no means uncommon to find a really fine passage injured by the addition of a clause which dilutes the idea under pretence of completing it. The poem opens, for instance, with a description of

> "Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
> (A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines)
> On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
> And on the untravelled Ocean, *whose vast tides*
> *Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.*"

The second half of the fourth line and the fifth, here, seem to me as poor as the others are good. So in the midst of the admirable description of Don Silva, which precedes the first scene in the castle: —

> "A spirit framed
> Too proudly special for obedience,
> Too subtly pondering for mastery:
> Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,
> Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity,
> *Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness*
> *And perilous heightening of the sentient soul.*"

The transition to the lines in Italic is like the passage from a well-ventilated room into a vacuum. On reflection, we see "long resonant consciousness" to be a very good term; but, as it stands, it certainly lacks breathing-space. On the other hand, there are more than enough passages of the character of the following to support what I have said of the genuine splendor of the style: —

> "I was right!
> These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
> Say what words fail of. So do many things, —
> The scent of jasmine and the fountain's plash,
> The moving shadows on the far-off hills,
> The slanting moonlight and our clasping hands.
> O Silva, there 's an ocean round our words,
> That overflows and drowns them. Do you know,
> Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
> Breathes gently on us from the orange-trees,
> It seems that with the whisper of a word
> Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart?
> Is it not true?
>
> DON SILVA.
>
> Yes, dearest, it is true.
> Speech is but broken light upon the depth
> Of the unspoken: even your loved words
> Float in the larger meaning of your voice
> As something dimmer."

I may say in general, that the author's admirers must have found in "The Spanish Gypsy" a presentment of her various special gifts stronger and fuller, on the whole, than any to be found in her novels. Those who valued her chiefly for her humor — the gentle humor which provokes a smile, but deprecates a laugh — will recognize that delightful gift in Blasco, and

Lorenzo, and Roldan, and Juan, — slighter in quantity than in her prose-writings, but quite equal, I think, in quality. Those who prize most her descriptive powers will see them wondrously well embodied in these pages. As for those who have felt compelled to declare that she possesses the Shakespearian touch, they must consent, with what grace they may, to be disappointed. I have never thought our author a great dramatist, nor even a particularly dramatic writer. A real dramatist, I imagine, could never have reconciled himself to the odd mixture of the narrative and dramatic forms by which the present work is distinguished; and that George Eliot's genius should have needed to work under these conditions seems to me strong evidence of the partial and incomplete character of her dramatic instincts. An English critic lately described her, with much correctness, as a critic rather than a creator of characters. She puts her figures into action very successfully, but on the whole she thinks for them more than they think for themselves. She thinks, however, to wonderfully good purpose. In none of her works are there two more distinctly human representations than the characters of Silva and Juan. The latter, indeed, if I am not mistaken, ranks with Tito Mẹlema and Hetty Sorrel, as one of her very best conceptions.

What is commonly called George Eliot's humor consists largely, I think, in a certain tendency to epigram and compactness of utterance, — not the short-clipped, biting, ironical epigram, but a form of statement in which a liberal dose of truth is embraced in terms none the less comprehensive for being very firm and vivid. Juan says of Zarca that

> "He is one of those
> Who steal the keys from snoring Destiny,
> And make the prophets lie."

Zarca himself, speaking of "the steadfast mind, the undivided will to seek the good," says most admirably, —

> "'T is that compels the elements, *and wrings*
> *A human music from the indifferent air.*"

When the Prior pronounces Fedalma's blood "unchristian as the leopard's," Don Silva retorts with, —

> "Unchristian as the Blessed Virgin's blood,
> Before the angel spoke the word, 'All hail!'"

Zarca qualifies his daughter's wish to maintain her faith to her lover, at the same time that she embraces her father's fortunes, as

> "A woman's dream, — who thinks by smiling well
> To ripen figs in frost."

This happy brevity of expression is frequently revealed in those rich descriptive passages and touches in which the work abounds. Some of the lines taken singly are excellent: —

> "And bells make Catholic the trembling air";

and,

> "Sad as the twilight, all his clothes ill-girt";

and again,

> "Mournful professor of high drollery."

Here is a very good line and a half: —

> "The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
> Of shadow-broken gray."

Here, finally, are three admirable pictures: —

> "The stars thin-scattered made the heavens large,
> Bending in slow procession; in the east,
> Emergent from the dark waves of the hills,
> Seeming a little sister of the moon,
> Glowed Venus all unquenched."

> "Spring afternoons, when delicate shadows fall
> Pencilled upon the grass; high summer morns,
> When white light rains upon the quiet sea,
> And cornfields flush for ripeness."

> "Scent the fresh breath of the height-loving herbs,
> That, trodden by the pretty parted hoofs
> Of nimble goats, sigh at the innocent bruise,
> And with a mingled difference exquisite
> Pour a sweet burden on the buoyant air."

But now to reach the real substance of the poem, and to allow the reader to appreciate the author's treatment of human character and passion, I must speak briefly of the story. I shall hardly misrepresent it, when I say that it is a very old one, and that it illustrates that very common occurrence in human affairs, — the conflict of love and duty. Such, at least, is the general impression made by the poem as it stands. It is very possible that the author's primary intention may have had a breadth which has been curtailed in the execution of the work, — that it was her wish to present a struggle between na-

ture and culture, between education and the instinct of race. You can detect in such a theme the stuff of a very good drama, — a somewhat stouter stuff, however, than "The Spanish Gypsy" is made of. George Eliot, true to that didactic tendency for which she has hitherto been remarkable, has preferred to make her heroine's predicament a problem in morals, and has thereby, I think, given herself hard work to reach a satisfactory solution. She has, indeed, committed herself to a signal error, in a psychological sense, — that of making a Gypsy girl with a conscience. Either Fedalma was a perfect Zincala in temper and instinct, — in which case her adhesion to her father and her race was a blind, passionate, sensuous movement, which is almost expressly contradicted, — or else she was a pure and intelligent Catholic, in which case nothing in the nature of a struggle can be predicated. The character of Fedalma, I may say, comes very near being a failure, — a very beautiful one; but in point of fact it misses it.

It misses it, I think, thanks to that circumstance which in reading and criticising "The Spanish Gypsy" we must not cease to bear in mind, the fact that the work is emphatically a *romance*. We may contest its being a poem, but we must admit that it is a romance in the fullest sense of the word. Whether the term may be absolutely defined I know not; but we may say of it, comparing it with the novel, that it carries much farther that compromise with reality which is the basis of all imaginative writing. In the romance this principle of compromise pervades the superstructure as well as the basis. The most that we exact is that the fable be consistent with itself. Fedalma is not a real Gypsy maiden. The conviction is strong in the reader's mind that a genuine Spanish Zincala would have somehow contrived both to follow her tribe and to keep her lover. If Fedalma is not real, Zarca is even less so. He is interesting, imposing, picturesque; but he is very far, I take it, from being a genuine *Gypsy* chieftain. They are both ideal figures, — the offspring of a strong mental desire for creatures well rounded in their elevation and heroism, — creatures who should illustrate the nobleness of human nature divorced from its smallness. Don Silva has decidedly more of the common stuff of human feeling, more charming natural

passion and weakness. But he, too, is largely a vision of the intellect; his constitution is adapted to the atmosphere and the climate of romance. Juan, indeed, has one foot well planted on the lower earth; but Juan is only an accessory figure. I have said enough to lead the reader to perceive that the poem should not be regarded as a rigid transcript of actual or possible fact, — that the action goes on in an artificial world, and that properly to comprehend it he must regard it with a generous mind.

Viewed in this manner, as efficient figures in an essentially ideal and romantic drama, Fedalma and Zarca seem to gain vastly, and to shine with a brilliant radiance. If we reduce Fedalma to the level of the heroines of our modern novels, in which the interest aroused by a young girl is in proportion to the similarity of her circumstances to those of the reader, and in which none but the commonest feelings are required, provided they be expressed with energy, we shall be tempted to call her a solemn and cold-blooded jilt. In a novel it would have been next to impossible for the author to make the heroine renounce her lover. In novels we not only forgive that weakness which is common and familiar and human, but we actually demand it. But in poetry, although we are compelled to adhere to the few elementary passions of our nature, we do our best to dress them in a new and exquisite garb. Men and women in a poetical drama are nothing, if not distinguished.

> "Our dear young love, — its breath was happiness!
> But it had grown upon a larger life,
> Which tore its roots asunder."

These words are uttered by Fedalma at the close of the poem, and in them she emphatically claims the distinction of having her own private interests invaded by those of a people. The manner of her kinship with the Zincali is in fact a very much "larger life" than her marriage with Don Silva. We may, indeed, challenge the probability of her relationship to her tribe impressing her mind with a force equal to that of her love, — her "dear young love." We may declare that this is an unnatural and violent result. For my part, I think it is very far from violent; I think the author has employed her art in re-

ducing the apparently arbitrary quality of her preference for her tribe. I say reducing; I do not say effacing; because it seems to me, as I have intimated, that just at this point her art has been wanting, and we are not sufficiently prepared for Fedalma's movement by a sense of her Gypsy temper and instincts. Still, we are in some degree prepared for it by various passages in the opening scenes of the book, — by all the magnificent description of her dance in the Plaza :—

> "All gathering influences culminate
> And urge Fedalma. Earth and heaven seem one,
> Life a glad trembling on the outer edge
> Of unknown rapture. Swifter now she moves,
> Filling the measure with a double beat
> And widening circle; now she seems to glow
> With more declaréd presence, glorified.
> Circling, she lightly bends, and lifts on high
> The multitudinous-sounding tambourine,
> And makes it ring and boom, then lifts it higher,
> Stretching her left arm beauteous."

We are better prepared for it, however, than by anything else, by the whole impression we receive of the exquisite refinement and elevation of the young girl's mind, — by all that makes her so bad a Gypsy. She possesses evidently a very high-strung intellect, and her whole conduct is in a higher key, as I may say, than that of ordinary women, or even ordinary heroines. She is natural, I think, in a poetical sense. She is consistent with her own prodigiously superfine character. From a lower point of view than that of the author, she lacks several of the desirable feminine qualities, — a certain womanly warmth and petulance, a graceful irrationality. Her mind is very much too lucid, and her aspirations too lofty. Her conscience, especially, is decidedly over-active. But this is a distinction which she shares with all the author's heroines, — Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, Romola, and Esther Lyon, — a distinction, moreover, for which I should be very sorry to hold George Eliot to account. There are most assuredly women and women. While Messrs. Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, and Miss Braddon and her school, tell one half the story, it is no more than fair that the author of "The Spanish Gypsy" should, all unassisted, attempt to relate the other.

Whenever a story really interests one, he is very fond of paying it the compliment of imagining it otherwise constructed, and of capping it with a different termination. In the present case, one is irresistibly tempted to fancy "The Spanish Gypsy" in prose, — a compact, regular drama: not in George Eliot's prose, however: in a diction much more nervous and heated and rapid, written with short speeches as well as long. (The reader will have observed the want of brevity, retort, interruption, rapid alternation, in the dialogue of the poem. The characters all talk, as it were, standing still.) In such a play as the one indicated one imagines a truly dramatic Fedalma, — a passionate, sensuous, irrational Bohemian, as elegant as good breeding and native good taste could make her, and as pure as her actual sister in the poem, — but rushing into her father's arms with a cry of joy, and losing the sense of her lover's sorrow in what the author has elsewhere described as "the hurrying ardor of action." Or in the way of a different termination, suppose that Fedalma should for the time value at once her own love and her lover's enough to make her prefer the latter's destiny to that represented by her father. Imagine, then, that, after marriage, the Gypsy blood and nature should begin to flow and throb in quicker pulsations, — and that the poor girl should sadly contrast the sunny freedom and lawless joy of her people's lot with the splendid rigidity and formalism of her own. You may conceive at this point that she should pass from sadness to despair, and from despair to revolt. Here the catastrophe may occur in a dozen different ways. Fedalma may die before her husband's eyes, of unsatisfied longing for the fate she has rejected; or she may make an attempt actually to recover her fate, by wandering off and seeking out her people. The cultivated mind, however, it seems to me, imperiously demands, that, on finally overtaking them, she shall die of mingled weariness and shame, as neither a good Gypsy nor a good Christian, but simply a good figure for a tragedy. But there is a degree of levity which almost amounts to irreverence in fancying this admirable performance as anything other than it is.

After Fedalma comes Zarca, and here our imagination flags. Not so George Eliot's: for as simple imagination, I

think that in the conception of this impressive and unreal figure it appears decidedly at its strongest. With Zarca, we stand at the very heart of the realm of romance. There is a truly grand simplicity, to my mind, in the outline of his character, and a remarkable air of majesty in his poise and attitude. He is a *père noble* in perfection. His speeches have an exquisite eloquence. In strictness, he is to the last degree unreal, illogical, and rhetorical; but a certain dramatic unity is diffused through his character by the depth and energy of the colors in which he is painted. With a little less simplicity, his figure would be decidedly modern. As it stands, it is neither modern nor mediæval; it belongs to the world of intellectual dreams and visions. The reader will admit that it is a vision of no small beauty, the conception of a stalwart chieftain who distils the cold exaltation of his purpose from the utter loneliness and obloquy of his race: —

> "Wanderers whom no God took knowledge of,
> To give them laws, to fight for them, or blight
> Another race to make them ampler room;
> A people with no home even in memory,
> No dimmest lore of giant ancestors
> To make a common hearth for piety";

a people all ignorant of

> "The rich heritage, the milder life,
> Of nations fathered by a mighty Past."

Like Don Silva, like Juan, like Sephardo, Zarca is decidedly a man of intellect.

Better than Fedalma or than Zarca is the remarkably beautiful and elaborate portrait of Don Silva, in whom the author has wished to present a young nobleman as splendid in person and in soul as the dawning splendor of his native country. In the composition of his figure, the real and the romantic, brilliancy and pathos, are equally commingled. He cannot be said to stand out in vivid relief. As a piece of painting, there is nothing commanding, aggressive, brutal, as I may say, in his lineaments. But they will bear close scrutiny. Place yourself within the circumscription of the work, breathe its atmosphere, and you will see that Don Silva is portrayed with a delicacy to which English story-tellers, whether in prose or

verse, have not accustomed us. There are better portraits in Browning, but there are also worse; in Tennyson there are none as good; and in the other great poets of the present century there are no attempts, that I can remember, to which we may compare it. In spite of the poem being called in honor of his mistress, Don Silva is in fact the central figure in the work. Much more than Fedalma, he is the passive object of the converging blows of Fate. The young girl, after all, did what was easiest; but he is entangled in a network of agony, without choice or compliance of his own. It is an admirable subject admirably treated. I may describe it by saying that it exhibits a perfect aristocratic nature, (born and bred at a time when democratic aspirations were quite irrelevant to happiness,) dragged down by no fault of its own into the vulgar mire of error and expiation. The interest which attaches to Don Silva's character revolves about its exquisite human weakness, its manly scepticism, its antipathy to the trenchant, the absolute, and arbitrary. At the opening of the book, the author rehearses his various titles: —

> "Such titles with their blazonry are his
> Who keeps this fortress, sworn Alcayde,
> Lord of the valley, master of the town,
> Commanding whom he will, himself commanded
> By Christ his Lord, who sees him from the cross,
> And from bright heaven where the Mother pleads;
> By good Saint James, upon the milk-white steed,
> Who leaves his bliss to fight for chosen Spain;
> By the dead gaze of all his ancestors;
> And by the mystery of his Spanish blood,
> Charged with the awe and glories of the past."

Throughout the poem, we are conscious, during the evolution of his character, of the presence of these high mystical influences, which, combined with his personal pride, his knightly temper, his delicate culture, form a splendid background for passionate dramatic action. The finest pages in the book, to my taste, are those which describe his lonely vigil in the Gypsy camp, after he has failed in winning back Fedalma, and has pledged his faith to Zarca. Placed under guard, and left to his own stern thoughts, his soul begins to react against the hideous disorder to which he has committed it, to proclaim its

kinship with "customs and bonds and laws," and its sacred need of the light of human esteem: —

> "Now awful Night,
> Ancestral mystery of mysteries, came down
> Past all the generations of the stars,
> And visited his soul with touch more close
> Than when he kept that closer, briefer watch,
> Under the church's roof, beside his arms,
> And won his knighthood."

To be appreciated at their worth, these pages should be attentively read. Nowhere has the author's marvellous power of expression, the mingled dignity and pliancy of her style, obtained a greater triumph. She has reproduced the expression of a mind with the same vigorous distinctness as that with which a great painter represents the expression of a countenance.

The character which accords best with my own taste is that of the minstrel Juan, an extremely generous conception. He fills no great part in the drama; he is by nature the reverse of a man of action; and, strictly, the story could very well dispense with him. Yet, for all that, I should be sorry to lose him, and lose thereby the various excellent things which are said of him and by him. I do not include his songs among the latter. Only two of the lyrics in the work strike me as good: the song of Pablo, "The world is great: the birds all fly from me"; and, in a lower degree, the chant of the Zincali, in the fourth book. But I do include the words by which he is introduced to the reader: —

> "Juan was a troubadour revived,
> Freshening life's dusty road with babbling rills
> Of wit and song, living 'mid harnessed men
> With limbs ungalled by armor, ready so
> To soothe them weary and to cheer them sad.
> Guest at the board, companion in the camp,
> A crystal mirror to the life around:
> Flashing the comment keen of simple fact
> Defined in words; lending brief lyric voice
> To grief and sadness; hardly taking note
> Of difference betwixt his own and others';
> But rather singing as a listener
> To the deep moans, the cries, the wildstrong joys
> Of universal Nature, old, yet young."

When Juan talks at his ease, he strikes the note of poetry much more surely than when he lifts his voice in song: —

> "Yet if your graciousness will not disdain
> A poor plucked songster, shall he sing to you?
> *Some lay of afternoons, — some ballad strain*
> *Of those who ached once, but are sleeping now*
> *Under the sun-warmed flowers?*"

Juan's link of connection with the story is, in the first place, that he is in love with Fedalma, and, in the second, as a piece of local color. His attitude with regard to Fedalma is indicated with beautiful delicacy: —

> "O lady, constancy has kind and rank.
> One man's is lordly, plump, and bravely clad,
> Holds its head high, and tells the world its name:
> Another man's is beggared, must go bare,
> And shiver through the world, the jest of all,
> But that it puts the motley on, and plays
> Itself the jester."

Nor are his merits lost upon her, as she declares, with no small force, —

> "No! on the close-thronged spaces of the earth
> A battle rages; Fate has carried me
> 'Mid the thick arrows: I will keep my stand, —
> Nor shrink, and let the shaft pass by my breast
> To pierce another. O, 't is written large,
> The thing I have to do. But you, dear Juan,
> Renounce, endure, are brave, unurged by aught
> Save the sweet overflow of your good-will."

In every human imbroglio, be it of a comic or a tragic nature, it is good to think of an observer standing aloof, the critic, the idle commentator of it all, taking notes, as we may say, in the interest of truth. The exercise of this function is the chief ground of our interest in Juan. Yet as a man of action, too, he once appeals most irresistibly to our sympathies: I mean in the admirable scene with Hinda, in which he wins back his stolen finery by his lute-playing. This scene, which is written in prose, has a simple realistic power which renders it a truly remarkable composition.

Of the different parts of "The Spanish Gypsy" I have spoken with such fulness as my space allows: it remains to

add a few remarks upon the work as a whole. Its great fault is simply that it is not a genuine poem. It lacks the hurrying quickness, the palpitating warmth, the bursting melody of such a creation. A genuine poem is a tree that breaks into blossom and shakes in the wind. George Eliot's elaborate composition is like a vast mural design in mosaic-work, where great slabs and delicate morsels of stone are laid together with wonderful art, where there are plenty of noble lines and generous hues, but where everything is rigid, measured, and cold, — nothing dazzling, magical, and vocal. The poem contains a number of faulty lines, — lines of twelve, of eleven, and of eight syllables, — of which it is easy to suppose that a more sacredly commissioned versifier would not have been guilty. Occasionally, in the search for poetic effect, the author decidedly misses her way : —

> " All her being paused
> In resolution, *as some leonine wave*," etc.

A " leonine " wave is rather too much of a lion and too little of a wave. The work possesses imagination, I think, in no small measure. The description of Silva's feelings during his sojourn in the Gypsy camp is strongly pervaded by it ; or if perchance the author achieved these passages without rising on the wings of fancy, her glory is all the greater. But the poem is wanting in passion. The reader is annoyed by a perpetual sense of effort and of intellectual tension. It is a characteristic of George Eliot, I imagine, to allow her impressions to linger a long time in her mind, so that by the time they are ready for use they have lost much of their original freshness and vigor. They have acquired, of course, a number of artificial charms, but they have parted with their primal natural simplicity. In this poem we see the landscape, the people, the manners of Spain as through a glass smoked by the flame of meditative vigils, just as we saw the outward aspect of Florence in " Romola." The brightness of coloring is there, the artful *chiaroscuro*, and all the consecrated properties of the scene ; but they gleam in an artificial light. The background of the action is admirable in spots, but is cold and mechanical as a whole. The immense rhetorical ingenuity and elegance of the work, which constitute its main distinction, interfere

with the faithful, uncompromising reflection of the primary elements of the subject.

The great merit of the characters is that they are marvellously well *understood*, — far better understood than in the ordinary picturesque romance of action, adventure, and mystery. And yet they are not understood to the bottom; they retain an indefinably factitious air, which is not sufficiently justified by their position as ideal figures. The reader who has attentively read the closing scene of the poem will know what I mean. The scene shows remarkable talent; it is eloquent, it is beautiful; but it is arbitrary and fanciful, more than unreal, — untrue. The reader silently chafes and protests, and finally breaks forth and cries, "O for a blast from the outer world!" Silva and Fedalma have developed themselves so daintily and elaborately within the close-sealed precincts of the author's mind, that they strike us at last as acting not as simple human creatures, but as downright *amateurs* of the morally graceful and picturesque. To say that this is the ultimate impression of the poem is to say that it is not a great work. It is in fact not a great drama. It is, in the first place, an admirable study of character, — an essay, as they say, toward the solution of a given problem in conduct. In the second, it is a noble literary performance. It can be read neither without interest in the former respect, nor without profit for its signal merits of style, — and this in spite of the fact that the versification is, as the French say, as little *réussi* as was to be expected in a writer beginning at a bound with a kind of verse which is very much more difficult than even the best prose, — the author's own prose. I shall indicate most of its merits and defects, great and small, if I say it is a romance, — a romance written by one who is emphatically a thinker.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Myths of the New World: A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D. New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1868. 8vo. pp. 307.

Though we are not of the number of those who think that Americans — a people wholly of European ancestry and European civilization — are under a subtile sort of obligation to study the antiquities and primitive history of the continent they inhabit, rather than of the continent from which all their culture is originally derived, we are nevertheless glad to see American archæology treated by an American scholar in a scholarlike way. We know of no reason, except the slight esteem in which all subjects not fraught with so-called "practical" implications have been habitually held by our people, why these studies should be left, as for the most part they have been left, to the curiosity and industry of scholarly Frenchmen and Germans. The talk which is currently made about "American literature," "American traditions," "indigenous science," is indeed much of it affectation, much of it folly. Though our future may be as closely wrapped up with that of Asiatic China, and virtually Asiatic Russia, as Mr. Banks in his amusing speech would have us believe, yet our past is in Europe, and the less we try to cut loose from it, the better. It is Athenian speculation, Roman imperialism, mediæval Catholicism, feudalism, chivalry, the Protestant Reformation, English constitutionalism, which have made us what we are; and we are no more indebted to the red Indians than the modern French are to the yellow Turanians, who once in all probability inhabited their vine-clad country. Nevertheless, geographical position must be allowed to influence our sympathies to some extent; and we are right in thinking that we have at least as much interest in knowing the pre-historic antiquities of our country as any German philologist can possibly have. Our situation, too, is all in our favor; we are as conveniently placed for studying the American Indians as we are inconveniently placed for studying ancient Iberians or mediæval Normans. Throughout large portions of our country, relics of the race which formerly dwelt in it are continually showing themselves. The ancient mound covered with wild vines, and the rude arrow-head turned up by the farmer's ploughshare, have their history. And though the annals of the race which we have supplanted — chaotic and meaningless, revealing no progress from century to century — would perhaps hardly repay the trouble of recovery, were it possible to recover them, yet

their customs and beliefs, their social organization, and the myths in which they perpetuated their crude interpretations of the phenomena of Nature, will be found extremely valuable as throwing light upon the primitive history of the human mind.

Dr. Brinton is probably the first American who has specially treated the subject of Indian mythology in a thorough and scholarly way. We say nothing of Mr. Parkman, whose admirable chapters on Indian manners and customs deal only incidentally with mythology. Mr. Schoolcraft's superficiality and extravagance are now, we believe, quite generally admitted. And Mr. Squier's learned book on the "Serpent Symbol" is justly objected to by our author, as written entirely in the interest of one school of mythology, and that a rather shallow, or at least a very incomplete one. Sun-worship, combined with the phallic adoration of the generative power in Nature, will by no means explain everything; and it is one of Dr. Brinton's most noticeable merits, that he refrains from striving to reduce all the phenomena of mythology within the compass of any single favorite formula.

But if Mr. Squier's treatise falls short of the mark, that of the Abbé de Bourbourg goes wholly astray. Of all the hypotheses which have been employed in the study of mythology, that of Euhemeros is certainly the most stupid and the most unprofitable. It cuts away all the supernatural, or, to speak more accurately, the extraordinary, features of the myth, wherein alone dwells its peculiar significance, and to the dull and useless residuum accords the dignity of primeval history. In this way we lose our myth without compensation. We ask for bread, and get stones. Considered merely as a pretty story, the legend of the golden fruit watched by the dragon in the garden of the Hesperides is not without its value. But what merit can there be in the statement that Herakles broke a close with force and arms, and carried off a crop of oranges which had been guarded by mastiffs? May we not legitimately feel indignant at the childish ingenuity which can be satisfied only by the degradation of the grand Doric hero to a level with any vulgar fruit-stealer?

It is perhaps unnecessary, however, to rail at a theory, of which, were it not for M. de Bourbourg, we might say that it has long since been utterly abandoned by all philologists and scholars. In the Euhemeristic hypothesis there has long been generally recognized that aspect of rawness which belongs to most of the doctrines originated or eagerly patronized in the eighteenth century. We now know far better than it was then known what constitutes genuine historic tradition, and we no longer regard the vast body of mythologic lore as a remnant of primitive history. Gradually it has become apparent to us

that the marvellous portion of these old stories is no illegitimate excrescence, but was rather the pith and centre of the whole in days when there was no supernatural, because it had not yet been discovered that there was such a thing as Nature. The myths of antiquity are its primitive philosophy; they are the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the world into which they were born. They embody the wit and wisdom which fetichism had to offer as the result of its meditations upon life and the universe.

It is in this philosophical spirit that Dr. Brinton has studied the myths of the New World. He begins, as Mackay does in his great work on Greek and Semitic mythology, by inquiring into the idea of God. "The idea of God," says our author, "is, according to the realists, the sum of those intelligent activities which the individual, reasoning from the analogy of his own actions, imagines to be behind and to bring about natural phenomena." Nothing could be more admirable than this definition, which supplies the key to the whole philosophy of fetichism. The first men had no theology; they possessed no symbolic conception of God as an infinite unity; they were astray amid an endless multitude of unexplained and apparently unconnected phenomena, and could therefore form no generalized or abstract notions of divinity. But, as our author forcibly puts it, they were "oppressed with a *sensus numinis*, a feeling that invisible, powerful agencies were at work around them, who, as they willed, could help or hurt them." They naturally took it for granted that all kinds of activity must resemble the one kind with which they were directly acquainted, — their own volition. Seeing activity, life, and motion everywhere, it was impossible to avoid the inference that intelligent volition must also be everywhere. So ingrained is this disposition to interpret Nature from data furnished by our own consciousness, that, even after centuries of philosophizing, we can hardly refrain from imagining an effort, or *nisus*, as constituting the necessary link between cause and effect. Yet in our minds, so far as doctrines are concerned, fetichism has been very nearly destroyed by the long contemplation of the unvarying uniformity of Nature. In the mind of the savage and of primitive man there were, of course, no such checks. The crude inference had its own way unopposed; and every action had its volition behind it. There was a volition for sunrise, and another for sunset; and for the flood and storm there was a mighty conflict of volitions, a genuine battle of *manitous* or superior entities, whenever the great, black, shaggy ram, lifting audaciously his moist fleece against the sky, was slain and annihilated by the golden, poison-tipped, unerring shafts of Bellerophon.

Here, then, as the Veda shows us, is the correct interpretation of ancient mythology. Here is the frame of mind which led to the construction of innumerable myths, and to the existence of which during many ages the very language in which the myths were conceived and recorded bears witness. Not that mythology is the result of a "disease of language," as Max Müller rather absurdly puts it. Mythology has governed speech far more than it has been governed by it. The dawn, the thunder-clouds, the earthquake, were called by proper names because they were believed to have a kind of vast personality; and in this there was nothing abnormal. The sensuous, personifying tendency of primitive speech is not the cause, but the product, of the myth-making frame of mind, of the inevitable disposition to regard all outward phenomena as personal.

The record of the mythopœic epoch, in Greece and other countries inhabited by portions of the Aryan race, is wonderfully rich and various. We need not expect to find in the mythology of the New World the wealth of wit and imagination which has so long delighted us in the stories of Herakles, Perseus, Hermes, Sigurd, and Indra. The mythic lore of the American Indians is comparatively scanty and prosaic, as befits the product of a lower grade of culture and a more meagre intellect. Not only are the personages less characteristically portrayed, but there is a continual tendency to extravagance, the sure index of an inferior imagination.

Nevertheless, after making due allowance for differences in the artistic method of treatment, there is between the mythologies of the Old and the New World a fundamental resemblance. We come upon solar myths, myths of the storm, and myths of the dawn, curiously blended with culture-myths, as in the cases of Hermes, Prometheus, Œdipus, and Kadmos. The American parallels to these are to be found in the stories of Michabo, Viracocha, Ioskeha, and Quetzalcoatl. "As elsewhere the world over, so in America, many tribes had to tell of . . . . an august character, who taught them what they knew, the tillage of the soil, the properties of plants, the art of picture-writing, the secrets of magic; who founded their institutions and established their religions; who governed them long with glory abroad and peace at home; and finally did not die, but, like Frederic Barbarossa, Charlemagne, King Arthur, and all great heroes, vanished mysteriously, and still lives somewhere, ready at the right moment to return to his beloved people, and lead them to victory and happiness." (p. 160.) Every one is familiar with the numerous legends of white-skinned, full-bearded heroes, like the mild Quetzalcoatl, who in times long previous to Columbus came from the far East to impart the rudiments

of civilization and religion to the red men. By those who first heard these stories, they were supposed, with naïve Euhemerism, to refer to ante-Columbian visits of Europeans to this continent, like that of the Northmen in the tenth century. But a scientific study of the subject has dissipated such notions. These legends are far too numerous, they are too similar to each other, they are too manifestly symbolical, to admit of any such interpretation. By comparing them minutely with each other, and with kindred myths of the Old World, their true character soon becomes apparent.

One of the most widely famous of these culture-heroes was Manabozho, or Michabo, the Great Hare. With entire unanimity, says Dr. Brinton, the various branches of the Algonquin race, "the Powhatans of Virginia, the Lenni Lenape of the Delaware, the warlike hordes of New England, the Ottawas of the far North, and the Western tribes, perhaps without exception, spoke of 'this chimerical beast,' as one of the old missionaries calls it, as their common ancestor. The *totem*, or clan, which bore his name was looked up to with peculiar respect." Not only was Michabo the father and guardian of these numerous tribes, he was the founder of their religious rites, the inventor of picture-writing, the ruler of the weather, the creator and preserver of earth and heaven." "From a grain of sand brought from the bottom of the primeval ocean he fashioned the habitable land, and set it floating on the waters, till it grew to such a size, that a strong young wolf, running constantly, died of old age ere he reached its limits." He was also, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter. "One of his footsteps measured eight leagues, the Great Lakes were the beaver-dams he built, and when the cataracts impeded his progress he tore them away with his hands." (p. 163.) "Sometimes he was said to dwell in the skies with his brother, the snow, or, like many great spirits, to have built his wigwam in the far North on some floe of ice in the Arctic Ocean. . . . . But in the oldest accounts of the missionaries he was alleged to reside toward the East; and in the holy formulæ of the *meda* craft, when the winds are invoked to the medicine lodge, the East is summoned in his name, the door opens in that direction, and there, at the edge of the earth, where the sun rises, on the shore of the infinite ocean that surrounds the land, he has his house, and sends the luminaries forth on their daily journeys." To such a story as this Euhemerism can hardly be applied without dissolving it entirely. It is quite evident that Michabo was no more a wise instructor and legislator than Minos or Kadmos. But, like these heroes, he is a personification of the solar life-giving power, which daily comes forth from its home in the East, making the earth to rejoice. The etymology of his name confirms the otherwise clear

indications of the legend itself. It is compounded of *michi*, great, and *wabos*, which means alike *hare* and *white*. "Dialectic forms in Algonquin for white are *wabi*, *wape*, *wompi*, etc.; for morning, *wapan*, *wapaneh*, *opah;* for east, *wapa*, *waubun*, etc.; for dawn, *wapa*, *waubun;* for day, *wompan*, *oppan;* for light, *oppung;* and many others similar." (p. 165, note.) So that Michabo is the Great White One, the God of the Dawn and the East. And the etymological confusion, by virtue of which he acquired his sobriquet of the Great Hare, affords a curious parallel to what has often happened in Aryan and Semitic mythology. The reader of the classics will at once be reminded of Lykaon, the bright hero, changed into a wolf by Zeus; of the transformation of Kallisto, mother of Arkas, into a bear; of the poisoned weapons of Phœbus and Herakles; of the epithet Lykegenes; and of the constellations of the Great and Little Bear.

Keeping in mind this solar character of Michabo, let us note how full of meaning are the myths concerning him. In the first cycle of these legends, says our author, "he is grandson of the Moon, his father is the West Wind, and his mother, a maiden, dies in giving him birth at the moment of conception. For the Moon is the goddess of night; the Dawn is her daughter, who brings forth the morning and perishes herself in the act; and the West, the spirit of darkness, as the East is of light, precedes and as it were begets the latter, as the evening does the morning. Straightway, however, continues the legend, the son sought the unnatural father to revenge the death of his mother, and then commenced a long and desperate struggle. It began on the mountains. The West was forced to give ground. Manabozho drove him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, and at last he came to the brink of this world. 'Hold,' cried he, 'my son, you know my power, and that it is impossible to kill me.' What is this but the diurnal combat of light and darkness, carried on from what time 'the jocund morn stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops,' across the wide world to the sunset, the struggle that knows no end, for both the opponents are immortal?" (p. 167.)

We should think that even the Veda could nowhere afford a more transparent narrative than this. Nor is the solar character of Michabo less apparent in the beautiful myth which relates that "in the autumn, in the 'moon of the falling leaf,' ere he composes himself to his winter's sleep, he fills his great pipe and takes a godlike smoke. The balmy clouds float over the hills and woodlands, filling the air with the haze of the 'Indian summer.'" A charming legend, worthy to commemorate at once the loveliest season of the American year and the red man's chief legacy to his successors.

The Iroquois tradition is very similar. In it appear twin brothers

born of a virgin mother, daughter of the moon, who died in giving them life. Their names, Ioskeha and Tawiscara, signify, in the Oneida dialect, the White One and the Dark One. Under the influence of Christian ideas, the contest between the brothers has been made to assume a moral character, like the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman. But no such intention appears in the original myth; and Dr. Brinton has convincingly shown that none of the American tribes had any conception of a devil. When the quarrel came to blows, the dark brother was signally discomfited; and the victorious Ioskeha, returning to his grandmother, "established his lodge in the far East, on the borders of the Great Ocean, whence the sun comes. In time he became the father of mankind, and special guardian of the Iroquois." He caused the earth to bring forth, he stocked the woods with game, and taught his children the use of fire. "He it was who watched and watered their crops; and, indeed, without his aid, says the old missionary, quite out of patience with such puerilities, 'they think they could not boil a pot.'" (p. 171.) There was more in it than poor Brébeuf thought, as we are forcibly reminded by Tyndall, in the last chapter of his eloquent book on Heat. Even civilized men would find it difficult to boil a pot without the aid of solar power. Call him what we will, Ioskeha, Michabo, or Phœbus, the beneficent sun is the master and sustainer of us all; and if we were to relapse into heathenism, like Erckmann-Chatrian's innkeeper, we could not do better than to select him as our chief object of worship. "Is not, in fact, all life dependent on light? Do not all those marvellous and subtle forces known to the older chemists as the imponderable elements, without which not even the inorganic crystal is possible, proceed from the rays of light? Let us beware of that shallow science so ready to shout *Eureka*, and reverently acknowledge a mysterious intuition here displayed, which joins with the latest conquests of the human mind to repeat and emphasize that message which the Evangelist heard of the Spirit, and declared unto men, that 'God is Light.'" (p. 173.)

The same principles by which these simple cases are explained furnish also the key to the more complicated mythology of Mexico and Peru. Like the deities just discussed, Viracocha, the supreme god of the Quichuas, rises from the bosom of Lake Titicaca, and journeys westward, slaying with his lightnings the creatures who oppose him, until he finally disappears in the Western Ocean. Like Aphrodite, he bears in his name the evidence of his origin, *Viracocha* signifying "foam of the sea"; and hence "the White One," the dawn (*l'aube*), rising white on the horizon, like the foam on the surface of the waves. The Aymaras spoke of their original ancestors as white; and to this

day, our author informs us, the Peruvians call a white man *Viracocha*. The myth of Quetzalcoatl is of precisely the same character. All these solar heroes present in most of their qualities and achievements a striking likeness to those of the Old World. They combine the attributes of Apollo, Herakles, and Hermes. Like Herakles, they journey from east to west, smiting the powers of darkness, storm, and winter with the thunderbolts of Zeus or the unerring arrows of Apollo, and sinking often in a blaze of glory on the western verge of the world, where the waves meet the firmament. Or like Hermes, in a second cycle of legends, they rise with the soft breezes of a summer morning, driving before them the bright celestial cattle whose udders are heavy with refreshing rain, fanning the flames which devour the forests, blustering at the doors of wigwams, and escaping with weird laughter through keyholes and crevices. The white skins and flowing beards of these American heroes may be aptly compared to the fair faces and long golden locks of their Hellenic compeers. Yellow hair was in all probability as rare in Greece as a full beard in Peru or Mexico; but in each case the description suits the solar character of the hero. One important class of incidents, however, is apparently quite absent from the American legends. We frequently see the Dawn described as a virgin mother who dies in giving birth to the Day; but nowhere in Dr. Brinton's book do we remember seeing her pictured as a lovely or valiant maiden, ardently wooed, but speedily forsaken by her solar lover. Perhaps in no respect is the superior richness and beauty of the Aryan myths more manifest than in this. Brunhild, Urvasi, Medea, Ariadne, Œnone, and countless other kindred heroines, with their brilliant legends, could not be spared from the mythology of our ancestors without leaving it meagre indeed. These were the materials which Kalidasa, the Attic dramatists, and the bards of the Nibelungen found ready, awaiting their artistic treatment. But the mythology of the New World, with all its pretty and agreeable *naïveté*, affords hardly enough, either of variety in situation or of complexity in motive, for a grand epic or a genuine tragedy.

We have confined our observations to the subject of solar myths, on account both of the great interest attaching to it, and of the valuable support given by Dr. Brinton's book to the general theory of mythology now in the ascendant among European scholars. It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Brinton contents himself with bringing in "the Dawn" as the infallible clew to every intricate legend, or that he labors under the unconscious delusion, which seems to afflict some enthusiastic mythologists, that uncivilized man has nothing to think of save the alternations of day and night. The discussion of the dawn-

myths occupies but one of the eleven very interesting chapters in Dr. Brinton's book. He treats with considerable fulness the obscure myths of the deluge, as well as those of the creation, the epochs of Nature, and the final catastrophe of the universe. A chapter is devoted to the symbols of the bird and the serpent, another to myths of fire, water, and thunder, and much curious learning is brought to bear on the elucidation of sacred numbers and the symbol of the cross. Our author's opinion that the sacredness attached to the number *four* in nearly all systems of mythology is due to a primitive worship of the cardinal points becomes very probable, when we recollect that the similar preeminence of *seven* is almost demonstrably connected with the adoration of the sun, moon, and five planets, which has left its record in the structure and nomenclature of the Aryan and Semitic week. (Cf. Humboldt's *Kosmos*, III. 469 – 476.) A fetichistic regard for the cardinal points has not always been absent from the minds of persons instructed in a higher theology: as witness a well-known passage in Irenæus, and the theories of Bancroft and Whitgift, in accordance with which English churches were at one time built in a line east and west.

But further remarks upon Dr. Brinton's interesting book would take us beyond our proper limits. As regards the scholarship displayed in this treatise, we have no such minute knowledge of the subject as would enable us to criticise it in detail. But the philosophical spirit in which it is written is deserving of unstinted praise, and justifies the belief, that, in whatever Dr. Brinton may in future contribute to the literature of Comparative Mythology, he will continue to reflect credit upon himself and his country.

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2. — *Histoire du Droit dans les Pyrénées* (*Comté de Bigorre*). Par M. G. B. DE LAGRÈZE, Conseiller à la Cour Impériale de Pau. Paris: Imprimé par Ordre de l'Empereur à l'Imprimerie Impériale. 1867.

WHATEVER may be the political sins of Louis Napoleon, he at all events deserves the thanks of students for his enlightened encouragement of all learning that is not dangerous to Cæsarism. It is true that the classical attainments of Professor Rogeard, as displayed in the *Propos de Labiénus*, met with no very flattering reception at the hands of the imperial police, but these little eccentricities must be pardoned in the founders of dynasties; and when research into the past is not animated simply by the desire to excite discontent with the present, it finds in the Second Empire an intelligent patron, whose example more liberal communities would do well to imitate. Under the stim-

ulus thus afforded, France is gradually rendering accessible an amount of historical material which must eventually prove of the utmost value to all who seek to trace the development of European civilization.

One of the latest productions of the imperial press is the volume named above. M. de Lagrèze has already done good service in both juridical and historical literature; and his labors were well worthy the seal of approbation bestowed on them in the selection of this work for publication by the government. Fully impressed with the truth that the laws and customs of a race are the surest guides to a knowledge of its condition, revealing all that is best worth knowing in its history, he has with unflagging zeal sought to reconstruct for us the past of feudal noble and peasant in the secluded valleys of Bigorre. This is no easy task for a period and region where every village and almost every glen has its separate code of laws and charter of liberties; but his industry has been equal to the labor. From every available source, printed and manuscript, he has gathered his materials together, and by intelligent arrangement and commentary has succeeded in presenting us with a faithful delineation of society, as it existed among his native mountains, from the commencement of the feudal era until the general unification of France under the Bourbons, which prepared the nation for the cataclysm of 1789.

In many respects the subject which M. de Lagrèze has so successfully treated is a unique one. Without entangling ourselves in the interminable ethnological quarrels as to the origin of the Basques, it is not to be denied that they are a peculiar race, which has maintained its individuality under the domination of Celt and Roman, Wisigoth and Frank. This individuality continually displays itself throughout the institutions reconstructed by M. de Lagrèze; and his wide acquaintance with the legislation of other races enables him constantly to point out notable contrasts. We have not space for the discussion of the numerous questions, historical, legal, and social, which suggest themselves on almost every page, but we may group together a few particulars concerning a problem which possesses as much interest in the present as in the past.

One of the peculiarities which distinguished the customs of Bigorre would have delighted Gail Hamilton and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The equality of the sexes was almost complete. In those ages of class privileges, the only suffrage permitted to the people was that of the *vesiau*, or vicinage, which, under the charters granted by the seigneurs, was competent to assemble and deliberate upon the interests of the commune. In these assemblages the women were included, as well as the men; they participated in the deliberations and shared in the vote.

That they should have enjoyed these political rights is not, however, a matter of surprise, when we find, that, in an age of feudality and strict primogeniture, the eldest born, without distinction of sex, inherited the estate, whether noble or *roturier*. An elder sister thus excluded her brothers. She was the head of the family, and the other children were placed under her protection, were legally designated as her *esclaus*, or slaves, were unable to abandon the ancestral roof without her permission, and were compelled to labor for her, while she was bound to support them. If the heiress married, her husband assumed her name and came to live with her; while her brothers were to be married to heiresses of other families, where their identity and origin were similarly lost.

Perhaps our advocates for woman's equality may be disgusted to learn, that, while the weaker sex was thus intrusted with all the privileges which we have been taught to regard as exclusively masculine, the gallantry of the Bigorrais went farther and invested their women with special rights, which were a tribute rather to their weakness than their strength. Thus, when a man was slain in war, his widow was exempted from all legal process until either she should remarry or her sons attain the age for bearing arms. Still more romantically chivalrous was the provision which invested the person of woman with the sacredness of an asylum. In her presence, as at the altar of God, the fugitive criminal could not be seized; his personal safety was assured, and he was only to be held liable to the legal fine for his offence. "*Omni tempore pax teneatur dominabus, ... ita quod si quis ad dominam confugerit, restituto damno quod fecerit, persona salvetur.*" In an age which esteemed the right of private vengeance as one of the dearest of privileges, the sense of respect for women must have been profound indeed, when that vengeance could thus be stayed.

Yet, with all this, there occasionally rises to the surface a remnant of the wild aboriginal estimation of woman as the slave and plaything of man. It may have been a Basque tradition, or a reminiscence of Roman license, — it assuredly was not of Teutonic or Gothic origin, — that led to the institution of *massipia*, or recognized concubines, bound under notarial contracts to serve their paramours for a definite number of years, upon certain specified conditions. Thus, M. de Lagrèze gives the text of a formal agreement in writing, made in 1462, between Augé de Carassus, de Beaucens, on the one part, and Augé d'Abadie, de Visos in Barèges, on the other, by which the former delivers to the latter his daughter Gailhardine for four years, with a stipulation, that, if she should not bear children to him, he was to give her at the end of the term eight florins and a furnished bed, according to the customs of

Barèges; while, if children were born, they were to be provided for, according to the same customs. If, moreover, the wife of D'Abadie should die during the term of concubinage, — which God forbid, "*loque no placia a Diu*," as the contract piously exclaims, — then D'Abadie was bound to marry Gailhardine, and to institute her as his universal legatee. When women were thus bought and sold, and the marriage sacrament was thus lightly treated, it is questionable whether the political and legal privileges accorded to them made them much happier than they are to-day, though exposed to the crying injustice of taxation without representation. It is evident that the franchise did not cure all social evils.

Somewhat akin in its contempt for womanly modesty is a curious feudal tenure quoted by M. de Lagrèze from a charter of 1330. When the Seigneur de Sadirac married, his vassal, the Seigneur de Bordeu, was bound to meet the bride at the boundary of his lands, accompanied by all his tenants. There he was to dismount from his horse, to salute the lady, assist her to alight, kiss her, and strip her of all her clothes, to the chemise, keeping them as his perquisite. If he politely vouchsafed to lend her the garments until she reached her home, the ceremony of disrobing her might be postponed until then, but the spoils still belonged to him.

M. de Lagrèze's work covers the whole structure and organization of society, and arranges methodically a vast amount of information, gathered from all sources accessible to a zealous archæologist, concerning the institutions of the Middle Ages, military, political, judicial, and social. He has, however, a keen eye for the picturesque, and can find room, amid disquisitions on *ceysaux*, *questaux*, *francaux*, and *cagots*, for many a curious incident illustrative of customs and manners. We may conclude our imperfect sketch of his very interesting volume with one of these, which reveals some of the peculiarities of human nature in Bigorre.

About the year 1709, Charles Maumus, of Saint-Ours, an old soldier, was condemned to the galleys, for the indiscretion of extorting, with the aid of a loaded musket, a signature from his brother-in-law. The Marquis of Castelbajac took an interest in the criminal and had him released, cautioning him to abandon his habit of carrying fire-arms and of hunting. Maumus gratefully pledged himself to respect the wishes of his protector; but, as he was the keenest of sportsmen, he soon forgot his promises, and, in spite of warnings and remonstrances, his fowling-piece again became his inseparable companion. Somewhat irritated at this breach of faith, M. de Castelbajac finally summoned him to appear, and condemned him to a few days' imprisonment in the castle dungeon, — for the Marquis was a *haut-justicier*, enjoying the right of

pit and gallows, — *furca et fossa*. Maumus made no resistance, but meekly asked to be shown the way to his prison, and the noble condescended to play turnkey for his involuntary guest. No sooner had they reached the place of confinement than Maumus seized his host, thrust him within, double-locked the door, and quietly went home, leaving the keys on a table in the corridor. The unaccountable disappearance of Castelbajac soon alarmed his people, and they vainly searched for him in every direction. He might have perished of starvation in his own dungeon, had not a tailor's apprentice chanced to remark that he had seen him going with a stranger towards the prison; and this trace being followed up, he was at length released, after passing a most uncomfortable night. Strange to say, in place of being incensed at the scurvy trick thus played upon him, he took it in good part. The horrors of the dungeon so impressed him, that he resolved never to entomb a fellow-creature there again. He complimented Maumus on the strength and dexterity which he had displayed, and, to manifest his consideration for him, promised to act as godfather to his next child. Accordingly, the curé of Montastruc records the appearance, July 1, 1709, of Messire Godefroy Joseph de Durfort de Duras, Marquis de Castelbajac, Seigneur de Montastruc, etc., and of Mlle. Jeanne de Castelbajac, his sister, as godfather and godmother, at the baptism of Godefroy Joseph Maumus. Even in the eighteenth century life in Bigorre must have retained much of its primitive wild individuality.

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3. — *Ten Years on the Euphrates, or Primitive Missionary Policy Illustrated.* By Rev. C. H. Wheeler, Missionary in Eastern Turkey. With an Introduction by Rev. N. G. Clark, D. D., Cor. Sec. A. B. C. F. M. American Tract Society. 1868. 16mo. pp. 330.

There are two quite opposite theories of missionary work, each of which is earnestly defended by experienced evangelists. The one is the "Primitive Missionary" theory, which makes it the duty of the missionary simply to preach the Gospel; not to civilize, not to educate, but to "preach the word" to the people just as they are, and let civilization and education take care of themselves. It is the preacher's business to "win souls to Christ" in the most direct manner, to save them from eternal death, the penalty for their unbelief and error, and incidentally from temporal evils. The missionary is to go among Jews, Mohammedans, Armenians, Kurds, and heathen, like Paul, knowing nothing but Christ and him crucified.

The other theory makes civilization and education the basis of Chris-

tian knowledge and experience. It would connect preaching with the arts of civilized Christian life, and bring the heathen to the Gospel by giving them the comforts and the light of the lands where the Gospel has found place and way. It would win souls to Christ by changing customs, ideas, and principles, and substituting for gross sensualism a more spiritual form of life. It would use commercial intercourse, geographical science, merchants, and travellers, as evangelical agencies, not less than the dogmas of a creed expounded by a consecrated class. Warehouses and schools shall be built by the side of tabernacles of the faith. This is the theory not only of intelligent world's-people who have broad ideas of Christian salvation, but of some of the most zealous and efficient of those who have labored as missionaries in Greece, in Syria, and among the idolaters of farther India.

This is not, however, the theory of Mr. Wheeler, who has given us his honest record of ten years' work on the Euphrates. He holds to the other theory, with which he started, that a missionary is first, last, and always a preacher of the Gospel, which, as he understands it, is the Calvinistic creed. The average American Protestant scheme of salvation by faith in the atoning blood of Christ is the sum and substance of what he had to give, and what he would teach others to give. He does not believe in educating the heathen any further than is necessary to make them know the terms of salvation. They need only know enough to read the Bible and the catechism in their own tongue. It is better that they should not know English or French, or come into acquaintance with any corrupting rationalism. A little of ethics, a trifle of religious romance, may be added; but the religious literature allowed must be almost wholly that of saving piety and faith. Of the "35,091 volumes, besides many tracts, sold in ten years from the book depository in Harpoot, Mr. Wheeler mentions 11,607 copies of the Scriptures, or parts of the same; 2,758 Hymn-Books; 231 Church Member's Guides; Abbott's Mother at Home, 609; Wayland's Moral Philosophy, 270; Primers, 7,315; Doddridge's Rise and Progress, 196; Mary Lothrop, 333; Pilgrim's Progress, 316; Saints' Rest, 258; Commentary on Matthew, 547; James's Anxious Inquirer, 251; Catechisms, 1,488; a Book of Prayers for Various Classes, 2,072; and '1,700 copies of an excellent little work, a sort of Call to the Unconverted.'" This catalogue explains Mr. Wheeler's idea of the missionary work better than any special description could do. To those who accept his theory, Mr. Wheeler's account of the process and the results of his work on the Euphrates will be very interesting. He and his companions have "located" twelve hundred out-stations, of which they have already occupied sixty-six

and propose to occupy about one hundred and ten more, which will give one missionary post to every fourteen cities and villages. Most of their work is done by native preachers and helpers. They want only twelve regular missionaries, with two medical assistants. The churches which they have established are mostly self-supporting. One of the points on which they most strongly insist is, that the converts shall be prompt with their pecuniary gifts, and shall pay their tithes punctually. The people are extremely poor; Mr. Wheeler is almost pathetic, when he reckons their meagre aggregate of property; but that does not excuse them for slackness in "giving to the Lord." The salvation of their souls is of more importance than the ten per cent which they pay for it.

The region of Eastern Turkey, over which Mr. Wheeler is in some sort a missionary bishop, has 170,000 square miles of territory, and more than 3,000,000 of people. Only a small part of this vast region is yet evangelized. Though the converts are numbered by thousands, they make a very small proportion of the whole population, and all the missionary work thus far does not seem to have materially changed the habits or the spirit of the inhabitants. Some of the converts even will lie and cheat. In the short chapter on "Fruits," to which we naturally turn, we do not find any remarkable evidence of change of heart or change of mind among the infidels, Arabs, Kurds, or Turks. The "chief results," as Mr. Wheeler confesses, have been "among the nominal Christians, mainly the Armenians." Catholic Christians in Turkey have been made Protestant Christians. "It is a fact of interest," says Mr. Wheeler, that, while, at one time, in Harpoot and its fifty-four outstations, there were five hundred and ninety-three families of Armenian Papists, there are now but two hundred and thirty-three. The word of God has proved too strong for the man of sin, backed as he has been by the influence of a French consul. In Harpoot city, where at one time they made a great show, there is not now a Papist. Another gratifying instance on which Mr. Wheeler expatiates is the conversion of the "only Unitarian to be found in Harpoot." This was accomplished after much difficulty and many tears and prayers. Another excellent consequence of the missionary effort is, that the students in the Theological School talk more sense than they used to do, when they speak in the prayer meetings.

The impression from reading Mr. Wheeler's book, which is written in a straightforward, unaffected, and clear style, occasionally, however, disfigured by those pious phrases from which it is hard for evangelical preachers to free themselves, is, on the whole, not cheering. The work done does not seem to be of that large and practical kind which gives

any promise of permanent results. It has been faithful, persevering, and devoted; but we ask, Why could not men like these missionaries, with their gifts, their earnestness, and their opportunity, have done more than merely teach the people to hear the Scripture with a Calvinistic exposition, instead of hearing it with a Catholic exposition? It is sad to think that so much of our missionary zeal and money must be spent in changing men from one style of creed confession to another style of creed confession. We owe the missionaries very much, as they are pioneers of civilization, as they have opened unknown lands and enlarged human knowledge. The souls they have saved may bear record of them in heaven. Yet a great part of their work has always been in pulling down what the labors of other missionaries before them have built up. We once heard the oldest missionary in Syria say, in a public discourse in Beyrout, that the work of Protestant preachers in Syria had been, and must continue for a long time to be, "to fight the Catholics." The Christian man of sin must be dethroned before they can get at the heathen man of sin.

As a description of the region of Mesopotamia, and of the opportunities for civilization there, Mr. Wheeler's work is even less full than that of Layard and Rawlinson, in their examination of the buried cities of three thousand years ago.

4.—*Modern Women, and what is said of them.* A Reprint of a Series of Articles in the "Saturday Review," with an Introduction by Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1868. 12mo. pp. 371.

From all sides we hear lamentable accounts of the present state of society: that the French *salons* are dying out, or have already ceased to exist; that the race of English conversers is disappearing; that in this country such representatives of the old Knickerbocker and Puritan families as are still to be found hold themselves aloof from intercourse, except with their fellows, other Knickerbockers and Puritans, and live in good works and a regretful remembrance of a society of which their grandmothers were members. That the Prince of Wales delights in "Champagne Charley" is a small matter, but that all England is delighted with it is alarming; that the *demi-monde* has always existed is undeniable, but that its fashions should be copied by innocent women is startling: and so of this country we may say that people who have no objection to the waltz are displeased with the German. And now comes the "Saturday Review," and tells us that the

"girl of the period" is a creature who dyes, paints, and enamels, — studies the arts of vice, that she may render herself attractive to those accustomed to its pleasures, — is immodest in dress, behavior, and conversation, — and whose whole object in life is to marry the man who, of all she knows, has the largest fortune and the least brains. "The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face, as the first articles of her personal religion, — whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury, — and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavor in this is to outvie her neighbors in the extravagance of fashion." "If there is a reaction against an excess of Rowland's Macassar, and hair shiny and sticky with grease is thought less nice than if left clean and healthily crisp, she dries and frizzes and sticks hers out on end like certain savages in Africa, or lets it wander down her back like Madge Wildfire's, and thinks herself all the more beautiful, the nearer she approaches in look to a maniac or a negress. With purity of taste, she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes mean more than appears on the surface. What the *demi-monde* does in its frantic efforts to excite attention she also does in imitation. If some fashionable *dévergondée en évidence* is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder-blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day, and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype, or that mothers of girls not quite so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for their daughters." "At whatever cost of shocked self-love or pained modesty it may be, it cannot be too plainly told to the modern English girl that the net result of the present manner of life is to assimilate her as nearly as possible to a class of women whom we must not call by their proper — or improper — name." This of course touches England primarily, but concerns us also. The same complaints are made here, — less in degree, but in kind the same; since the days of the "Potiphar Papers," every Saratoga and Newport season has brought to light an increasing love of luxury, fastness, and display.

These articles from the "Saturday Review" are not so clever as the attention they have received gives one the right to expect, — an attention, indeed, aroused as much by the fierceness of the attack as by anything else. And then, as one of the essays points out, any criticism of woman, however analytic and temperate, excites to hot activity an *esprit de corps* which is not to be found in any other body. Handle man as severely as you please, and he will only laugh; but avoid the subject of feminine character, if you do not wish to obtain the reputation of being both a fool and a barbarian. Most of the papers are in the

ordinary "Saturday Review" manner,—and a most wearisome manner it is, when you have a book full of it,—with here and there a clever hit, such as this (p. 214): "Woman alone keeps up the private family warfare which in the earlier stages of society required all the energies of man"; or this (p. 259), *à propos* of the *esprit de corps* just alluded to: "Women certainly present the only analogy in the present day to that claim of internal jurisdiction for which the Church struggled so gallantly in the Middle Ages. No one who sees the serried ranks with which she encounters all investigation from without would imagine the severity with which she administers justice within." The most striking of these papers is that called the "Girl of the Period," and it seems to us to have been written by some one who had no hand in the others, or at any rate wrote very little of the book. The style is quite different from the regular style of the social essay; and if any of the papers are to be attributed to a woman, it may as well be this one,—though, to be sure, there is no special need of going so far to seek an author, for even this might have been written by a great many people, and the whole question of the authorship of the book is not likely to become a very vital one, until something more important shall be produced by the same hands.

"Modern Women" is a tirade against modern Englishwomen, and parenthetically against modern women of other nations: we have already given a specimen of the charges. We hear these accusations in America as well, and it behooves us to examine the foundation of them, that we may discover whether or no they are true, and, if true, what the remedy should be. In plain English, are we going to the Devil? Will the Saratoga woman of ten years hence be such a woman as the "Saturday Review" describes in these terms: "Belladonna flashes from her eyes, kohl and antimony deepen the blackness of her eyebrows, 'bloom of roses' blushes from her lips"? Is she of this sort now? If our politicians are every year becoming more and more corrupt, our theatres every year more and more indecent, and our society more and more abandoned in its luxury and frivolity, we shall very soon reach a point at which there will be little security for life or property,—if that in some quarters of the country has not been reached already. The soberest of American cities has had its winter's excitement furnished by the *Cancan*, the officers of the law in New York act or remain inactive according to the relative length of the plaintiffs' and defendants' purses, while the hot whirl of Newport and Saratoga serves as a ready Lethe for all moral obligations. A rather disheartening picture might be drawn in this way of our probable future; and yet we cannot believe in its truth.

The question is, What amount of influence do the forces called social exert upon the general current of thought and upon the general moral tone of the country? We cannot say how it is in England or France, (which latter country, we suspect, has furnished most of the material for these essays,) but in America this influence is, on the whole, slight. If "society" here were in the hands of the older and more prominent men and women, in the hands of our great bankers and great orators and great merchants and their wives, the extravagance and stupidity of which we hear so much might fairly be expected to beget extravagance and stupidity among all orders and classes, and those who believed a general reign of corruption and inanity to be approaching would probably form a majority of the thinking public. If the people who by their standing attract the attention and mould the fashion of the masses are sensual in their tastes and low in their aims, the rest of the people will, by coming under their influence, become like them. They say, that, when the "Beggar's Opera" was first performed in London, Sir Robert Walpole, then minister, and well known to be bribing to the right and to the left, was in a stage box. On the singing of the following air of Lockit's, all eyes were turned on Sir Robert, and the air was encored: —

> "When you censure the age,
> Be cautious and sage,
> Lest the courtiers offended should be;
> If you mention vice or bribe,
> 'T is so pat to all the tribe
> That each cries, That was levelled at me!"

"Sir Robert, observing the pointed manner in which the audience applied the last line to him, parried the thrust by encoring it with his single voice, and thus not only blunted the poetical shaft, but gained a general huzza from the audience." And there can be no doubt that Walpole lowered the tone of London society by the clever audacity which gained him the huzza.

But if you seek the leaders of society in America, you do not find them in the statesmen, the orators, the presidents of colleges, but in boys of twenty-two with a good faculty for dancing, and girls of twenty just home from Paris. Or if you look for maturity, you may find it in the person of some broken-down stock-gambler, known by his fast horses and disreputable life. Even these last are in a small minority; the crowd is young, and it is the youth of the crowd, and its consequently uninfluential character, upon which we wish to dwell. A generation in our society lasts three or at the outside four years, and it is only at the close of their social career that our young men and women begin to

have any influence in directing the current of thought or action at all. The number of persons who in any large American city are at once prominent members of "society," and also prominent in public life or business of any kind, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And it is very easy to see that prominence as a cotillon dancer and prominence as a human being are really incompatible, for it requires all the energies of one's nature to be prominent in either capacity. If any one wishes to realize the truth of these statements, let him pause a moment and reflect upon his probable sensations on being told that some eminent public lecturer in the United States was in the habit of spending his summer afternoons in driving on the Avenue at Newport, and his winter evenings in leading the German at Delmonico's. The fact is, that all young American men and women, who have any ambition or desire to serve mankind, leave "society" as soon as they arrive at years of discretion; and the result is, that "society" is composed of those who have not yet reached years of discretion and those who never will do so, — a society not very likely to mould opinion at large, or in the long run to damage the cause of morality with those who remain out of it.

Let us say, that, in making these remarks, we are not speaking of any society other than that which is known by this name in our large cities, which is recognized as such by reporters of newspapers at Long Branch or Saratoga, — the only "society," properly speaking, in America. There is, indeed, a larger meaning in the word, which permits it sometimes to include any association of men and women for purposes of pleasure or instruction, — a meaning which would hardly exclude lectures or "readings," and would certainly comprehend "talking parties." But this is not "society." It cannot be too often repeated that society in America means the "German."

It is very difficult to substantiate what we have said, because, from the fact that the influence of society on opinion is so small, special instances of its weakness are hard to find. We are obliged to appeal to the general sense of the public, and we ask whether we are not borne out in our assertion that the people who really direct and change the direction of the movements of thought and feeling in the United States are people outside the social "ring"; that the occupations of "society" are such as to preclude men and women of real importance and character from taking part in its amusements; that it is composed chiefly of boys and girls; that the older persons who remain in it do so because they are not sufficiently wise to desire to be elsewhere; and, finally, that, on account of all these things, Newport, Saratoga, and the Fifth Avenue are of vastly less importance than they are commonly reputed to be.

5. — *The Tragedies of Sophocles. A New Translation, with a Biographical Essay.* By E. H. Plumptre, M. A. Alexander Strahan: London. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xcix., 208, 283.

The merits of Mr. Plumptre's Sophocles have been so generally acknowledged, both in England and America, that we hardly need re-echo the common opinion. The work has also stood a harder test than the severest critics can apply to a modern translation of an ancient classic, — it has proved itself readable, and has made Sophocles known to a class of readers to whom the Greek and the older versions were alike inaccessible. Readers of this class, not scholars or professional critics, settle the reputation and value of a work like this. Witness the host of translations of Homer which have recently appeared in England. Each is made according to some theory of its author as to the proper metre for translating Homer, and we have the old poet served up in every imaginable form, — Spenserian stanzas, ballad measures, hexameters, and blank verse; but however sound each theory appears, when it is plausibly stated, and however each may command the assent of able scholars, no one of these translations, we venture to say, will ever become really popular, or indeed be read *through* by any one whose enthusiasm has not been kindled in youth by the genuine Homer in his native Ionic. But while these learned productions are less read, even in England and America, than Homer himself, Pope's Homer, which sets at defiance all modern theories of translation, which recognizes not even the principles in which all other translators agree, which is decidedly the most un-Homeric of all, is read, and read *through*, and still remains the only popular translation. Pope has one quality which all the others lack, — he is readable.

The translator of Sophocles is fortunately less troubled than the translator of Homer in deciding upon his metre. With almost complete unanimity, the English ten syllable iambic verse has been chosen to represent the Greek iambic trimeter; and we are glad to see that Mr. Plumptre has accepted it without hesitation in his translation of the dialogue. Chiefly owing to the preponderance of monosyllables in English, our verse of ten syllables appears to the ear as long as a Greek verse of twelve syllables; and our Alexandrine is much too slow and heavy to represent its exact metrical equivalent in Greek. When we consider the immense advantage gained by a translator who can use the metre of the original, we need not be surprised at finding Mr. Plumptre's version of the dialogue of Sophocles by far the most successful part of his work. He here combines spirit and elegance with

great fidelity to both the thought and the expression of the original. In the choral passages there is a harder problem to solve, and equal success would show far greater merit. Three courses are here open to the translator. He may attempt to render each verse by the exact rhythmical equivalent; he may decide for himself what English verse best represents each Greek verse, as Mr. Blackie in his Æschylus, and many recent translators of Homer have done; or he may disregard the Greek metres altogether, and merely render each chorus by an English lyric poem. Mr. Plumptre has chosen the last course, and goes so far as to translate strophe and antistrophe by different metres. He aims merely at "maintaining a general harmony of tone between the corresponding members of a choral ode." A poet here has a hard choice to make. He is warned against attempting the second course by the discord in the camp of the translators of Homer; for while there is such a vigorous contest as to the true representative of the Homeric hexameter, what hope is there that any two scholars will agree upon the equivalents of choriambics and dochmiacs? And as to the first course, the poetic inspiration which could survive imprisonment in real English choriambics and dochmiacs, through the weary length of seven tragedies, can safely defy criticism under any metrical form it may choose to adopt. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Plumptre's choral odes are much less Sophoclean than the dialogue. In fact, such choruses as the first of the Antigone and the Εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας in the Œdipus Coloneus are, like the Iliad and Odyssey, really inaccessible to those who cannot read them in Greek, — although very pretty and pleasant songs containing the same ideas may be written in other languages.

Mr. Plumptre's translation is in the fullest sense original. He has, he tells us, "but the scantiest possible acquaintance" with the works of his predecessors; and his own has doubtless gained thereby more than it has lost. This independent course renders a translator more liable to mistakes, while it makes an occasional blunder pardonable. We will mention a few instances of this kind, some of which are so obvious that it is wonderful how they could have escaped the translator's notice in the proof-sheets.

In Antig. 263, Mr. Plumptre translates, "And so he 'scaped our ken." Whether we read with the Mss. ἔφευγε τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι, or adopt any of the emendations made to avoid the anapest, the meaning must be the same, *Every one denied all knowledge*, or *refused to know*.

In Antig. 500, he translates, "Of all thy words not one pleases me now, nor aye is like to please," overlooking the change from ἀρεστὸν οὐδέν to μηδ' ἀρεσθείη ποτέ, *and may they never please me!*

In Antig. 637, 638, he gives,

> "No marriage weighs one moment in the scales
> With me, while thou art prospering in thy reign."

But a glance at the preceding clause, "Do thou direct with thy wise counsels," shows that σοῦ καλῶς ἡγουμένου refers to Creon's parental, not his regal authority. The son means to say that no marriage shall weigh one moment against his father's *good* advice, καλῶς containing the same intentional ambiguity as ἀπορθοῖς, vs. 636.

Antig. 754, κλαίων φρενώσεις, ὃν φρενῶν αὐτὸς κενός, which Dr. Donaldson has neatly rendered, "Unschooled thyself, beware of schooling me," is strangely mistranslated by Mr. Plumptre, "To thy cost thou shalt *learn* wisdom, having none thyself."

Antig. 1016 – 1018, he thus translates: —

> "Our sacred hearths are full of food for dogs
> And birds unclean, the flesh of that poor wretch," etc.

Here the mistake seems to be chiefly in construction, the meaning being that the altars are infected *by means of* (ὑπό) dogs and birds with the *eaten flesh* (βορᾶς) of the son of Œdipus. The meaning of βορᾶς will be seen by reference to Æsch. Agam. 1220, where Cassandra has a vision of the murdered children of Thyestes, χεῖρας κρεῶν πλήθοντες οἰκείας βορᾶς, i. e. *with their hands full of their own flesh which was taken as food.* In Antig. 1018 we have a genitive (γόνου) in the place of οἰκείας, and βορᾶς is governed by πλήρεις.

In Antig. 1232, Mr. Plumptre mars the effect of the tragic scene in the tomb by making Hæmon spit in his father's face just before he stabs himself. He translates, "Glared at him, spat upon his face, and draws, still answering nought, the sharp two-edged sword." But πτύσας προσώπῳ must mean *with a look of loathing*, just as μειδιάσας προσώπῳ means *with a smiling face.* The other interpretation would seem at least to require εἰς πρόσωπον.

In Œdip. Colon. 581, "And [how] shall this, the gain thou bring'st, be clear?" the word *how*, translating ποίῳ, must have been omitted by a misprint.

Œdip. Colon. 1262, 1263, Mr. Plumptre translates, —

> "And she, my sister, as it seems, provides
> For this poor life its daily sustenance."

Polynices has just spoken of the foul dress and uncombed hair of Œdipus, and now he says that his food is *close akin to these* (ἀδελφὰ τούτοισιν). Mr. Plumptre seems to mistake ἀδελφά for ἀδελφή, in spite of the metre, and to make it the subject of φορεῖ.

In Œdip. Colon. 1299, —

> "The dread Erinnys is the chiefest cause," —

"the" is probably a misprint for *thy*, as Sophocles says τὴν σὴν Ἐρινύν.

Electr. 20 is translated, "before ye enter, taking rest, the roof of living man." The Greek is πρὶν οὖν τιν' ἀνδρῶν ἐξοδοιπορεῖν στέγης, *before any man comes out from his house.*

Electr. 544, 545, is translated, "Or was it that her father [Agamemnon] cast aside, cold-blooded, hard, all yearning for my child, which Menelaos had?" Here there is certainly room for difference of opinion; but we can hardly doubt that every one, on second thought, will accept the interpretation of the Scholia, and render the last clause, Μενέλεω δ' ἐνῆν, *while he had (yearning) for the children of Menelaos.* Hermann points out the position of μέν in vs. 544, which seems decisive as to the construction.

We notice one remarkable mistake in the Introduction, p. xliv. Mr. Plumptre is describing the memorable scene in the Athenian theatre, when the young Sophocles first appeared in tragedy as the rival of Æschylus. The excitement was intense, and the audience were divided into nearly equal parties, each eager for the success of its favorite. It was the usual duty of the chief Archon to choose by lot five judges, from a limited number of candidates previously designated by the Senate, to decide the contest and award the prizes. The Archon was afraid that any decision given by judges thus appointed would excite a tumult among the partisans of the defeated poet. Just in time to relieve him from his trouble, Cimon and the other nine generals entered the theatre, having returned from their expedition to Scyros with the bones of Theseus. He did not allow them to withdraw, after they had performed the sacrifice to Bacchus for which they came, but appointed them judges of the contest, and compelled them to decide between the rival poets. The result was the triumph of Sophocles and the bitter mortification of Æschylus. This is the story, as told by Plutarch. Mr. Plumptre, however, says of the generals, that the magistrate "stopped them before they withdrew, and bound them by an oath to name ten judges, one from each tribe, the best and worthiest they could find, whose names would guard against the least suspicion of unfairness." This mistake shows that Mr. Plumptre took his story from Plutarch himself, and not from any modern account; but he misunderstands the passage. Plutarch says (Cim. § 8): Οὐκ ἀφῆκεν αὐτοὺς ἀπελθεῖν, ἀλλ' ὁρκώσας ἠνάγκασε καθίσαι καὶ κρῖναι δέκα ὄντας, ἀπὸ φυλῆς μιᾶς ἕκαστον,—i. e. *The magistrate did not let the generals leave the theatre, but he administered the judges' oath to them, and compelled them to sit and judge, they being ten, each representing one tribe.* Mr. Plumptre seems to translate κρῖναι δέκα ὄντας, *to choose ten judges*, and then to adapt the rest of the story as best he can to that interpretation.

These instances of carelessness are exceptions in Mr. Plumptre's work, which is generally done with great care and fidelity, and shows an accurate and scholarly acquaintance with the letter and the spirit of the original.

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6. — *Poems of* John James Piatt. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1868. 12mo. pp. 231.

One of the dreams of our earlier horoscope-mongers was, that a poet should come out of the West, fashioned on a scale somewhat proportioned to our geographical pretensions. Our rivers, forests, mountains, cataracts, prairies, and inland seas were to find in him their antitype and voice. Shaggy he was to be, brown-fisted, careless of proprieties, unhampered by tradition, his Pegasus of the half-horse, half-alligator breed. By him at last the epos of the New World was to be fitly sung, the great tragi-comedy of democracy put upon the stage for all time. It was a cheap vision, for it cost no thought; and, like all judicious prophecy, it muffled itself from criticism in the loose drapery of its terms. Till the advent of this splendid apparition, who should dare affirm positively that he would never come? that, indeed, he was impossible? And yet his impossibility was demonstrable, nevertheless.

Supposing a great poet to be born in the West, though he would naturally levy upon what had always been familiar to his eyes for his images and illustrations, he would almost as certainly look for his ideal somewhere outside of the life that lay immediately about him. Life in its large sense, and not as it is temporarily modified by manners or politics, is the only subject of the poet; and though its elements lie always close at hand, yet in its unity it seems always infinitely distant, and the difference of angle at which it is seen in India and in Minnesota is almost inappreciable. Moreover, a rooted discontent seems always to underlie all great poetry, if it be not even the motive of it. The Iliad and the Odyssey paint manners that are only here and there incidentally true to the actual, but which in their larger truth had either never existed or had long since passed away. Had Dante's scope been narrowed to contemporary Italy, the *Divina Commedia* would have been a picture-book merely. But his theme was Man, and the vision that inspired him was of an Italy that never was nor could be, his political theories as abstract as those of Plato or Spinoza. Shakespeare shows us less of the England that then was than any other considerable poet of his time. The struggle of Goethe's whole life was to emancipate himself from Germany, and fill his lungs for once with a more universal air.

Yet there is always a flavor of the climate in these rare fruits, some gift of the sun peculiar to the region that ripened them. If we are ever to have a national poet, let us hope that his nationality will be of this subtile essence, something that shall make him unspeakably nearer to us, while it does not provincialize him for the rest of mankind. The popular recipe for compounding him would give us, perhaps, the most sublimely furnished bore in human annals. The novel aspects of life under our novel conditions may give some freshness of color to our literature; but democracy itself, which many seem to regard as the necessary Lucina of some new poetic birth, is altogether too abstract an influence to serve for any such purpose. If any American author may be looked on as in some sort the result of our social and political ideal, it is Emerson, who, in his emancipation from the traditional, in the irresponsible freedom of his speculation, and his faith in the absolute value of his own individuality, is certainly, to some extent, typical; but if ever author was inspired by the past, it is he, and he is as far as possible from the shaggy hero of prophecy. Of the sham-shaggy, who have tried the trick of Jacob upon us, we have had quite enough, and may safely doubt whether this satyr of masquerade is to be our representative singer. Were it so, it would not be greatly to the credit of democracy as an element of æsthetics. But we may safely hope for better things.

The themes of poetry have been pretty much the same from the first; and if a man should ever be born among us with a great imagination, and the gift of the right word, — for it is these, and not sublime spaces, that make a poet, — he will be original rather in spite of democracy than in consequence of it, and will owe his inspiration quite as much to the accumulations of the Old World as to the promises of the New. But for a long while yet the proper conditions will be wanting, not, perhaps, for the birth of such a man, but for his development and culture. At present, with the largest reading population in the world, perhaps no country ever offered less encouragement to the higher forms of art or the more thorough achievements of scholarship. Even were it not so, it would be idle to expect us to produce any literature so peculiarly our own as was the natural growth of ages less communicative, less open to every breath of foreign influence. Literature tends more and more to become a vast commonwealth, with no dividing lines of nationality. Any more Cids, or Songs of Roland, or Nibelungens, or Kalewalas are out of the question, — nay, anything at all like them; for the necessary insulation of race, of country, of religion, is impossible, even were it desirable. Journalism, translation, criticism, and facility of intercourse tend continually more and more to make the

thought and turn of expression in cultivated men identical all over the world. Whether we like it or not, the costume of mind and body is gradually becoming of one cut.

When, therefore, the young Lochinvar comes out of the West, his steed may be the best in all the wide border, but his pedigree will run back to Arabia, and there will be no cross of the saurian in him. *A priori*, we should expect of the young Western poet that he would aim rather at elegance and refinement than at a display of the rude vigor that is supposed to be his birthright; for to him culture will seem the ideal thing, and, in a country without a past, tradition will charm all the more that it speaks with a foreign accent, and stirs the gypsy blood of imagination. This was conspicuous in Mr. Howells, who has shown, perhaps, as remarkable an aptitude for a purely literary career as any author we have yet produced. It is characteristic also of Mr. Piatt, whom we like none the worse that he is perfectly civilized, and does not try to palm off upon us the stage Metamora, whose war-paint is ludicrously belied by his Caucasian features and gait. Yet there is something agreeably and unmistakably Western in him, for all that. "The Mower in Ohio," "The Pioneer's Chimney," "King's Tavern," "Riding to Vote," and other of his poems, are examples of what we mean. In these he shows that true poetic insight which creates the ideal under the common and familiar, which are but ribs of death to the unanointed eye. "The Pioneer's Chimney," especially, is a simple story, so simply told as to reach a natural dignity and pathos that interest and move us strongly. Without being in any sense an imitation of Wordsworth, it may compare favorably with the best narrative parts of "The Excursion." "The Mower in Ohio," also, has touches of singular beauty and tenderness. Indeed, throughout the volume, there is a pensiveness without despondency, as of Indian summer. In his general choice of subjects, and mode of treating them, we find a native sweetness and humanity, a domesticity of sentiment, that is very attractive. Whoever likes simple thoughts and feelings, simply expressed, as much as we do, will like this book. That there is a vein of subtilty, and an answerable grace of form and phrase, in Mr. Piatt, the charming little poem which we copy will show.

"SLEEP.

"The mist crawls over the River,
Hiding the shore on either side;
And, under the veiling mist forever,
Neither hear we nor feel we the tide.

"But our skiff has the will of the River,
Though nothing is seen to be passed;

Though the mist hide it forever, forever,
The current is drawing as fast.

"The matins sweet from the far-off town
Fill the air with their beautiful dream;
The vespers were hushing the twilight down
When we lost our oars in the stream."

The volume is a very pretty one, and speaks well for Western printing and taste. It is to be reprinted here by Hurd and Houghton.

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7. — 1. *The Popham Colony.* A Discussion of its Historical Claims. With a Bibliography of the Subject. Boston: J. K. Wiggin and Lunt. 1866. 8vo. pp. 72.
2. — *Boston Daily Advertiser, September* 1, 1868. Popham Celebration, 1868.
3. — *Brunswick Telegraph, September* 4, 1868. Popham Celebration, 1868.

It is now six years since a new wonder appeared in the cosmography of our early New England history. The wise men of the East were the first to discover it, and, leaving their lumbering and shipbuilding, they followed the strange spectacle until it appeared to them to stand over a rocky peninsula at the mouth of the Kennebec River. Here they assembled, a great multitude which no man has numbered, on the 29th of August, 1862, and, with the solemn ritual of the Church of England, a formal oration, toasts, set speeches, and clam-bake, they celebrated the nativity of colonization on these New England shores.

It is little to the purpose of the present inquiry that historical inquirers in other localities did not see the appearance we have alluded to, — or that some resident observers regarded it as a meteor soon to burn itself out, and others as a will-o'-the-wisp to lead the unwary into bogs of delusion. Living beyond the charmed circle which was favorable for observation, our testimony respecting the fact and nature of this phenomenon would have little value. To the Eastern astrologers it was as plain as a pike-staff. It is also a matter of history that the Maine Historical Society has made the 29th of August a memorial day, and that, under its auspices, celebrations have been held upon the "sacred spot" on each recurring anniversary since 1862, at a season of the year when the baleful influence of the dog-star is in the ascendant.

The proceedings of the first celebration fill a volume of 512 pages; and a bibliography of the literature on the subject, printed in 1866, contains the titles of ninety-eight pamphlets and separate articles, pro and con, which had been printed up to that time. The precise condi-

tion of the tally at the present moment we are not able to state. There seems to be no abatement in the interest in, or the attendance on, these celebrations from year to year; and as they afford a broad margin for honest and courteous difference of opinion, and an incitement to historical inquiry into the verities and traditions of New England colonization, we have every reason to congratulate our Eastern friends that they have fixed upon an anniversary which they may call their own, and to express the hope that Popham-Day may never be stricken from their local calendar.

These celebrations are usually attended by some fifteen hundred or two thousand persons. A generous hospitality welcomes visitors from abroad; and an excursion to Popham is one of the most delightful that can be made on our New England coast. It was a great oversight in the Pilgrims, for which we can hardly excuse them, that they did not make their landing in the dog-days, instead of the winter solstice. In that event, memorial exercises at Plymouth might have been perpetual.

In April, 1606, King James I. granted by charter to two companies the continent of North America, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, all of which was then called Virginia. This territory was to be divided into nearly equal portions, — the London Company taking the southern portion, and the Plymouth Company the northern. Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, was the principal patron of the North Virginia scheme. Colonies were sent out by both these companies about the same time. The South Virginia Colony arrived at Jamestown in April, 1607; and the North Virginia, or Popham Colony, at the mouth of the Kennebec in August of the same year. The Southern Colony, after many vicissitudes, effected a permanent settlement; the Northern Colony made a sudden and complete failure.

The latter company consisted of about one hundred and twenty persons, under the command of George Popham, brother of the Chief Justice. They landed near the site of the modern Fort Popham. Here they built a fort, rude dwellings, and a storehouse. On the 15th of December one of the vessels which brought them over set sail for England, and seventy-five of the colonists took this first opportunity that presented itself to abandon the enterprise and go back to their native country. The forty-five persons who were left behind spent a wretched winter, quarrelled with the Indians, lost their storehouse by fire, and, when the vessel returned in the spring with provisions, they also deserted the spot. "And this," says the chronicler who has given the fullest account of the matter, "was the end of that northerne colony uppon the river Sachadehoc [Kennebec]."

These, in brief, are the main facts respecting the enterprise which

are not disputed. There are questions connected with these facts on which there is a difference of opinion, and the discussion of these constitutes what is called "The Popham Controversy." Among these questions are the following.

Was this a settlement, or only one of the many early and unsuccessful attempts at colonization? If a settlement, was it, as is claimed, the *first* settlement on the shores of New England? In what respect are its claims superior to those of Gosnold's company, who landed at Cuttyhunk, on the south shore of Massachusetts, in 1602, where they built a fort and a storehouse, and remained several months, and, returning to England with a valuable freight, gave the most favorable accounts of the country? What was the character of the main body of these Popham colonists? Were they honest men? or were they culprits, "men endangered by the law"? Were they any better material than was sent to Virginia, concerning which Thomas Fuller, in "Holy and Profane States," says: "If the planters be such as leap thither from the gallows, can any hope for cream out of scum, when men send, as I may say, Christian savages to heathen savages?" Were these Popham men better than those who were taken out by the French adventurers about this period, and were picked up from the jails of Paris, "criminals of any sort, except those convicted of treason, or counterfeiting the king's currency"? (Hazard, I. 21.) Such being the universal mode of colonization at that time, is not the burden of proof on those who advocate the importance of the Popham Colony to show, if they can, that the Popham men were of a better class? Was Chief Justice Popham a man likely to engage in any high or honorable undertaking? or was he, as his biographers intimate, the vilest wretch that ever disgraced the judicial ermine? Did he obtain his elegant estate of Littlecote Hall in Wiltshire by compounding felony? Did he, as Aubrey says, "stock or plant [Northern] Virginia out of all the jails of England"? What did Popham's biographer, Lloyd, mean by saying, "He first set up the discovery of New England to maintain and employ those that could not live honestly in the Old"? To whom did Lord Bacon, who was a promoter of colonization in America, refer, when he wrote on Plantations in 1625: "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, and wicked, condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant; and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation; for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals, and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation"?

What relation, if any, did the Popham Colony have to subsequent and successful settlements, — the Plymouth and the Massachusetts

Bay Colonies? Did it promote or discourage schemes of colonization? Why is it that not a person connected as a colonist with the Popham attempt ever engaged in a subsequent undertaking, as did Gosnold and his companions? Unless some connection can be shown between the failure of Popham and the success of Plymouth, what is there to be proud of in the former? Was it not the most fortunate event in the history of Maine, that her soil was saved from a feudal tenure by the ruin of Chief Justice Popham's schemes? What single name of any moment has this Popham affair given to history? Shall we be told that we have the name of Richard Seymour, the chaplain? What do we know of Richard Seymour, the chaplain, except that he preached two sermons, and read prayers on sundry occasions, — once in the presence of some Indians, who, not understanding a word that was said, listened with "great reverence and attention"? At this period the common clergy of the Church of England had sunk so low in the social scale, that "Queen Elizabeth," says Macaulay (I. 328), "issued orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant-girl without the consent of the master or mistress," — and that "the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid, whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward."

Have not the rhetorical statements of the Popham orators been too highly colored, — as in the opening sentence of the oration at the first celebration: "We commemorate to-day the great event of American history"? or the commencement of Senator Patterson's oration in 1865: "This [Fort Popham] is hallowed ground"? Is it true, that, as a political event, the Plymouth settlement was not of the slightest consequence or importance (Poor's Vindication of Gorges, p. 72)? that "Plymouth was a nursling of Maine" (Popham Memorial, p. 49)? or that "Massachusetts even may look back with gratitude, as she beholds the fostering hand of Maine, as an elder sister, watching at the cradle of her own infancy (Ibid. 152)?

These questions might be extended without limit; but the specimens we have given show the direction and scope of the controversy.

Since the opening celebration in 1862, when Professor Emory Washburn and Mr. John Wingate Thornton, two invited guests from Massachusetts, entered their protests against the authority of the new gospel of Popham, — the former in felicitous badinage, and the latter in rugged and ungracious facts from history, — no one from abroad, unless he was a trimmer or a believer in the new dispensation, has been asked to speak at the annual gatherings of the faithful, till the present year. Professor Washburn's address, after a correspondence with

the speaker, and his disavowal of an intention to ridicule the claims set up by the Maine Historical Society, was admitted to a place in the "Popham Memorial." This honor, however, was denied to Mr. Thornton, and hence the "Memorial" contains no intimation that he made an address or was present. The speech was subsequently printed in the Congregational Quarterly for April, 1863, and soon after in a pamphlet entitled "Colonial Schemes of Popham and Gorges," with copious notes, justifying from historical sources the views the speaker had expressed at the celebration. Mr. Thornton's references and citations were so thorough and exhaustive, that little additional matter has been or can be gleaned on the subject. Professor Washburn, in the course of his remarks, said: —

"He came here determined, let what would happen, to protest against everything that denied that Plymouth was the true hive of the 'Universal Yankee Nation.' He confessed, however, he had been utterly disarmed by the courtesies he had shared here to-day, and he would no longer protest against anything; and if anybody were to insist that Noah's ark landed on one of these hills, and would get up a celebration like this to commemorate it, he would volunteer to come and take part in it, without doubting it was true." (Memorial Volume, p. 157.)

Mr. Thornton's unacceptable remarks may be illustrated by the following extracts: —

"The [Popham] enterprise was invested with all the material strength which wealth and hope of gain could devise. There seems to have been no physical defect, and we must look to the 'inward bruise' for the latent causes of its inevitable failure. . . . . At Sagadahoc, disappointed hopes of gain and unmanly fear lowered the red-cross flag of St. George, and the well-supplied ships of relief returned to England freighted with stories of suffering from the lips of strong men; while at Plymouth, where more than half the number were women and children, and where the spring flowers fell on the graves of their governor and more than half their company, there was not one weak heart. . . . . Have we not reason, Mr. President, in this review, to lift up our hearts with devout gratitude to Almighty God, that by his Providence the founding of our institutions was left to nobler men, with nobler thoughts, — to the English Puritans?"

The principal orator of the occasion, Mr. John A. Poor, commenced his oration by a clear statement of what the Maine Historical Society claims.

"We commemorate to-day the great event of American history. We are assembled on the spot that witnessed the first formal act of possession of New England by a British colony under the authority of a royal charter. We have come here, on the two hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of that event, to rejoice in the manifold blessings that have flowed to us from that act, — to place on record a testimonial of our appreciation of the value of that day's

work, — to transmit to future generations an expression of our regard for the illustrious men who laid the foundation of England's title to the continent, and gave a new direction to the history of the world."

Mr. George Folsom in 1863, Mr. Edward E. Bourne in 1864, and Professor (now Senator) J. W. Patterson in 1865, delivered orations (all of which have been printed) in support of these claims. Mr. E. C. Benedict, of New York, and Mr. Samuel F. Haven, of Worcester, have printed elaborate papers contesting them.

The pamphlet entitled "The Popham Colony; a Discussion of its Historical Claims," is a collection of articles which grew out of a sharp criticism, in the Boston Daily Advertiser, of Professor Patterson's oration in 1865. The disputants were Mr. William F. Poole, of Boston, the writer of the criticism, against the claims of the colony, and the Rev. Dr. Edward Ballard, of Brunswick, Me., in their defence. The discussion covers the main points of the controversy, and to it is appended a bibliography of the subject.

The present status of the Popham theory in the minds of those who put it before the world six years ago, and also the spirit with which a dissent from this theory was received, may perhaps best be shown by two extracts from reports of the last celebration,* which we find in the newspapers. The first is from the Brunswick Telegraph of September 4, 1868, the report evidently having been prepared by one in sympathy with the occasion.

"Hon. James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, on taking the chair, said that near this spot the colony under Captain George Popham landed, and took formal possession of this Northern Virginia in the name and behalf of the crown of England, thus making a chartered and authorized beginning to the subsequent colonization of New England. The members of the enterprise endured great privations and losses, which compelled them to abandon the settlement and return home. Yet they made the first attempt to introduce English civilization upon these shores. The commemoration of this effort is our purpose to-day. In carrying out this purpose we have no spirit of rivalry to indulge against the later settlements of New York and Plymouth. We wish to preserve and present the fact of this first authorized beginning to occupy this part of the New World. Great merit is due to these pioneers. Their energy secured the country to English rule against French dominion, and was the beginning of a series of great events that have appeared in the history of our people."

The other extract is from the Boston Daily Advertiser of September 1. "Mr. William F. Poole, of Boston, was called upon for a speech, who said that he hardly knew whether or not to thank the President

* The committee of arrangements this year enlarged their programme by inviting gentlemen who were not in sympathy with their peculiar views.

for placing him in this position. He was here an invited guest, but with no intimation that he should be called upon, and hence he came with no impromptu speech in his pocket. The only explanation of his being invited was that he did *not* believe in the exalted claims which have been set up for the Popham Colony, and in the controversy on this subject he has expressed his dissent in the freest and most unequivocal manner. He considered it a duty to observe the courtesies of hospitality; but he did fear, if he made a speech, he should say something to offend his hospitable friends, and which he might himself regret. A general desire was expressed that he should go on."

"Well, then," said he, "while I do not hold with my friend, Mr. Poor, that the Popham Colony was 'the great event of American history,' I am ready to admit that it was an event of significance. It was the Bull Run of English colonization in these parts. In that light it comes within the scope and dignity of history. He who sneers at Bull Run makes a mistake. Without Bull Run, in our late war, we might never have had Appomattox Court-House. We should have had as a substitute White Sulphur Springs; and from the hands of rebels the treacle of compromise, instead of their arms in unconditional surrender. Bull Run brought our people up to comprehend the issues at stake, the character of the enemy, and the mistakes to be avoided. War was no longer a five days' parade or a ninety days' junketing. It became from that moment stern reality, — a life-and-death struggle. The lesson was sufficient for the whole war, and was never repeated.

"So with the Popham Colony. It was the last of a series of feudal attempts to colonize this continent in the interest of a large landed proprietor or company, in which the colonists were tenants with no fee in the land. It had been practised before by the French adventurers, Cartier, La Roche, and De Monts, and in the same year at Virginia. But, in the providence of God, New England was not to be settled in this manner. The Popham men, returning to England, gave the most unfavorable accounts of the country, 'burdening,' says Sir William Alexander, 1630, the bounds 'where they had been with all the aspersions that possibly they could devise, seeking by that means to discourage all others.' In consequence of these reports, schemes of colonization were paralyzed in England for the next thirteen years, and would have remained so for a longer period, if the Plymouth colonists had not proved those statements to be incorrect. The great emigration to Massachusetts Bay soon followed; and they were your ancestors, as well as mine. The blood of a Popham colonist runs in the veins of no person here present. I see in your upturned faces the Puritan lineaments, and your State to-day is teeming with the fruits of Puritan enterprise and thrift. You own your acres, and are tenants of no man. We stand on common ground, and it is the pride of Maine and Massachusetts that they have a common origin and a common destiny."

These remarks were listened to with respect, and at times with applause. When he closed, the President and other gentlemen expressed

their gratification at the frankness and courtesy with which the speaker had uttered his views.

The platform at Popham is now free; and if the claims of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies to be regarded as the fountain-heads of our civilization shall hereafter find no defenders on Popham-Day, may we not consider as confirmed the theory of the Maine Historical Society, that, either by an oversight or a conspiracy, the primal facts of New England history were perverted by all the writers on the subject for more than two centuries, and that our Yankee nation was settled under Episcopal instead of Puritan auspices? In that event, is all history, except the "Popham Memorial," to be rewritten? Plymouth Rock to become merely a Blarney-stone? arm-chairs and cradles that came over in the Mayflower to be split up for fire-wood? Pilgrim-Day eloquence and poetry by the bushel to be given over to the trunk-makers and the paper-mill? Shades of Carver, Bradford, and Brewster, of Webster, Choate, and Everett, defend us!

A very extraordinary circumstance connected with this matter is, that the importance of the Popham Colony never dawned upon the minds of the people of Maine, nor indeed of any living being except Mr. John A. Poor, till about six years ago. Mr. Poor received his illumination some three years earlier, when he prepared his address on "English Colonization in America: A Vindication of the Claims of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, as the Father of English Colonization in America," which he delivered in 1859 before the Historical Societies of Maine and New York, and which was printed in 1862, and appended to the "Popham Memorial." To Mr. Poor belongs the unquestioned honor of being the discoverer, if not the inventor, of the Popham theory. Energy and persistence like his never fail of their reward. The first call for a public meeting at Bath to make arrangements for recognizing the event was issued July 10, 1862. The opening sentence of this call is characteristic: "Bath being the natural seaport of and for the Kennebec River, it would seem proper that she should be a little more before the public."

Another remarkable fact which arrests the attention of the historical student is, that a colony of so much importance gave no names to localities on the shores of Maine. Names are historical memorials in themselves. Plymouth has had a name and an uninterrupted record since 1620. Where were the name and record of Popham during these centuries? Who ever saw the name on any map other than the one bound up in the "Popham Memorial"? There it is simply the name of a fort, which was christened only six years ago, in compliance with a request made to the War Department by a committee of the

Maine Historical Society, who had in charge the arrangements of the first celebration. The locality where the landing was made is in the town of Phipsburg, so called in honor of Sir William Phips, the governor of Massachusetts in 1690. The narrow peninsula now pointed out as the veritable and "sacred spot" is called Horsecatch Point. The fact that the place was useful for catching horses at the close of their summer pasturage was a more important circumstance in the minds of the early settlers than that it was the birthplace of English colonization on these New England shores. We mention these things not as casting any discredit upon the claims now under consideration, but as a singular proof of the caprice of fame, and as pertaining to the curiosities of historical inquiry.

The circumstance that an English colony landed somewhere in this vicinity seems, therefore, to have faded from the memory of the native residents; and yet all the general histories of New England have given the main facts with regard to it. Sullivan and Williamson, the historians of Maine, should have put the Popham matter in its right light. No facts affecting the character or results of the enterprise have been brought to view since they wrote. They regarded it as of no importance, and spoke of the colonists in very contemptuous terms. Judge Sullivan, in his History of four hundred and twenty-one pages, devotes just thirteen lines to the subject, which we quote entire.

"They arrived at the mouth of Sagadahoc, on Kenebeck River, where they spent a miserable winter, principally on an island since called Stage Island. Their intention was to begin a colony on the west side of the river, on what is now called Small Point. Sir John Gilbert died that winter. The spirit of colonizing became faint. The encouragement was withdrawn, and the adventurers returned to England the following year. The sufferings of this party, and the disagreeable account which they were obliged to give in order to excuse their own conduct, discouraged any further attempts by the English, until the year 1619 and the year 1620, when the first settlement was made at Plymouth." (p. 53.)

Williamson illustrates the character of the colonists by giving (I. 200, 201) some traditionary incidents respecting them, "believed to be true by the ancient and well-informed inhabitants of the Sagadahoc." One is, that the Indians made an attack on the colonists, and drove them out of their fort, which was trenched and mounted with twelve pieces of ordnance. The Indians, now in possession of all their stores, blew themselves up with gunpowder; and regarding the explosion as an expression of disapproval by the Great Spirit of their treatment of the English, restored the fort, and promised thenceforth

to live on terms of friendship. Another tradition which he records is, that the English enticed the Indians into the fort under the pretence of trade, and, making them take the drag-ropes of a loaded cannon, touched off the piece, and killed many of them. Would it not be well for the Maine Historical Society to inquire into the authority for these traditional incidents which are recorded by their principal historian? The investigation may perhaps result in fixing upon another anniversary in the spring, to commemorate the departure of these people, for good, from our New England shores. The more we have of these pleasant historical reunions, the better.

Various reasons have been assigned for the failure of the Popham Colony. Setting aside the radical defect in the plan of the organization, — that the colonists were menials or tenants, having no voice in the government, no fee in the land, and no interest in making the enterprise a success, — that it was simply a commercial speculation, for the sole benefit of wealthy proprietors in England, and that the objects sought were mines of silver and gold, — we are inclined to attribute the failure mainly to two causes, — the character of the men, and the want of women. Not a woman came over with the company, and hence all matters relating to genealogy and descent, in reference to this colony, are fortunately simplified to the last degree. What sort of men would be likely to engage in such an enterprise, separated from their female associates, and, by the terms of their indentures, cut off from the hope of rising to independence in the New World? Sir William Alexander, the patentee of Nova Scotia, spoke of them in 1630 as "pressed to that enterprise," as "endangered by the law," and as "discontented persons." On the one hand, it is asserted that they were convicts from English prisons; and on the other, it is admitted that they were poverty-stricken vagabonds and political offenders. Assuming the latter statement to be the true one, these were not the persons to plant colonies or found empires. England was "winnowed for good seed" with which to plant the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies. One third of the white families in the United States to-day trace their lineage to this stock. Not a living being in America even suspects that he might have sprung from the Popham men.

What brought this sunken and forgotten hulk of Popham adventure, covered with the ooze and barnacles of two and a half centuries, to the surface during the second year of our civil war? There was no earthquake that summer on the coast of Maine; and Captain Gowan, with his submarine apparatus, was employed at Sebastopol. Sunken objects sometimes float after a brisk cannonade. There was no gun mounted at this spot till a later period.

The government, soon after the breaking out of the civil war, took measures to fortify unprotected points on the coast. One of these was the mouth of the Kennebec River. It was proper that the work there commenced should have a name. History was ransacked for this purpose, and Mr. Poor's pet theory, which up to this time had been coolly received by the more prominent members of the Maine Historical Society, suddenly came into favor. The name of "Fort Popham" was suggested to the government, and accepted. A celebration was arranged in honor of the event, and a memorial-stone prepared for insertion in the wall of the new fort. This stone, which sets forth, with other pleasant historical fallacies, that a colony was *founded* here in 1607, and which was laid, we read in the "Memorial," with the full and impressive ritual of the Maine Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, many a visitor at Fort Popham has been puzzled to find. The last we heard of the stone, it was turned with its face to the wall against a wood-shed.

The means by which the spot was identified were furnished in a volume published by the Hakluyt Society of London, entitled "The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, by William Strachey, Gent., the first Secretary of the Colony: edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum." The eighteen concluding pages of this volume treat of "a colonie sent out to settle within the river of Sachadehoc, by the Hon. Sir John Popham, Knight, Lord Chief Justice," etc. Strachey was secretary of the South Virginia Colony, and came over to Jamestown; but he was not personally cognizant of what he records concerning the Popham Colony. Fourteen of the eighteen pages comprise a journal of incidents, with their dates, from July 27 to October 6, 1607, which, if authentic, must have been the work of some other hand; but whose the writer gives no intimation. The preliminary and concluding portions are Strachey's own, and the narrative was probably written about the year 1616. This paper gives substantially the same facts, but more in detail, which were already known from the old chroniclers, and such additional information as enabled the Maine Historical Society to fix with some degree of certainty the spot where the landing was made. Under the date of August 18 (O. S.) the journal says: —

"They all went ashore, and there made choise of a place for their plantacion, at the mouth or entry of the ryver on the west side (for the river bendeth yt self towards the nor-east and by east), being almost an island, of a good bignes, being in a province called by the Indians Sabino.

"19. They all went ashoare where they had made choise of their plantation, and where they had a sermon delivered unto them by their preacher; and after the sermon, the president's commission was read, with the lawes to be observed and kept."

We have here a full and satisfactory explanation why Popham celebrations were not held before 1862, and why they have been held since. What could have been more absurd than to talk, before a grave assembly of students of history, of "hallowed ground," "sacred spot," and "the great event of American history," when nobody could make even a reasonable guess as to where the great event took place? Judge Sullivan, we have seen, supposed that the colonists spent their "miserable winter" on Stage Island. Horsecatch Point was the place. Any person who objects to these annual celebrations must have taken a perpetual vow against innocent amusements, a day at the seaside, or a clam-bake.

8.— *Cape Cod and all along Shore: Stories.* By CHARLES NORDHOFF. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1868. pp. 235.

WE cordially commend these stories for their manliness of tone and freshness of material. The characters in most of them are drawn from our Cape Cod fishermen, and the vividness of the portraits shows clearly that they are from the life. The author has smelt salt-water in his day, and his sailors are not the imaginary beings who spend their time in hitching their trousers, squirting tobacco-juice, and talking a dialect never heard on land or sea. He has evidently seen the manners he paints from a nearer point of view than his writing-desk. Uncle Shubael's page of proverbs, in "Captain Tom," has that unmistakable game-flavor that is beyond the skill of literary chemistry. "Ye can't make a fog-horn out of a pig's tail; the squeal ain't in that end, ye know," is as genuine as any of Sancho Panza's; and we cannot help wishing that Mr. Nordhoff, who could do it so well, would give us a collection of these 'long-shore apophthegms. Some of the stories show a real originality in conception and treatment. "Mehetabel Rogers's Cranberry Swamp" strikes us as especially good; and it is an immense comfort to get out of the company which the novels force upon us, and to find ourselves once more with real men and women, who bleed, if you prick them, and have something more neighborly about them than ideal sentiments and ethics. The spirit in which Mr. Nordhoff writes is so healthy, and he suggests a good moral so well without preaching, that we hope he will soon give us some more stories as sound in quality and as pleasant to read as these.

9. — *Hans Breitmann's Party. And other Ballads.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1868. 12mo. pp. 32.

The old English dramatists seem to have reckoned securely on a laugh, when they brought in a character who spoke broken English, though Shakespeare was the only man of them who made a really comic character in this way out of Fluellen. Hazlitt had a notion that the English were more sensitive to this kind of fun than other nations; but he did not know that the Spaniards had their Biscayans, Moors, and negroes, and the French their Gascon, who amused them in the same way. The little volume before us is one of the most successful of its kind. Not only has the author caught the accent of German-English, but he has caught it as no one but a thorough German scholar could have done; and he shows as great a familiarity with the literature as with the idiom of the language. One of the most comical of the ballads is a ludicrous parody of the *Hildebrand-lied*, at which we could not help laughing, though we shuddered at its audacity. Without being profoundly humorous, the volume is excellent fun, and all the more entertaining that it aims at nothing more. There is real wit in it, and sometimes of a very subtile kind, — as where he says of the *Turners*, that there was "only von Sharman" among them, "und *he* vas a *Holstein* Dane." But we should say it was the author's highest praise, that his mind was able to *play* with his subject, — an achievement almost unprecedented among American authors. The book has no *tendency* whatever; and any reader, whatever his opinions, may find the medicine of an honest laugh in it.

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10. — *If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868. 16mo. pp. 296.

There is no better company than a parson who is at the same time a man of this world; — so many of them are men altogether, we will not say of *the*, but of *some* other world, whose language is foreign to us, and whose kingdom we trust will never come, — a world quite incredibly inhuman, the creation of a bilious Tract Society, where our bill of fare shall be regulated by dyspeptic colporteurs, and where we shall read endless "Shepherds of Salisbury Plain" and "Dairyman's Daughters," whenever we are not writing letters to Mrs. Hannah More, or her American copy in water-colors, Miss Hannah Adams.

Mr. Hale has the great advantage of being able to speak *our* language, the very mother tongue of the heathen whom he proposes to convert; and we should say that it supplied him with what Archimedes and a number of honest people after him have devoutly wished for, — a place to stand on, where he can get a purchase on his hearers, and therefore indulge some reasonable hope of moving them. He is one of the very best magazinists in the country; we might call him the best, if we could forget Dr. Holmes and Colonel Higginson. He has the rare gift of a light touch, and does not, like so many of our writers, betray a want of training, by bearing on too hard, and making all his strokes of the same laborious thickness. Beyond this, he has so easy a way of making a story seem natural, by little matter-of-fact touches, that a justly outraged religious public has actually turned upon him for doing his business too well, — as if it were not a story-teller's duty to take us in, if he can. His "Man without a Country," the cleverest story that ever appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," unless we should give that praise to "My Double, and how he undid me," was supposed by many well-meaning persons to be a narrative of fact; and they felt themselves wronged, when they found it to be a fiction, instead of being thankful, as they should have been, that somebody could make fiction as good a liar as fact commonly is, and thus put their credulity on its guard. The story conveyed an admirable moral pleasantly disguised; and if facts are useful to us in any other way, we have read history without profit. Indeed, Mr. Hale has generally an adroit way of getting his morals into us without our knowing it, and yet without any sugar-coating. But we confess we prefer to be simply amused, as in "My Double" and "The South American." Mr. Hale seems to imply that these have been taxed with extravagance; but for ourselves we wish we could have as much as possible more of this extravagance guarded by good taste. Of *extravaganza* we have had, perhaps, more than enough in America. Mr. Hale would be incapable of this, for he is a man of culture, as he shows in fifty pleasant little ways; and he understands that the ideal is not the stilted, but merely the real set in an unexpected light. We should say that his stories compared with others as good *vers de société* with more serious verse, — less solemn, but more clever, — *better to take*, as they say.

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